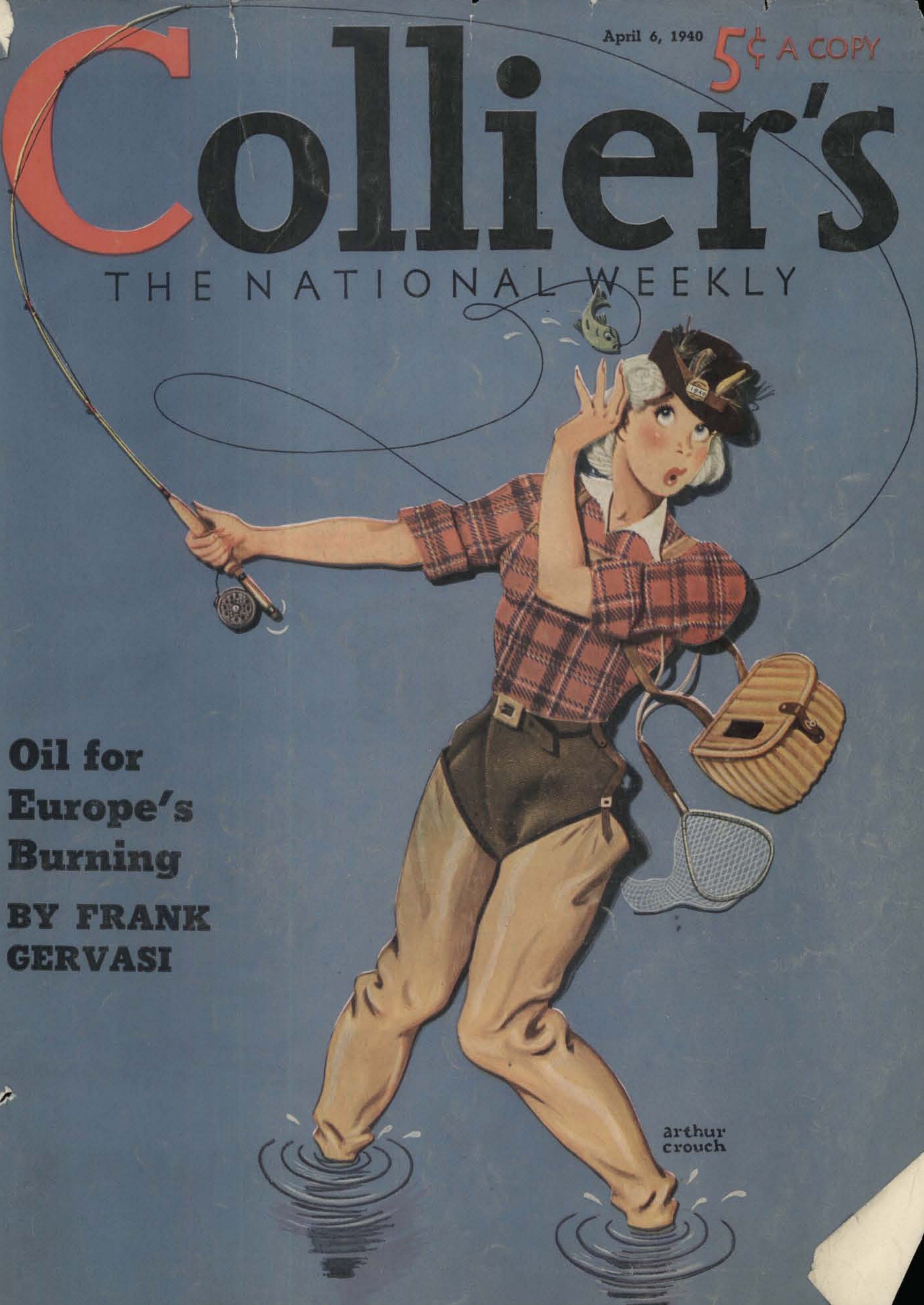
April 6, 1940 5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Oil for Europe's Burning

BY FRANK GERVASI

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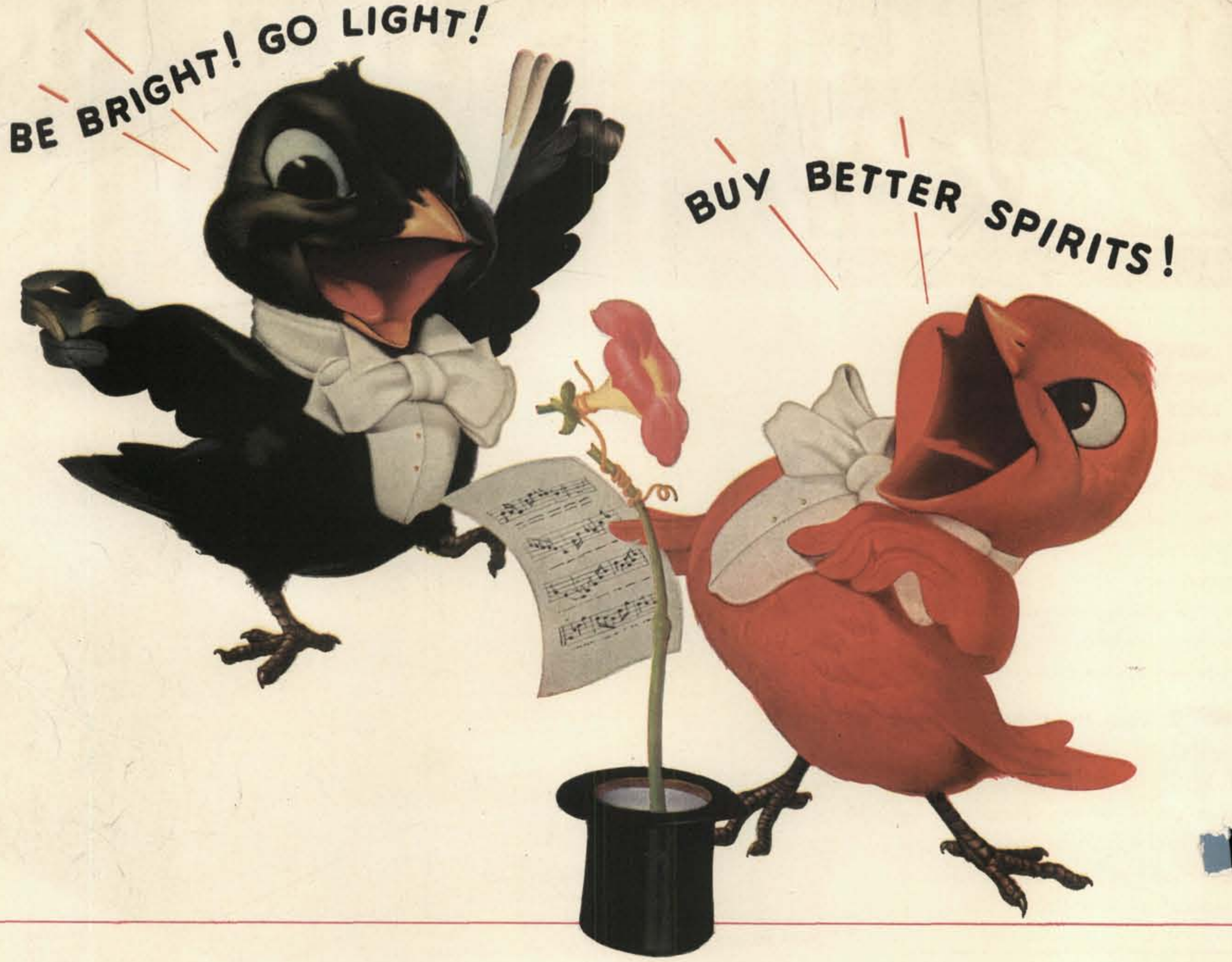
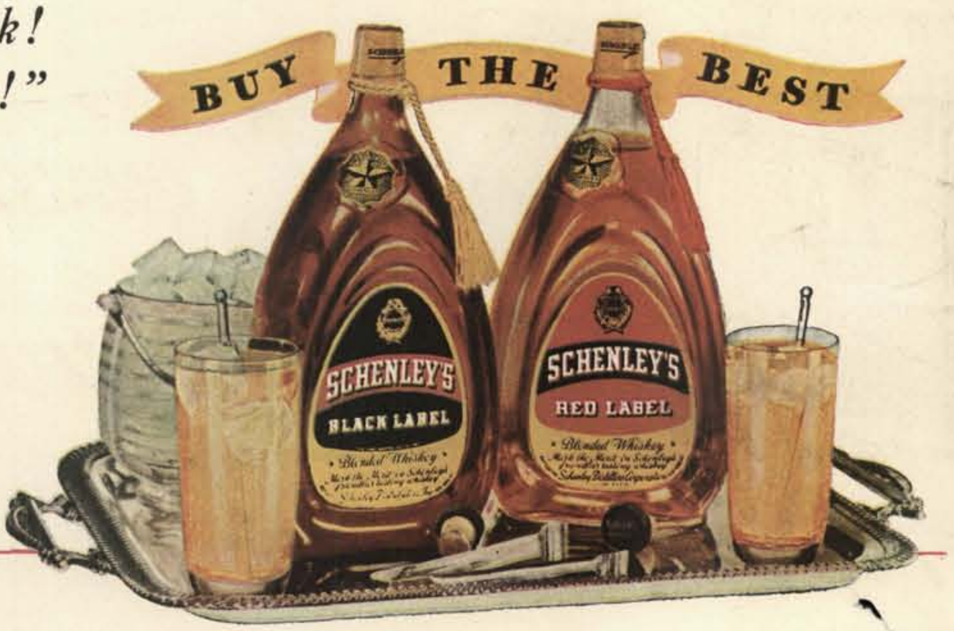
APRIL 6, 1940


BE BRIGHT! GO LIGHT!
BUY BETTER SPIRITS!

SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

*"Highballs Hum and Cocktails Click!
Schenley Melding Does the Trick!"*

Want better whiskey? Better taste SCHENLEY . . . light-bodied Black Label or Red Label. They're unexcelled because we "meld" . . . a secret SCHENLEY method that creates better spirits . . . by permitting weight reduction without flavor destruction. Buy better spirits! Buy the best!


BUY THE BEST
SCHENLEY'S
BLACK LABEL
SCHENLEY'S
RED LABEL

Better Taste

SCHENLEY *Light-Bodied* **WHISKIES**

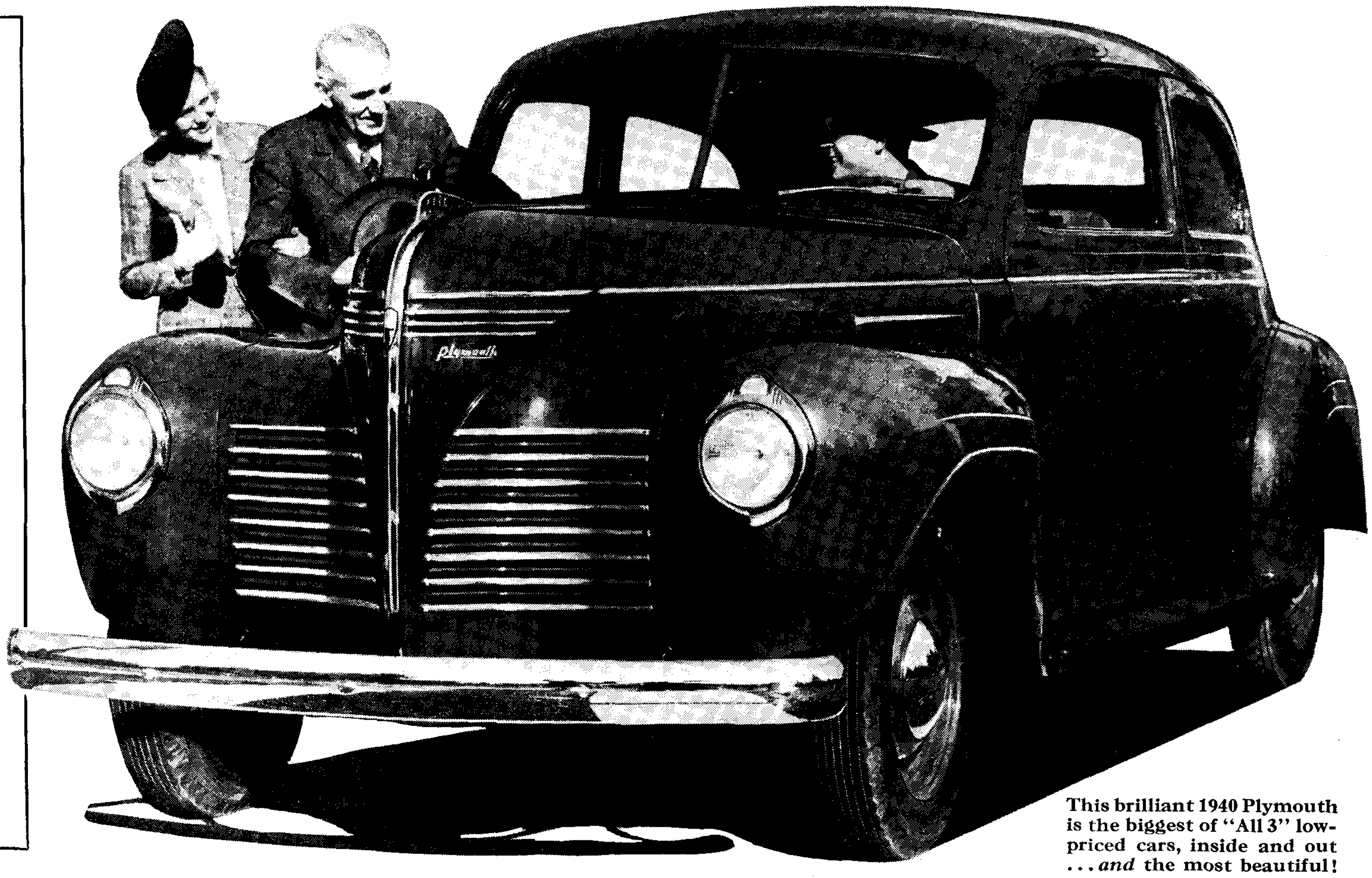
SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72½% grain neutral spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY and 90 Proof. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

Best Features, Best Ride *Best Buy* of "All Three"

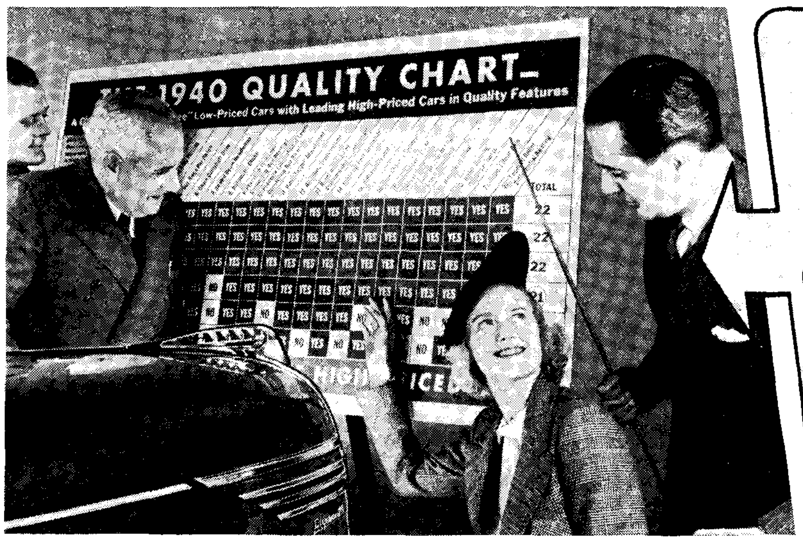
NOW YOU CAN FIND OUT HOW MUCH VALUE EACH LOW-PRICED CAR GIVES FOR YOUR MONEY

☛ **1.** See the 1940 Quality Chart...it compares "All 3" low-priced cars with the high-priced cars...shows you clearly what each gives you in size, luxury, fundamental quality—in *fine-car* engineering features.

☛ **2.** Take the 1940 Plymouth's sensational Luxury Ride...you'll realize at once what extra quality means to you. It's the smoothest, gentlest ride you have ever experienced in a low-priced car.



This brilliant 1940 Plymouth is the biggest of "All 3" low-priced cars, inside and out ...*and* the most beautiful!


THE 1940 QUALITY CHART—
...Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality Features
TOTAL
22
22
22
21
YES
NO
HIGH
ICE

YOU'LL BENEFIT FROM THIS "ONE-TWO" COMPARISON

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART

2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE

OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS—

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

CAR VALUE *can* be measured! In easy "One-Two" order you can compare size, features, and riding nfort...make sure to get your *best buy!*

The 1940 Quality Chart shows that Plymouth alone, of "All 3" *low-priced* cars, gives you a majority of 22 big quality features found in *high-priced* cars.

Only Plymouth gives you 117-inch wheelbase...the smoothness of front coil springs on all models...a big, 84-horsepower Floating Power engine, *Superfinished* in vital parts for longer life—finer performance.

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

COUPES START AT	SEDANS START AT
$645	$699

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN, including front and rear bumpers, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on dash, ashtray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (21.6 cubic feet). Price includes all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

MAJOR BOWES, CBS, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

April 6, 1940

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK GERVASI	Mediterranean
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	MARTHA GELLHORN	Scandinavia
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

FRESH from the peace and quiet of a convent orphanage, Cherry Rawlings, young, naïve, is catapulted into the mad scurry of San Francisco's upper set. To encounter heartbreaking disillusionment but also to meet the man she comes to love. Only Kathleen Norris could pen this absorbing romance and mystery, "The Secret of the Marshbanks," one of the best of her long list of great novels. It begins next week.

THEY take coal, air and water, work some chemical magic on them and, presto, out comes a silken fiber to be woven into hosiery that will grace the legs of a queen. Or with the same simple constituents, they may end with a toothbrush, an evening gown or a fishline. It's nylon, man's challenge to the Japanese silkworm, the bristle-bearing hog of China and a whole stable of nature's champions. Frank Morris gives you the story of the birth of a great industry. It's "Sheer Magic."

"LORD, get me outta dis ole river and I'll carry de word to de multitudes," Refugee Smith prayed when he was about to drown. From over the waters, the Lord's answer floated in the voice of Willie Wurtzel, itinerant fight manager. "Over here," it said. "It's a deal, Lord," Refugee replied. Never one to welsh a bargain, Refugee went up an' down de lan' carryin' de word. This humorous, yet inspiring, story of the fighting Negro who couldn't lose with "The Lord in His Corner" is told by Eustace Cockrell.

THE German Fräulein must have a government permit before she can buy a dress—a permit that's extremely difficult to obtain. Food, too, is strictly rationed, and private motorcars may be commandeered for military use—at much less than true value. The Germans are depressed by black-outs, weary of red tape, fearful of the outcome. They want the war to end. But they don't complain. W. B. Courtney, who went to Germany to study wartime conditions for Collier's, shows you "How the Germans Take It."

FRANK FENTON contributes an amusing story of Hollywood antics. Dean S. Jenkins tells the story of "Ma-ma Mosquito," famous Chinese woman guerilla raider. Then there's Bob Considine's article on Bill Klem, *the man who dignified* the profession of umpiring. Also choice contributions by Hugh Wiley, Grover Jones, Henry F. Pringle and others. Never a dull moment.

This Week

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ELEANOR MERCEIN
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●

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Keep Up with the World. Page 6

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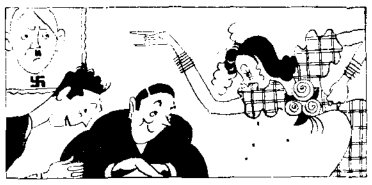
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

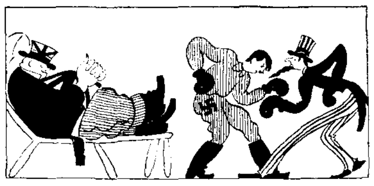
THE most important report you'll read this week is that just submitted by our operatives whom we assigned some weeks ago to finding the answer to our country's hottest political enigma. To our great surprise they tell us that Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate for a third term. All our scoffing failed to shake their conviction. They stood stanchly by their report, threatening once or twice to take their findings elsewhere. So we're compelled to give it to you and you can cheer or sniff as you choose. They tell us that Mr. Roosevelt, being convinced that no Democrat but he can save us from going Republican, will have as his running mate an unflinching New Dealer (say Mr. Justice Douglas) and, having won over his Republican adversary, resign a few months after taking his third oath of office. It will do you no good to get violent. We've been wrong before. So have our trusted scouts.

IN THE meantime you can do what you will with a couple of nice items we've just received from Hollywood, California. Two friends of ours were having luncheon with one of the most dazzling movie stars, who had worked up a towering rage against Mr. Hitler. The things she said about Der Fuehrer left virtually nothing to the ruddiest imagination. She wound up her denunciation of Germany's boss by saying that he positively made her sick and that he and his party ought to be wiped out. Whereupon one of our friends asked her what she thought of Germany's National Socialist party. "That," she said, "has considerable merit. It should be encouraged. I'm for anything to beat Hitler."



THE other one comes from our agent, Mr. Richard English, our favorite literary rug-cutter. Mr. English hastened from a movie party in Palm Springs, California, to give us a few details. It was attended by Hollywood's most glittering. And it was broadcast. Mr. English asks us how we'd have felt if, like all the guests, we had been met at the door by a butler who tucked a cocktail into our left and a microphone into our right and asked us please not to put down the microphone until we were leaving. Of course matters (such as wires) become a trifle tangled after the fourth or fifth cocktail but as a broadcast it was interesting.

WE'RE informed, too, that the Honorable *Bible Bill* Aberhart, premier of Alberta, Canada, is not too pleased with the attitude of some of that province's journalists toward his moribund social-credit rowdydow. Mr. Aberhart recently chastised his people for their inability to digest social credit. Said he: "When we face a time of chaos, the people must get busy and build an ark. Some people believed that the construction of the ark was a fool idea. I know some people in this province like that. They have no confidence in social credit because they cannot grasp its principles." Whereupon one of Alberta's editors quoted the above under the headline: "Aberhart announces ship-building program."



MR. JONAS BARK of Manchester, England, gathers from various bits he has read in this magazine that America is not breaking its galluses in its eagerness to rush to the aid of England. Mr. Bark asks us to think. "Think," demands he, "what would happen if England were geographically where you are and if you were a part of Europe. Would England, in that situation, fly across three thousand miles of ocean to help you crush your foe? I will give you the answer in a word: No."

AND we're invited to mention an example of commendable celerity in New Mexico. Two young men robbed the Farmington Bank on Wednesday morning. They were arrested Wednesday evening. They were sentenced to jail for life Thursday morning. They began serving their sentences at noon. By four o'clock they had recovered enough breath to observe, "What's all the hurry?"

WE HAVE a letter from Mrs. Lillian Ohness of Toronto, Canada, that contains a suggestion that ought to be adopted at once. "I would like to see," writes she, "your magazine in the hands of every man, woman and child in the world."

SO WOULD we. . . . W. D.

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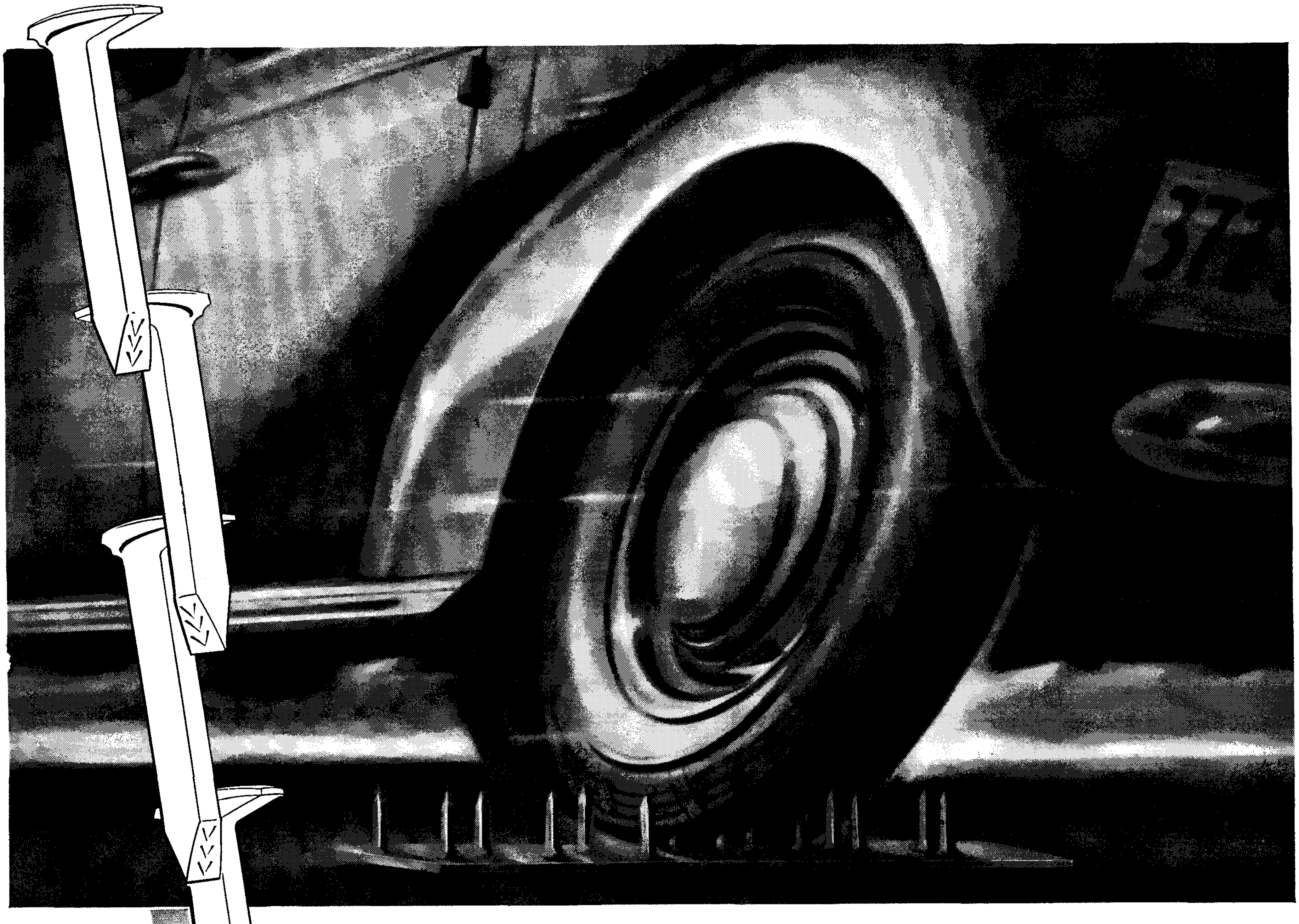
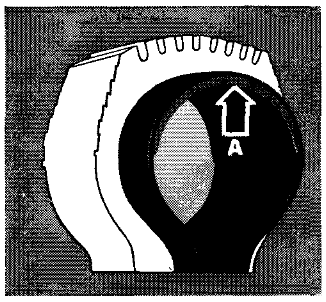
How spikes made motoring *SAFER!*



AGAIN and again tire engineers drove cars equipped with a new kind of inner tube—*WHAM!*—right over a steel platform bristling with chisel-sharp spikes three inches long, in a test devised by Goodrich to torture tires and tubes as they had never been tortured before. STRUCK at high speed, these spikes ripped through tires and tubes with a violence that should have produced terrific blow-outs . . . as many as four spikes buried to the hilt at one time! Who could have imagined an inner tube that would stand up under a test like this—without a blow-out, without a "flat"? YET this new inner tube did it . . . the Seal-o-matic 2-Way Safety Tube. One Seal-o-matic rolled up a record of 52 trips over the spikes...and, though gashed in 189 places, it lost less than a pound of air! THIS PROTECTION against blow-outs and flats, also saves you money. Records of taxi and light-truck fleets show that Seal-o-matics make tires wear up to 34.6% longer . . . that they save substantially on total rubber expense. EASY TO BUY, too! Your Goodrich Silvertown Store and many Goodrich Dealers offer a confidential credit plan on purchases of Seal-o-matic Tubes. Also ask about the special deal they can make for new car owners. And remember *which* . . . the name's Good*rich.*



2-WAY SAFETY—Protection Against Blow-outs and Flat Tires Both!

"Self-Healing" lining (**A**) heals punctures from glass, nails, etc., while you ride—seals even bigger gashes that ordinarily cause fearful blow-outs. For added blow-out protection, this inner tube is 60% stronger all around than ordinary tubes . . . made of special black heat-resisting "Tuff-Rubber". . . and not weakened by stretching to size, because it is built up (not just blown up) to fill your tire.

At the 1940 New York World's Fair— Again this year, the big free Goodrich show will feature Daredevil Jimmie Lynch in the "Spike Torture." See it!

Goodrich *Seal-o-matic*

DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH LESS THAN 2-WAY SAFETY

Copyright 1940, The B. F. Goodrich Company

Do you have these signs of DRY SCALP?

ITCHING SCALP?

DANDRUFF SCALES?

HAIR HARD TO MANAGE?

Check DRY SCALP with Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

and just see the difference

ITCHING, loose dandruff, dullness, brittleness . . . they are symptoms of "dry scalp," arch enemy to handsome hair! Combat this condition! Each morning rub on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. In this way you will supplement the natural scalp oils and make your hair soft, easy to manage and youthful in appearance. Also, before each shampoo, give your scalp a thorough-going massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . to stimulate the circulation and counteract the drying effect of soap and water. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no ingredient that can dry the scalp. Buy a bottle today and see what it does for your hair, even within a single week!

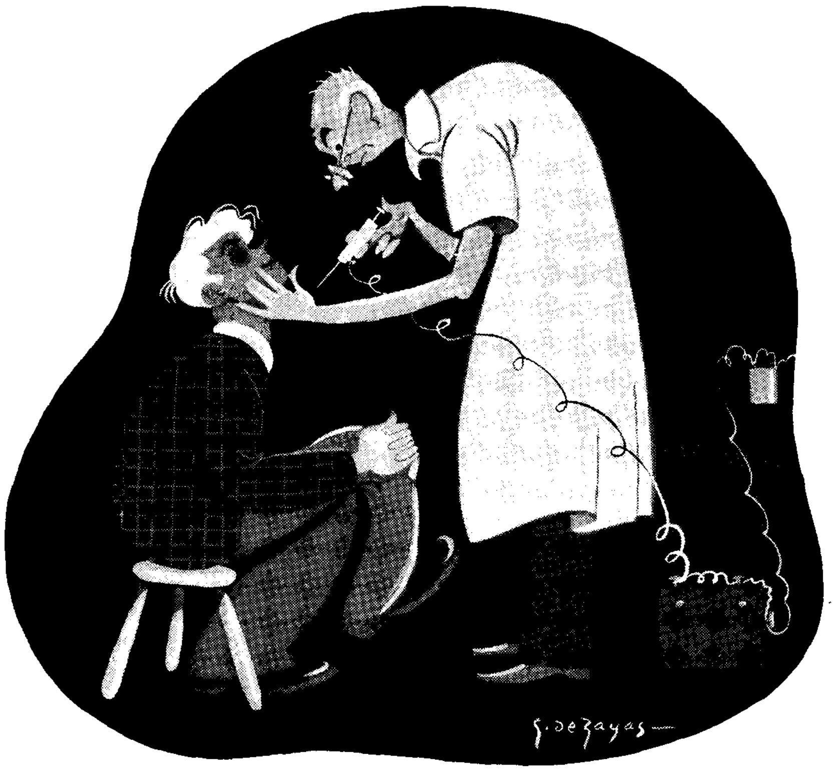
Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

DRY HEAT WATER SOAP

They all rob your hair of natural oils. Combat "dry scalp" and keep your hair good-looking with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

A few drops a day supplement the natural scalp oils, keep hair manageable and good-looking.

40c and 70c



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Black eyes and other bruises are now being removed within twenty-four hours through an electrical injection of histamine, which dilates the capillaries, stimulates the circulation and hastens absorption of the effused blood.

An international treaty provides that members of a Red Cross unit captured by belligerents are not to be treated as prisoners of war but are to be returned to their own country as soon as military exigencies permit. While detained, they are to care for the sick and wounded behind the enemy's lines and, in compensation, be given the same treatment, pay and quarters that they receive at home.

The amount of paper currency irretrievably lost by the people of this country, through fires, shipwrecks and forgotten caches, averages about $150,000 a week.

Since 1492, the chapel of John the Baptist in the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo in Genoa, Italy, has been closed to women, including nuns, because a woman, Salome, was the cause of his death.—*By Charlotte M. Taylor, Newark, New Jersey.*

The United States is one of the few countries in the world that allow a firm to repackage a trademarked product, using the original manufacturer's name in a descriptive manner, without his authority or consent, if the label clearly indicates that it is a repackaging.

In most cases, the Civil Aeronautics Authority does not permit a person to hold a directorship in both an air line and an aircraft manufacturing corporation.

According to analyses made by code experts, the most frequently used numerical word is "two." It is employed twice as often as the next word, which is "five."

The only national holiday ever created by an act of Congress was the "Centennial Anniversary of the Inauguration of the First President of the United States," which took place on April 30, 1889.

The suicide rate among married men and women is twice as high as that of single adults.—*By Harry Kibbee, New York, New York.*

The only states that have never had a recorded lynching are Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Maine and Vermont.

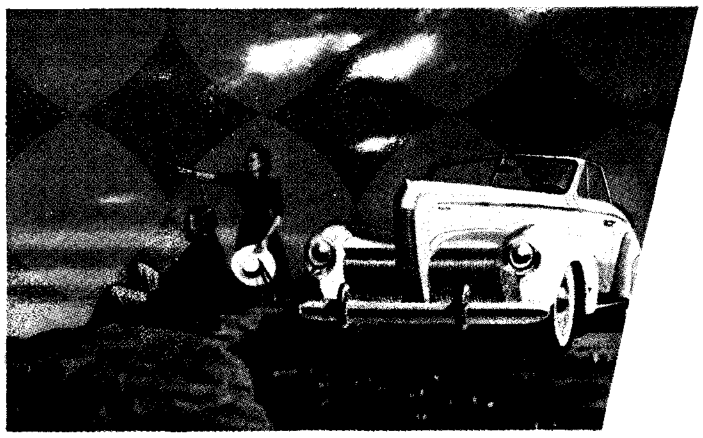
Only fifteen of the seventy-odd countries that border on the sea have either a government or a voluntary life-saving service.

There are no proper names in the Bible beginning with W because the Hebrew language, in which this collection of books was originally written, does not contain a corresponding letter.

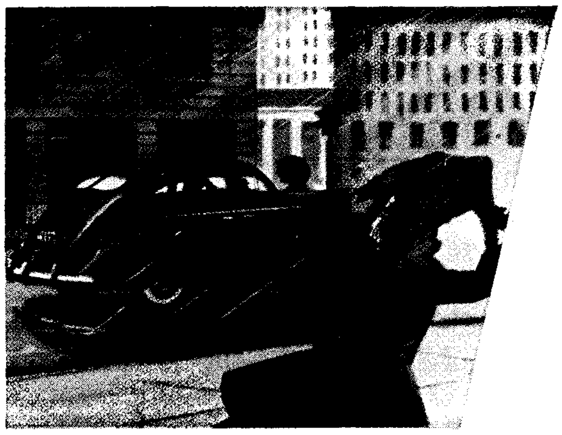
For those who wish to tune musical instruments, the National Bureau of Standards broadcasts the standard pitch in music, 440 cycles per second for A above middle C, nearly twenty-four hours a day on a frequency of 5,000 kilocycles over its short-wave station—WWV—in Beltsville, Maryland.—*By Robert B. Herrold, Marion, Ohio.*

Alloys of beryllium, a silver-white metal, have been found to be exceedingly hard and strong. As an example, a beryllium-nickel spring can be flexed five to ten times as often as a steel spring before it will break.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. *None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher*



WORLD'S ONLY CAR with amazing "Arrow-Flight" springing; and the exclusive Manifold-Sealed engine with 15 to 50 MPH pick-up in 12.9 seconds, high gear—plus economy that won class honors in 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Run (23.76 miles to a gallon).



IT NEVER RAINS, gets cold . . . dust never blows . . . when you drive a Weather Eye Nash. Automatically gives you fresh-filtered, warmed air at the turn of a dial. *One* of 17 advanced features that mean top re-sale value. Drive a Nash!

. . . and Away Goes Your Heart!

OUT OF THE BLUE will come a warning—a flirtatious *toot toot.*

Then up sails a new Nash—and away goes your heart!

Next thing you know you're flying down the road with a hundred-odd horses in your heels . . . so silently and smoothly harnessed by a Fourth Speed Forward that you can't believe the way those telephone poles go ticking by.

But hold on—that Nash manifold-sealed engine is just pulling its punches. See that hill up ahead? Just tickle that throttle and *skyrocket* up it, in Nash's new Automatic Overtake. (It's incredible, until you try it!).

The road you're on is checkered with jolting, washed-out stretches . . . but your wheels never tell you.

Your fingers never feel it . . . but a cross-wind is tugging at the steering course.

Your neck and ankles never know it . . . but the day has turned bitter-cold. (That Weather Eye automatically takes the fickleness out of spring).

It's then you realize that nothing on four wheels before has approached the silent, swift, sure-footed smoothness of Nash's new Arrow-Flight ride!

It's then, too, you capture the spirit of it, the "catch-me-if-you-can" feel of it . . . that makes driving a Nash an event—to the last happy 100,000 miles.

• • •

And when you lose your heart, you can keep your head. For there's never been such a value before—for a price that's next to small cars.

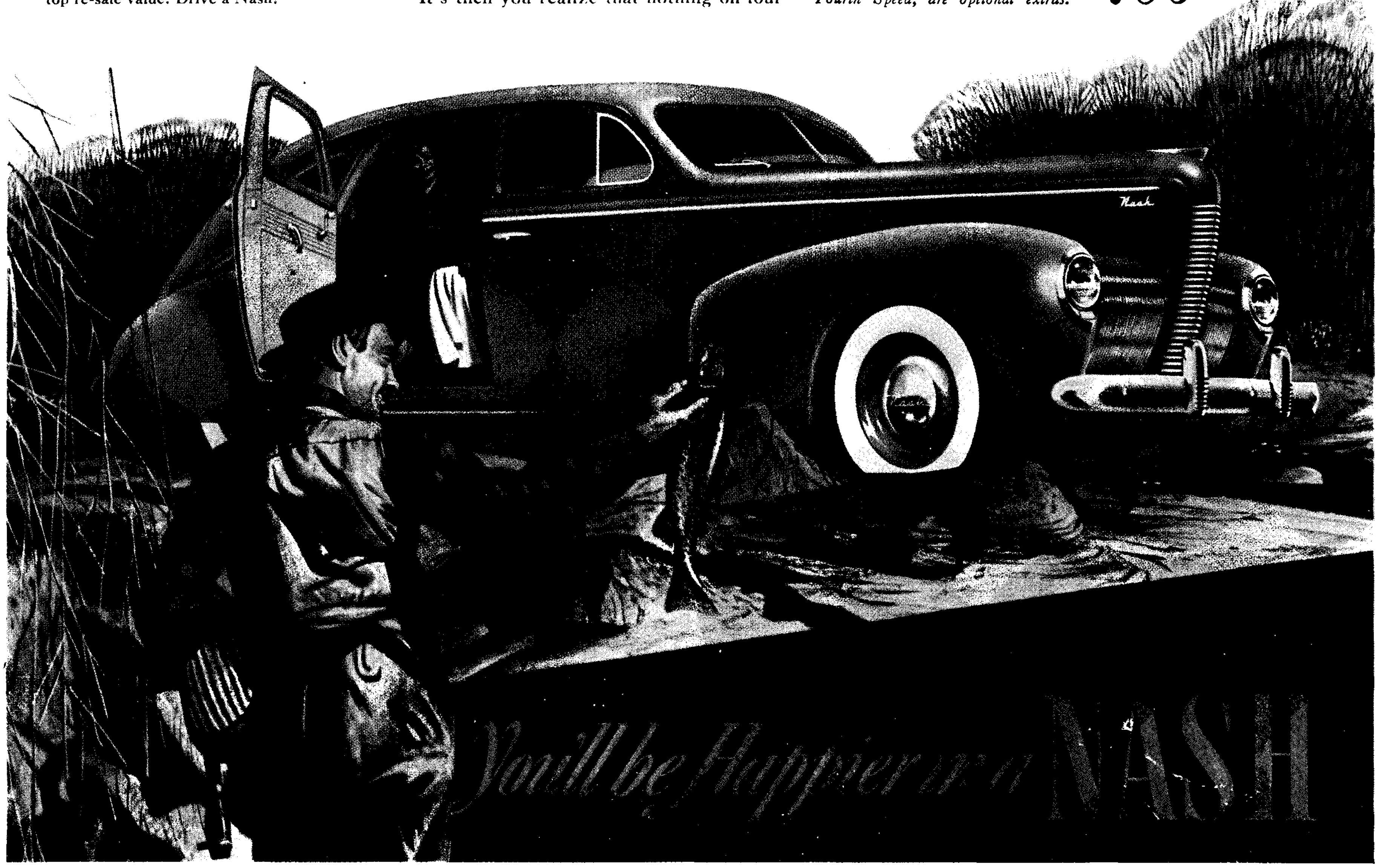
From its Sealed Beam lights to the convertible bed in back, a Nash is *big* and built to last.

No other car can match it in weight per dollar, or offer such fine long-life features as a 7-bearing crankshaft, a double frame, a completely manifold-sealed engine. It's a value that only Nash's $45,000,000 in resources can produce.

We're waiting now. Come on—try it today!

LOWER PRICES: from $795 delv'd at Factory! Lafayette Series Sedan (below) $875, includes Standard Equipment, Federal Taxes. White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel-Shields, Fourth Speed, are optional extras.

$795

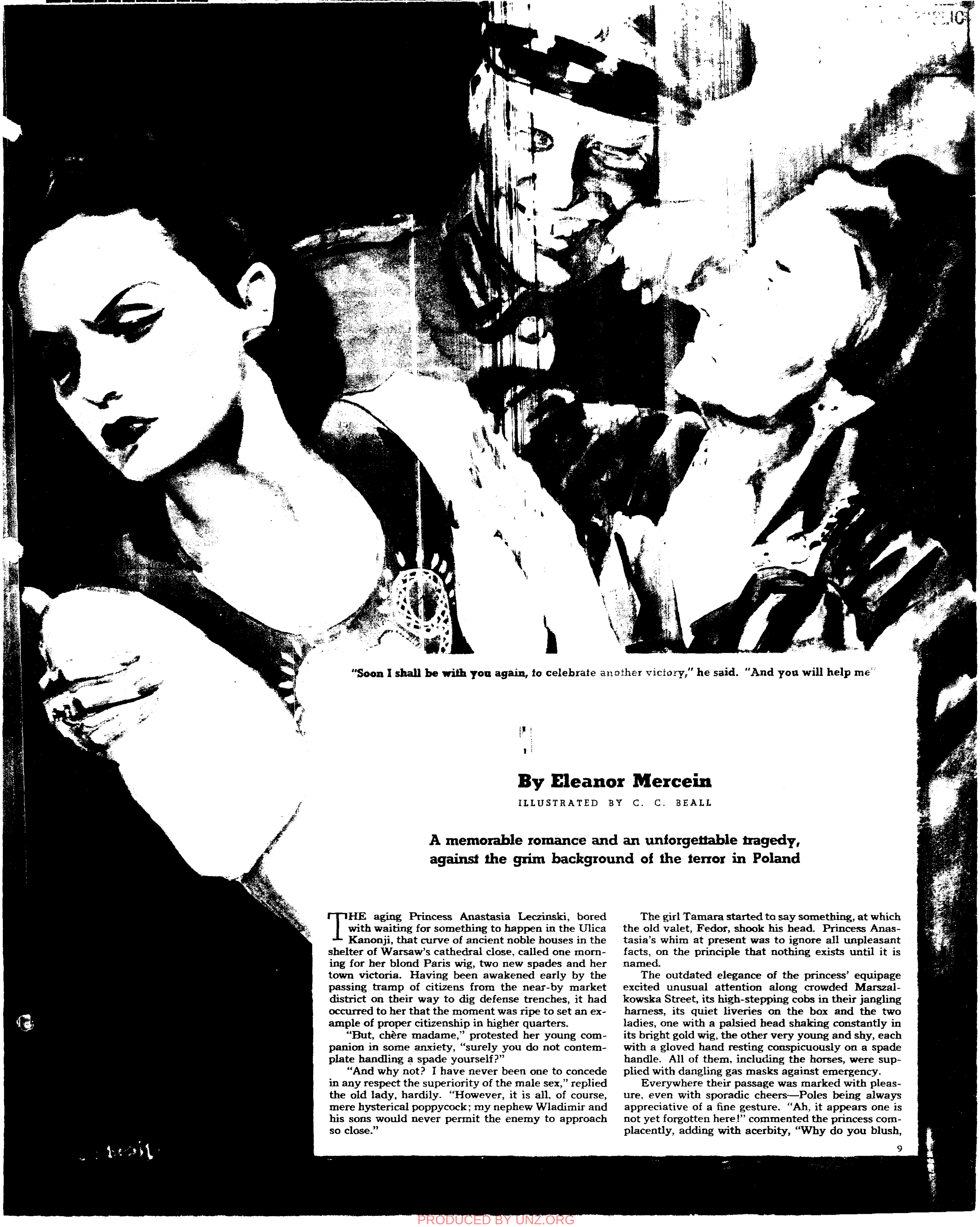

You'll be Happier in a NASH

Think
of someone far away

And then think of the telephone. That's an old-time motto with a modern improvement. Grandma minds the time when—well, if families got scattered by as much as 100 miles the only thing that kept them from becoming complete strangers was a one-day reunion every year or so.

Today, Grandma thinks it's wonderful how easily people get around the map. Wonderful is exactly the word for telephone travel. While you hold the telephone, Long Distance singles out, from this country's millions, the one voice that means the most. Brings it to you in a manner to please your heart. . . . And at a price to please your purse!

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES BELL SYSTEM



"Soon I shall be with you again, to celebrate another victory," he said. "And you will help me"

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A memorable romance and an unforgettable tragedy, against the grim background of the terror in Poland

THE aging Princess Anastasia Leczinski, bored with waiting for something to happen in the Ulica Kanonji, that curve of ancient noble houses in the shelter of Warsaw's cathedral close, called one morning for her blond Paris wig, two new spades and her town victoria. Having been awakened early by the passing tramp of citizens from the near-by market district on their way to dig defense trenches, it had occurred to her that the moment was ripe to set an example of proper citizenship in higher quarters.

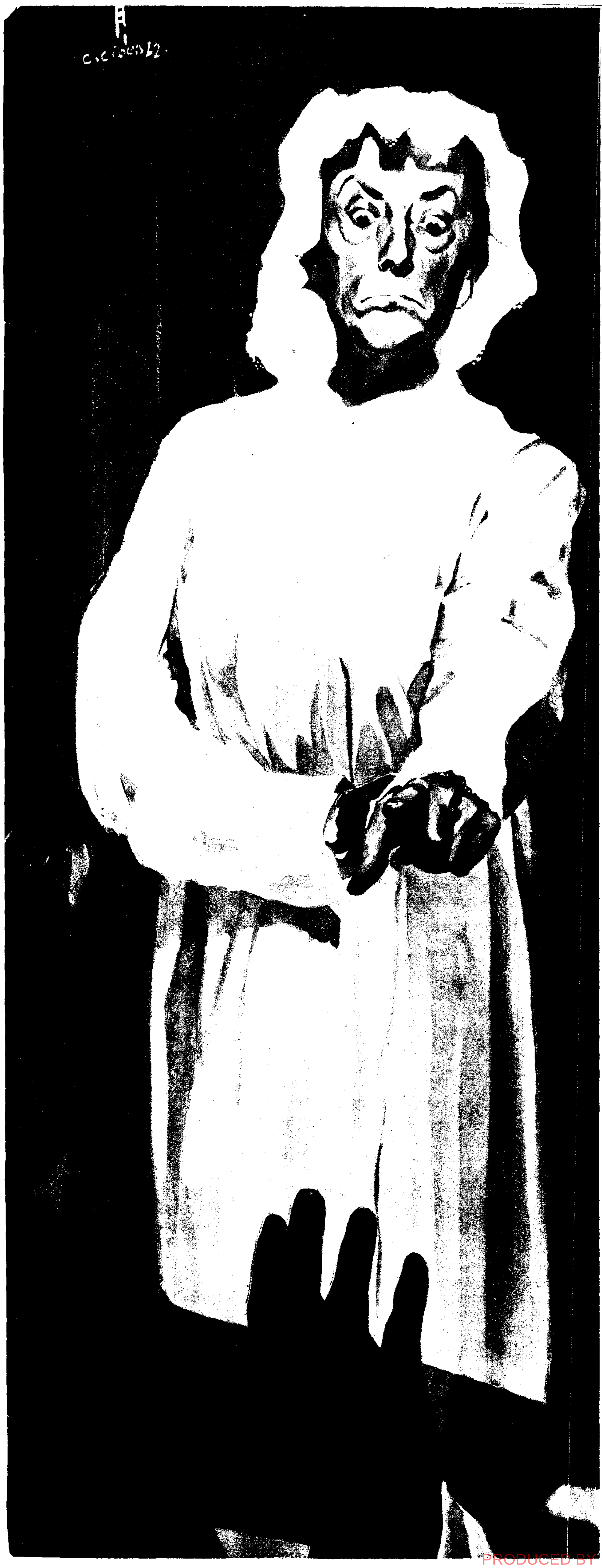
"But, chère madame," protested her young companion in some anxiety, "surely you do not contemplate handling a spade yourself?"

"And why not? I have never been one to concede in any respect the superiority of the male sex," replied the old lady, hardily. "However, it is all, of course, mere hysterical poppycock; my nephew Wladimir and his sons would never permit the enemy to approach so close."

The girl Tamara started to say something, at which the old valet, Fedor, shook his head. Princess Anastasia's whim at present was to ignore all unpleasant facts, on the principle that nothing exists until it is named.

The outdated elegance of the princess' equipage excited unusual attention along crowded Marszalkowska Street, its high-stepping cobs in their jangling harness, its quiet liveries on the box and the two ladies, one with a palsied head shaking constantly in its bright gold wig, the other very young and shy, each with a gloved hand resting conspicuously on a spade handle. All of them, including the horses, were supplied with dangling gas masks against emergency.

Everywhere their passage was marked with pleasure, even with sporadic cheers—Poles being always appreciative of a fine gesture. "Ah, it appears one is not yet forgotten here!" commented the princess complacently, adding with acerbity, "Why do you blush,



What she said they did not afterwards remember; only the impact of her voice, and the quite mad glitter in her eyes

my girl? It is not you they recognize!"

Tamara started. She had been looking about, as always in any crowd, for the face of a certain young American friend; and blushing at her own thoughts.

The street, always busy, was almost impassable that morning. "But what occurs?" demanded the old lady. "Do we celebrate some civic occasion? Where are all these people going?"

"Anywhere, madame, out of Warsaw," murmured the girl; and added, greatly daring, "as we should be going ourselves, while there is yet time."

"Ha!" said the other, her mad old eyes agleam. "Rats that desert the sinking ship, eh?" She paused abruptly, shocked by her own suggestion.

She was reassured, on reaching the scene of action, to find that others of her acquaintance had conceived the idea of setting humbler citizenry an example. Among them she noted the fashionable Countess Czapska, with her usual attendant, Pan Waclaw Chaluski.

THE city's mayor, hero of his brief hour, came to kiss Princess Anastasia's hand, and to conduct her and Tamara ceremonially toward an excavation into the side of which she thrust, under his direction, a quite vigorous spade. The onlookers applauded.

"And who," Pan Waclaw asked the countess, adjusting a monocle to his eye, "is the princess' present keeper-companion? Ah, to be sure, the foundling protégée. Quite lovely, really! How she grows to resemble Anastasia's handsome nephew, Victor."

"Fie, fie, Chaluski, such indelicacy!" chided the countess, smiling. "You know, many believe that Prince Victor married his little friend before he went off to be killed in the wars—though the family, of course, do not admit it. Rather amusing of the old spinster to challenge convention so, at this late date!"

"A Leczinski," he observed, "creates her own conventions. Especially Anastasia. But what a day to choose for a public appearance! Can it be that she has not heard—? I must go and send them away."

Princess Anastasia received him, as always, with much pleasure, finding in this fastidious dilettante of fashion, equally at home on the battlefield or in the drawing room, a suave and charming ferocity of nature that met with congenial qualities in herself.

"It seems natural, Chaluski, *mon cher,* to see you again in uniform," she greeted him. "But why not at the front?"

"Has it not occurred to you, *ma chère,* that Warsaw *is* the front?"

"Absurd!" She shrugged. "No doubt my nephew's forces have retreated temporarily in order to outmaneuver the enemy. Once arrived at the Vistula—"

"The enemy," he said quietly, "crossed the Vistula some time since. And what, one wonders," he added with sudden sternness, "are you yourself doing in Warsaw, Princess, rather than at the front—your own front? With all young men mobilized, and the castle closed, to whom shall your peasantry turn for protection, when the enemy arrives?"

"So!" A gleam that he was watching for appeared in the senescent eyes. "Fedor, take away this silly shovel, and get me to my carriage. We have other things to occupy us than theatricals, it seems."

The girl Tamara, following with Pan Waclaw, said in a low voice, "My thanks, Monsieur le Colonel, for accomplishing the impossible."

He replied, "You made a mistake not to tell her the full truth, mademoiselle. She is less mad, at times, than people fancy."

The girl said desperately, "I know. But she is very difficult. All of us—servants, doctors, her present favorite, the cousin from America—have tried in vain to persuade her at least to retire to the country. Monsieur Stefan has offered to drive us, at any hour, in a car borrowed from the American embassy."

"So, the American relative still remains? That is foolish of Mr. Stefan Elliott! One wonders why?" He put up his monocle to inspect her blush, and dropped it, smiling. Then, leaning over the carriage door, he kissed the withered hand of the princess lifted to him. "Do not, most cherished of sporting comrades, delay your departure for the place where you will assuredly be needed. Remember when the enemy appears, it will be well to hover under the castle wing all young virgins of the neighborhood. The Germans are also indefatigable colonizers."

She tapped his sleeve with an appreciative nicker of laughter. *"Tiens, mon cher,* you quite alarm me! Do you suppose that I myself shall be safe from their colonizing attentions?"

"Only," he assured her gallantly, "because the Teutonic taste in such matters is perhaps less discerning than our own."

Evening headlines bore the account of the death that day of Colonel Waclaw Chaluski, together with many less illustrious citizens and soldiers, caught at their trench digging by German bombing planes. Among them was also the name of Wanda, Countess Czapska. But Princess Anastasia was spared knowledge of this, being already on her way to the country in an embassy car driven by the American cousin.

STEPHEN, because of his connection with this powerful family through Polish ancestry of his mother's, had been frequently entertained at Princess Anastasia's country seat. But he came to it now, out of the extreme nervous tension of a city under siege, as into a sort of still enchantment, seeing with spelled eyes the sun-dappled vistas of wooded park, where fallow deer paused to gaze at them, unafraid, out of shy, soft eyes like the girl Tamara's.

The house in the center of this gothic woodland was not, however, the antique castle it should have been, but merely a tall, rather ugly red brick mansion. Across the courtyard stood an older, simpler building, used now as a guest house; and from kennels at the rear rose a deep-throated baying of stag hounds. A priest in a black silk cassock came to welcome them, with several curtsying elderly maidservants.

"You come in a good hour, my daughter. The peasants frighten themselves. They say that the Russians are coming again."

"Russians? Absurd! That barbarism at least we are spared. No, no, this time it is merely Germans, who are, one must suppose, a fairly civilized enemy. You remember that my own half sister, Natalie, married into a German house, where she pined away from lack of congenial society—in fact, she died of it," she added cheerfully; and went on into the house, commanding tea.

Stephen Elliott left the two ladies that evening with some relief, albeit with reluctance. There was a reassuring sense of security about the house, with its fringed, overstuffed furniture, and faded photographs, and other family memorabilia, that reminded him nostalgically of his own grandparents' place on the Hudson; although here the walls bristled with hunting trophies, antlers, elk heads, horns of chamois and the like, which were the result of Princess Anastasia's

(Continued on page 61)

BASHFUL BUCKEYE

By Walter Davenport

By all the rules of politics, Robert A. Taft should always come in second best. Nevertheless, he is one of the best vote-wranglers in the country. And his eyes are focused on the Philadelphia convention

IT WAS while the loving understanding that had bound Theodore Roosevelt to William Howard Taft was dissolving that the former galumphed into the White House one day thirsting for Jabberwock blood. Mr. Taft, who was ceasing rapidly to be Theodore's beamish boy, had slowed down his presidential progress to a cautious trudge and Theodore, his political creator, was not happy.

"Will," barked Theodore, "what are you afraid of? Why this everlasting middle-of-the-roading? By George, Will, if I didn't know you I'd think—"

Whereat the vast Mr. Taft, whom the crown of Roosevelt the First fitted like a five-and-ten toupee and to whom crusading held something less than irresistible appeal, smiled indulgently upon his ever-lathered predecessor.

"Theodore," said he, "with demons on the right and angels on the left where else shall a man seek sanity? Besides, I'm not built for stomping through thickets."

Today, with well-bred eagerness, Mr. Taft's elder son, Robert Alphonso, is to be seen and heard plodding up the middle of the White House turnpike, resolutely prepared to give battle to two major Jabberwocks ahead. To win the Republican nomination he must convince the furious conservatives that he'd slay the New Deal and present them with the creature's head. Should he be nominated he must convince the voting masses, if he hopes to be President, that he won't. And Senator Taft is no hand at two-timing. He's just about as subtle as a load of buckshot.

If he gets as far as November's voting and emerges second best—well, nobody's face is going to be redder than his. His best friends (he has an almost irreducible minimum of close ones) hasten to admit it. Should he be defeated in November, they see him returning to his leathery law offices in Cincinnati to look back upon a campaign wherein he lent himself to publicity stunts as foreign to his true nature as the role of leading man at Minsky's. And he'll probably be violently ill.

Well-equipped but Has No Glamour

However, before casting Robert Alphonso Taft's November horoscope it might be wise to see what happens to him in June. In spite of polls, if you'll accept the majority opinion of Republican national committeemen, his chances of nomination are encouraging. There are those who could wish that he had more color, more political chic, more shine. These, saying that the party is reeking with brains but lacks a showman, incline toward Mr. Dewey, although admitting that Senator Taft is far better equipped. Senator Taft has all the glamour of a pint of branch water and he's rather proud of it.

"The trouble with glamour," he told us, "is what's so frequently underneath it."

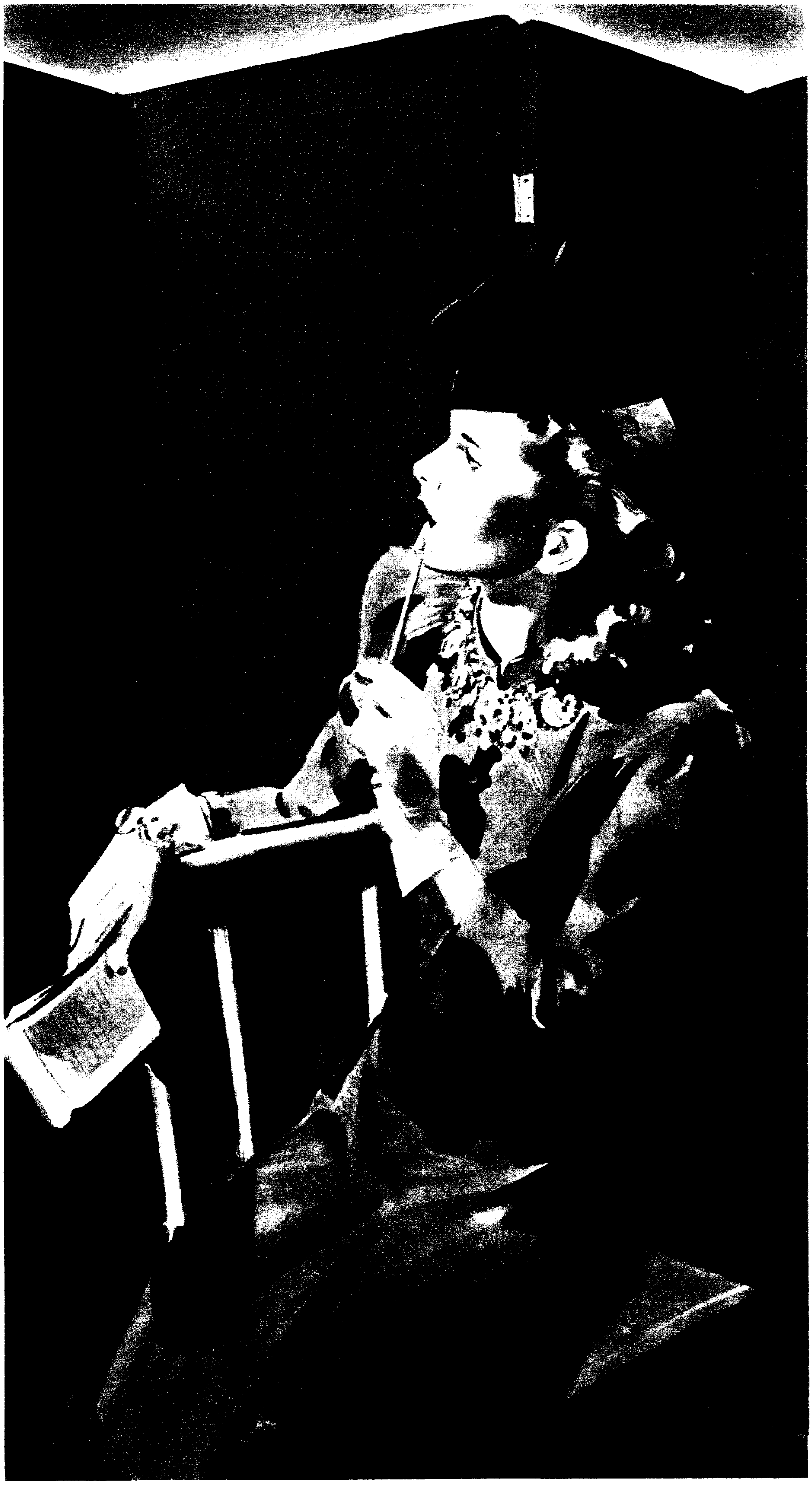
"What?"

"Too little," sighed he.

So he's a middle-roader like his father, seeking the presidency because he thinks he has what the country needs even if it turns out that he hasn't what it takes. As there are those anti-New-Dealers who lament his lack of oomph, zowie and smacko, there are others who fear that he has too much tolerance for the dreadful things that have been going on in Washington during the past seven years, six months. Among them are mourners of the dear old dead days who, throwing caution to the winds, accuse him of being a liberal. Senator Taft thinks so too.

For years in private (and publicly as long ago as 1936 when there was some Ohio small talk of his being Mr. Landon's teammate), he announced himself for virtually everything advocated today by Dr. Glenn Frank's Republican Program Committee and much more succinctly and clearly. In ten almost crisp answers to ten comprehensive questions he said everything that Doctor Frank used 33,000 words to write. Two years later those ten *(Continued on page 32)*

THOMAS



They gave Miss Dover a chair behind the screen, and a lot of men came in

Deadly Visitor

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A girl's memory of a voice gives Detective O'Malley the solution to a vicious murder

"THIS is one of them mystery murders," O'Malley said. "A girl got found killed on East River Drive. They got who she was because another girl that she lived with had reported her missing. The roommate's name is Miss Dover. The dead kid was named Miss Mallin. She belonged in Connecticut but was in Manhattan studying music. Her parents is dead, and left her some money, and her aunt and uncle brought her up. She was engaged to marry a guy in Connecticut but went with other men too. She had a date to go out with some guy and she went with him and she never come back."

"With whom?" I asked.

"That's it. The roommate can't tell us."

"Is it the idea that the man she went out with murdered her?"

"No doubt of it, but we got no idea who."

The girl's aunt and uncle had come to Manhattan and were at a hotel. We saw them. They were a Mr. and Mrs. Challers, her only relatives, a small, gray-haired couple. They appeared overwhelmed by grief and I was sorry for them. The dead girl's fiancé was with them. His name was Hopel. He was a big young man, good-looking, with not much expression, and he was plainly nervous.

"You got no idea who might have killed your niece?" O'Malley asked them.

"We haven't."

"Well, don't you know who she went around with?"

"Oh, yes," the aunt replied. "She told us about them, but there isn't any of them who would have killed her."

"Well, how about you?" O'Malley inquired of Hopel. "You know your girl had dates with other fellows?"

"Yes, certainly. It would have been foolish of her not to go out places. She'd nearly completed her music course, and we were to be married as soon as it was finished. Until then, I thought she ought to have her liberty."

We saw the girl's roommate. Miss Dover was a music student also. The girls had a nice apartment.

"How was this?" O'Malley asked her.

"I wish I could tell you. It's terrible! Laura had a date with someone but she didn't tell me with whom."

"Didn't she usually tell you who she had a date with?"

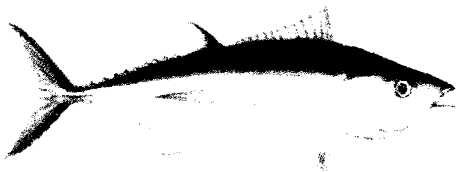
"Yes. She didn't this time. He rang the bell while she was dressing and I started to go to the door, but she stopped me and went herself. I had a feeling she didn't want me to know who the man was. She opened the door only a little and spoke to him and he spoke to her, but I couldn't see him."

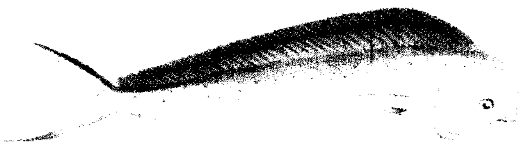
"Yeah? What did he say?"

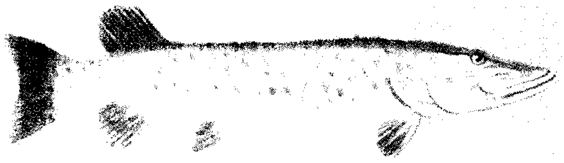
"He said he'd wait in the car. So then he went and did that."

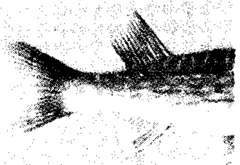
"You see the car?"

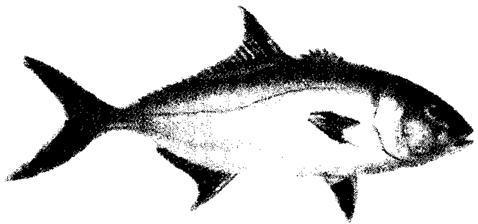
"No; we can't (*Continued on page* 79)

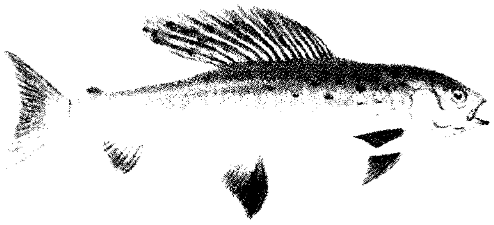

ALBACORE
15-20 lbs.

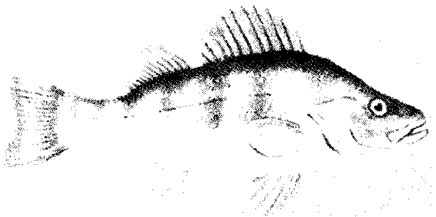

DOLPHIN
30-40 lbs.

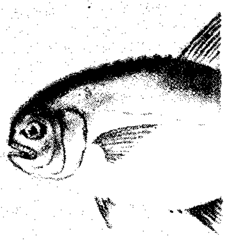

MUSKELLUNGE
40-50 lbs.

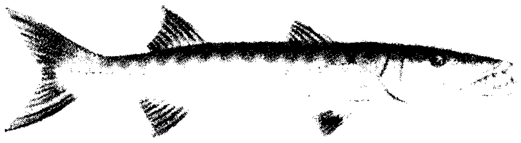

PI

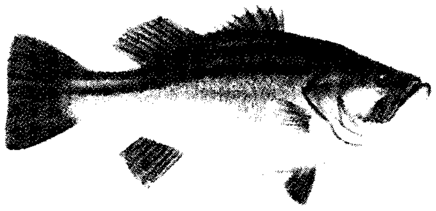

AMBERJACK
30-40 lbs.

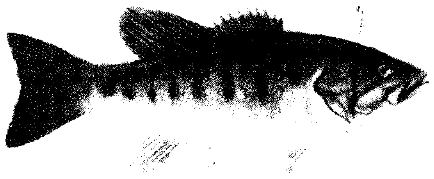

GRAYLING
2-4 lbs.

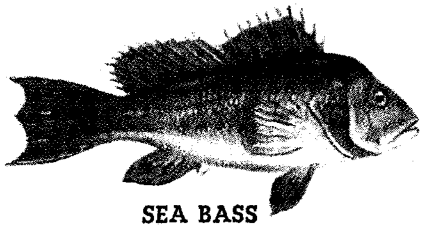

YELLOW PERCH
1-2 lbs.

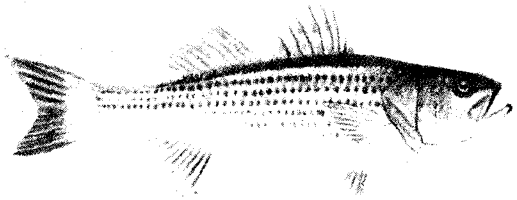

POMPA
4-6 lb

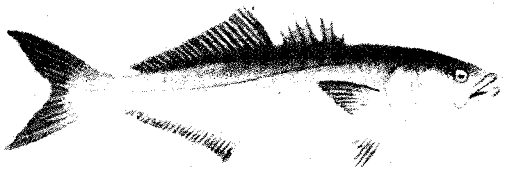

BARRACUDA
35-60 lbs.

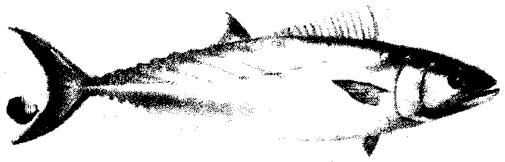

LARGEMOUTHED BLACK BASS
8-10 lbs., North—12-18 lbs., Florida

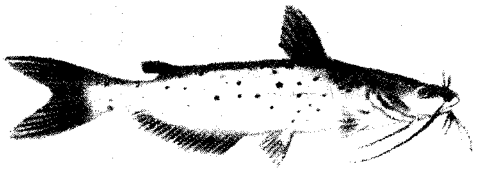

SMALLMOUTHED BLACK BASS
6-8 lbs.


SEA BASS
3-5 lbs.


STRIPED BASS
40-50 lbs.


BLUEFISH
12-14 lbs.


BONITO
15-20 lbs.


CHANNEL CATFISH
10-15 lbs.

Fishing Can be Fun

By Ben Ames Williams

DRAWINGS BY ROLF KLEP

Don't remember too many rules if you want to enjoy fishing, advises Mr. Williams, who argues, from happy experience, that you don't have to depend on skill to catch fish

EVERY fisherman who has tried to smuggle into the house, unseen by his wife, his new rod or his new assortment of flies or his latest consignment of fishing tackle of any sort, has heard of the barefoot boy with the bent pin who caught all the fish. His wife speaks of that boy as familiarly as if she knew him personally.

He appears on magazine covers, but you will never see him on a trout brook. I don't mean to say that he does not exist; but he does not catch fish with a bent pin. On any water you care to mention, the properly equipped fisherman will win every time.

I speak from experience on both sides of the argument. In fact, my first fishing was done without even a pin. I tied a piece of meat on the end of a string, threw it into a muddy Mississippi creek and presently pulled it out well draped with crawfish.

Later I tried bent-pin fishing, but I never caught a fish on a bent pin, unless it was one of those wooden goldfish for which you may angle at a church supper.

I never caught a fish until I bought three regular store hooks for a penny. I caught twelve that afternoon—sunfish and suckers and catfish, some of them a full four inches long—and since then I have never gone fishing without first providing myself with the proper tackle.

I fished that first day with a cut pole and a piece of string, a nail for a sinker and a cork out of an olive bottle for a float. In later years, on trout brooks in Maine, I saw small boys with equally primitive equipment; but I never met such a boy, on the brook or off it, who had caught any fish, or who really believed that there were fish in the brook to be caught. They went fishing just because it was fun to go fishing, which is the best of reasons.

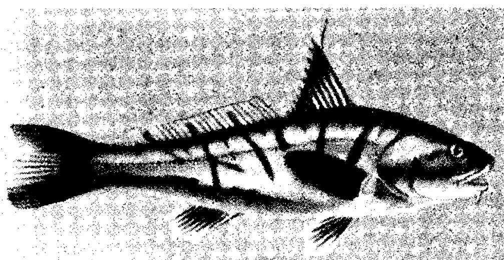
A Leader with a Legend

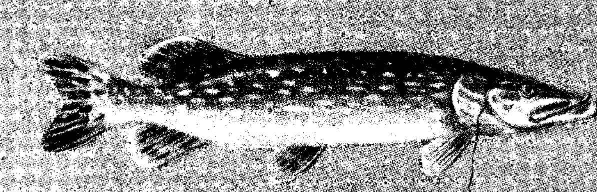
So I have become a tackle addict, particularly of light tackle. Among my fishing souvenirs there is a fragment of leader, with a Brown Hackle dry fly attached to its end. The leader is badly chafed at a spot near the fly, and at another spot some two feet above. That leader never was strong enough to lift a three-pound weight off the floor without breaking. Every time I look at it today I see in my mind's eye Seven Mile Pool on the North Branch of the Codroy, in Newfoundland, and a certain eighteen-pound salmon that was still jumping violently thirty-five minutes after I hooked him, and that was gaffed by torchlight after a fight of an hour and ten minutes.

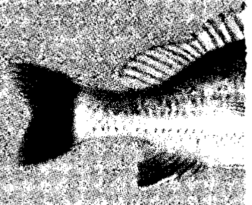
I took him on a light rod, with light gear. If by any miracle I had hooked him on a bamboo pole with an ordinary line and hook, I could have horsed him ashore in twenty seconds—thus missing one of the most delightful hours of my life.

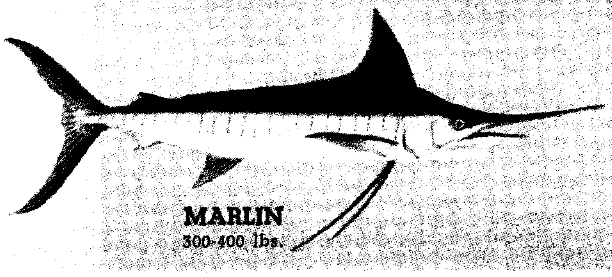
I do not mean to suggest that tackle makes the fisherman. I once took a friend to Lake Winnipesaukee in the spring of the year to troll for lake trout. He had no equipment, so I loaned him a bait-casting rod, and an open reel full of copper line. We were fishing in a little old steamboat about twenty feet long which chugged peacefully around the lake. The first time my friend's bait hit bottom, he thought he had a bite, and he struck so violently that I told him he didn't have to be quite so strenuous. He assured me that if a fish really hit his bait, he would be as calm as the Sphinx; but a few minutes later he did hook a fish. He screamed with excitement, and began to reel in so rapidly that he jerked the fish almost up to the side of the boat. The fish lay there, dazed by the experience; and the copper line went slack and three or four coils

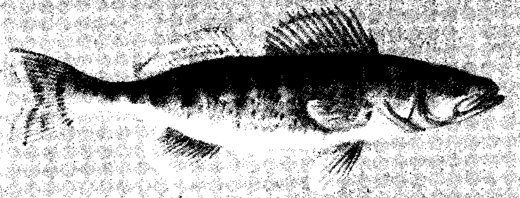
Game fish vary in weight according to location. Figures beneath names indicate maximum weight ranges.

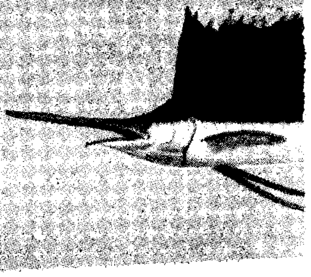

KINGFISH
2-3 lbs.

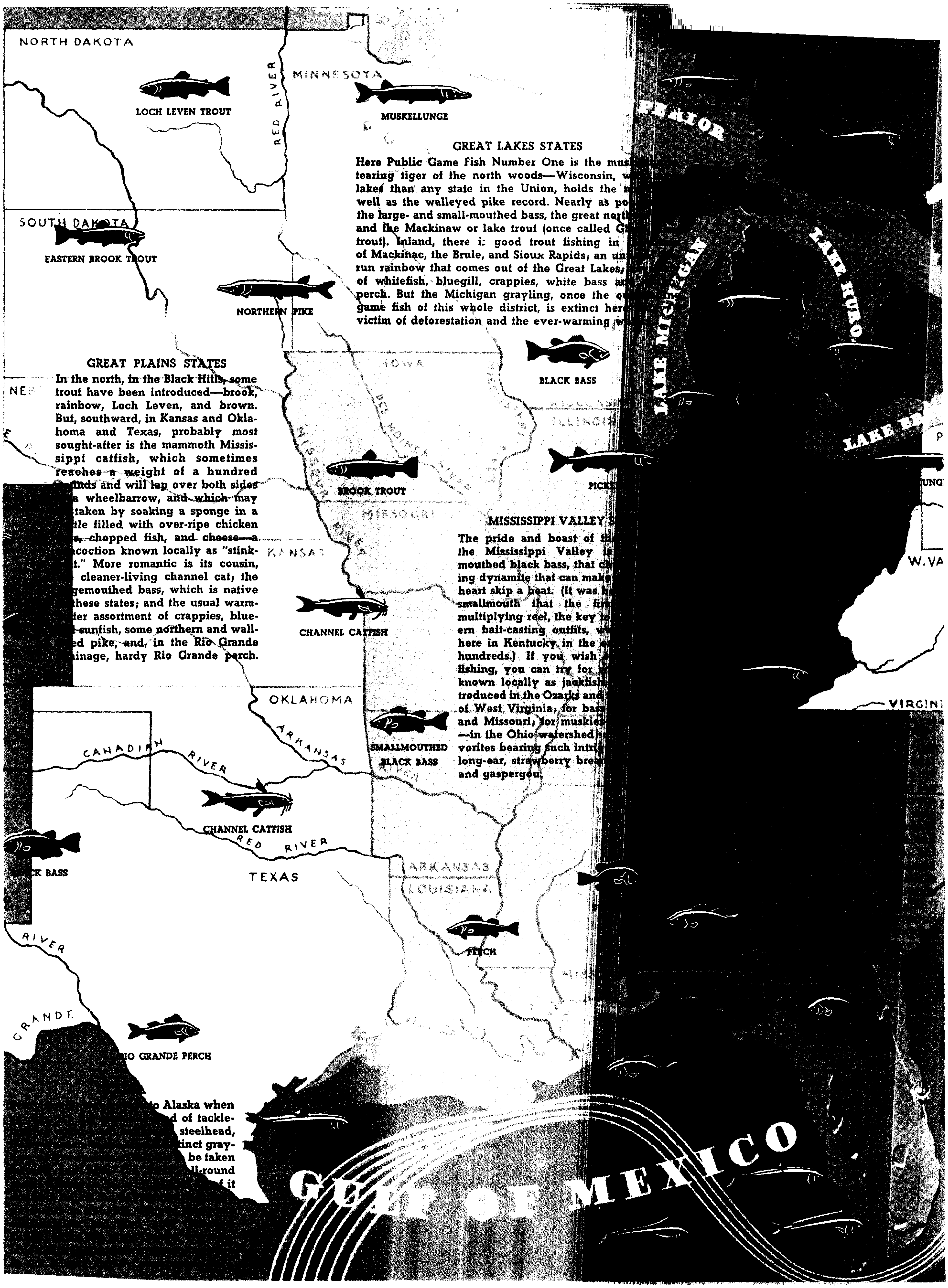

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE
15-30 lbs.


RED SNA
10-15 l


MARLIN
300-400 lbs.


WALLEYED PIKE
8-12 lbs.




NORTH DAKOTA
LOCH LEVEN TROUT
RED RIVER
MINNESOTA
MUSKELLUNGE
SOUTH DAKOTA
EASTERN BROOK TROUT
NORTHERN PIKE
SUPERIOR
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE HURON
BLACK BASS
IOWA
DES MOINES RIVER
MISSISSIPPI
ILLINOIS
LAKE ERIE
MISSOURI RIVER
BROOK TROUT
PICKE
MISSOURI
KANSAS
CHANNEL CATFISH
W. VA
VIRGINI
OKLAHOMA
ARKANSAS RIVER
SMALLMOUTHED BLACK BASS
CANADIAN RIVER
CHANNEL CATFISH
RED RIVER
CK BASS
TEXAS
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
PERCH
RIVER
GRANDE
IO GRANDE PERCH
GULF OF MEXICO

GREAT LAKES STATES

Here Public Game Fish Number One is the mus
tearing tiger of the north woods—Wisconsin, w
lakes than any state in the Union, holds the r
well as the walleyed pike record. Nearly as po
the large- and small-mouthed bass, the great nort
and the Mackinaw or lake trout (once called G
trout). Inland, there is good trout fishing in
of Mackinac, the Brule, and Sioux Rapids; an un
run rainbow that comes out of the Great Lakes;
of whitefish, bluegill, crappies, white bass an
perch. But the Michigan grayling, once the o
game fish of this whole district, is extinct her
victim of deforestation and the ever-warming w

GREAT PLAINS STATES

In the north, in the Black Hills, some trout have been introduced—brook, rainbow, Loch Leven, and brown. But, southward, in Kansas and Oklahoma and Texas, probably most sought-after is the mammoth Mississippi catfish, which sometimes reaches a weight of a hundred
unds and will lap over both sides
a wheelbarrow, and which may
taken by soaking a sponge in a
tle filled with over-ripe chicken
s, chopped fish, and cheese—a
coction known locally as "stink-
t." More romantic is its cousin,
cleaner-living channel cat; the
gemouthed bass, which is native
these states; and the usual warm-
ter assortment of crappies, blue-
sunfish, some northern and wall-
ed pike, and, in the Rio Grande
inage, hardy Rio Grande perch.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY S

The pride and boast of th
the Mississippi Valley is
mouthed black bass, that ch
ing dynamite that can make
heart skip a beat. (It was h
smallmouth that the fir
multiplying reel, the key to
ern bait-casting outfits, w
here in Kentucky in the e
hundreds.) If you wish
fishing, you can try for
known locally as jackfish
troduced in the Ozarks and
of West Virginia; for bass
and Missouri; for muskies
—in the Ohio watershed;
vorites bearing such intri
long-ear, strawberry brea
and gaspergou.

o Alaska when
d of tackle-
steelhead,
inct gray-
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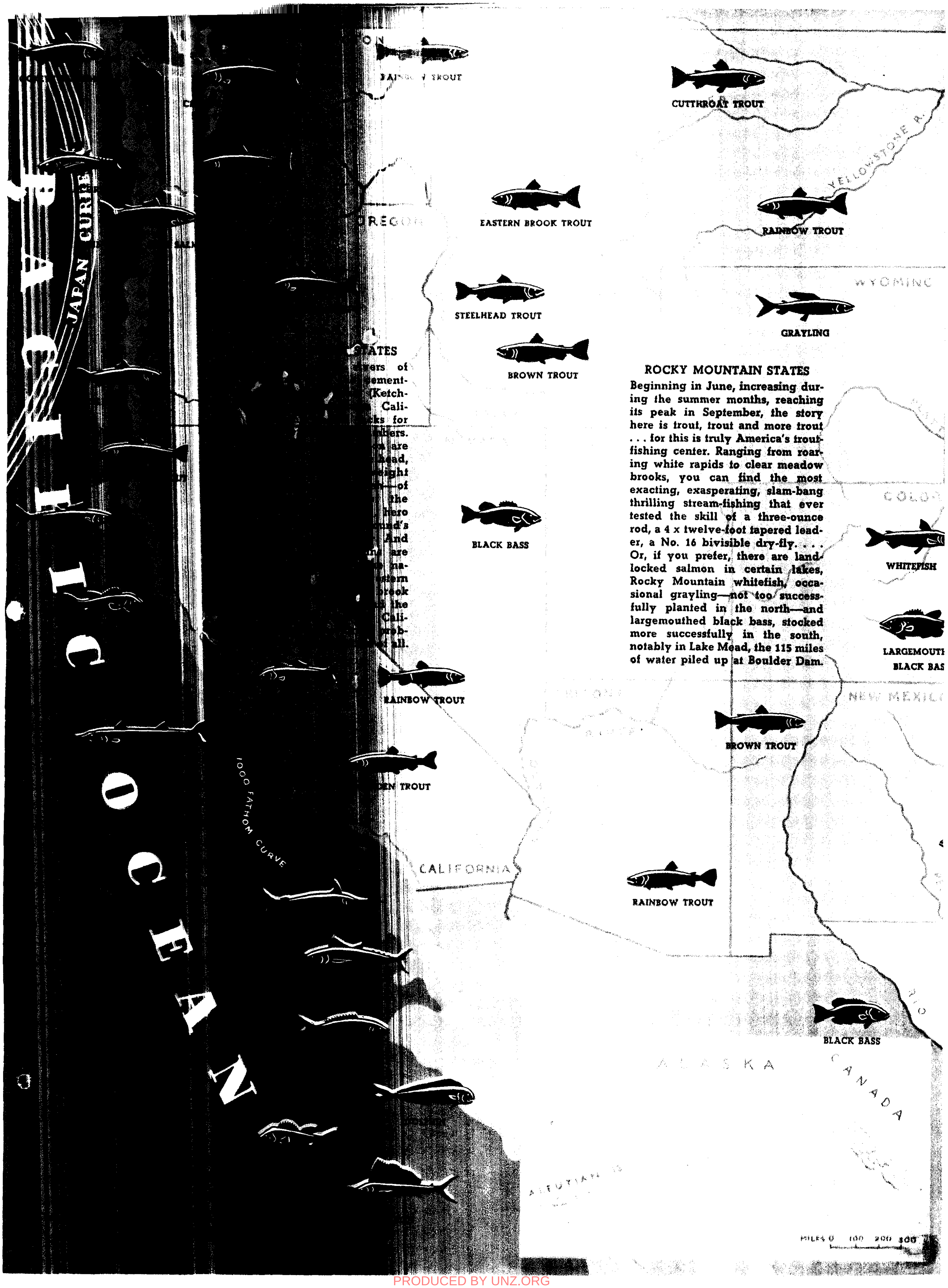
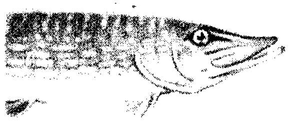
ll-round
f it

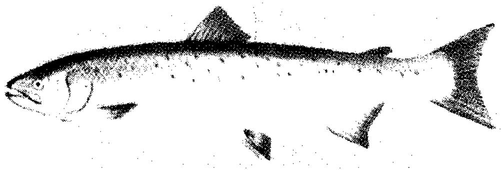

RAINBOW TROUT
CUTTHROAT TROUT
YELLOWSTONE R.
EASTERN BROOK TROUT
RAINBOW TROUT
OREGON
STEELHEAD TROUT
WYOMING
GRAYLING
BROWN TROUT
BLACK BASS
WHITEFISH
LARGEMOUTH BLACK BASS
RAINBOW TROUT
NEW MEXICO
BROWN TROUT
TROUT
CALIFORNIA
RAINBOW TROUT
BLACK BASS
RIO
ALASKA
CANADA
ALEUTIAN IS.
MILES 0 100 200 300
JAPAN CURRENT
PACIFIC OCEAN
1000 FATHOM CURVE

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

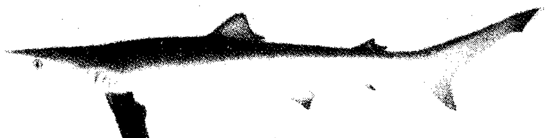
Beginning in June, increasing during the summer months, reaching its peak in September, the story here is trout, trout and more trout . . . for this is truly America's trout-fishing center. Ranging from roaring white rapids to clear meadow brooks, you can find the most exacting, exasperating, slam-bang thrilling stream-fishing that ever tested the skill of a three-ounce rod, a 4 x twelve-foot tapered leader, a No. 16 bivisible dry-fly. . . . Or, if you prefer, there are landlocked salmon in certain lakes, Rocky Mountain whitefish, occasional grayling—not too successfully planted in the north—and largemouthed black bass, stocked more successfully in the south, notably in Lake Mead, the 115 miles of water piled up at Boulder Dam.



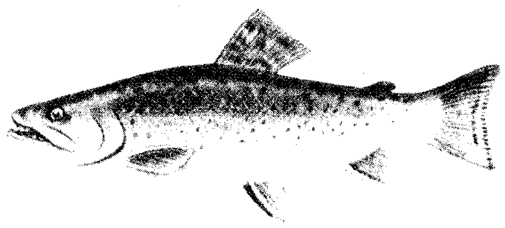
CKEREL
3-5 lbs.



ATLANTIC SALMON
20-30 lbs.

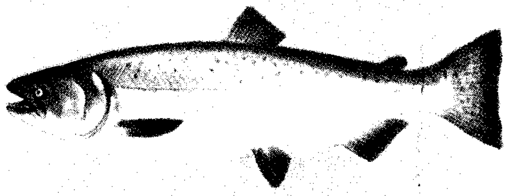


SHARK
From 10 lbs. to 25,000 lbs., according to species

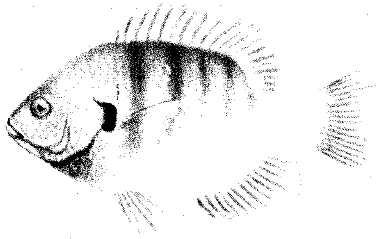


EASTERN BROOK TROUT
2-5 lbs.

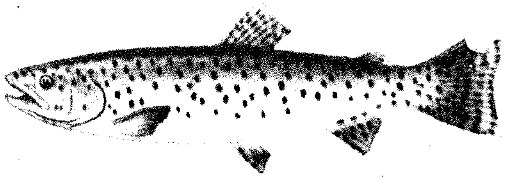
NO
s.



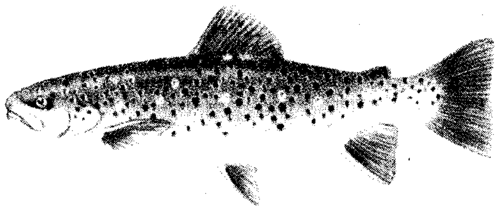
CHINOOK SALMON
40-60 lbs.



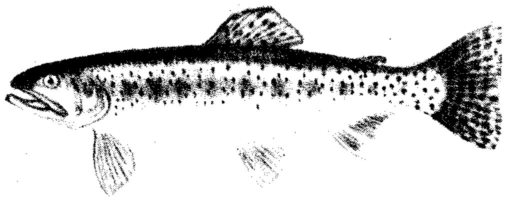
SUNFISH
½-1 lb.



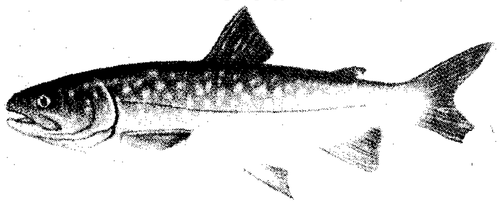
CUTTHROAT TROUT
4-6 lbs.



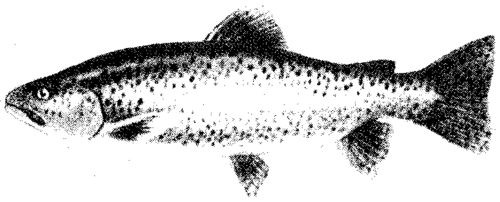
BROWN TROUT
6-10 lbs.



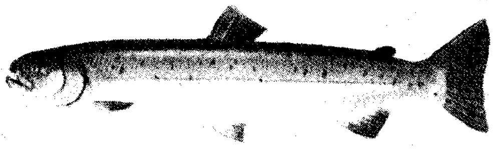
GOLDEN TROUT
1-4 lbs.



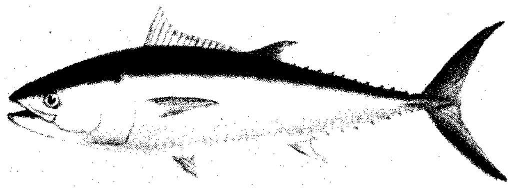
LAKE TROUT
25-40 lbs.



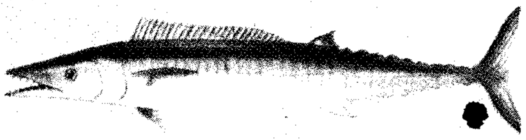
RAINBOW TROUT
4-10 lbs.



STEELHEAD TROUT
8-15 lbs.



TUNA
800-1,200 lbs.



WAHOO
60-80 lbs.

of it jumped off the reel. My friend saw the slack line and yelled:

"He's off!"

I said: "Maybe not. See if you can feel him."

He lifted his rod, and felt a light strain on the line, and yelled: "No, he's on again!" Then he tried to reel in, but the loose coils of copper line which had jumped off his reel promptly jammed it, so he threw the rod into the boat behind him and took the line in hand over hand. As it came in, it coiled itself around his arms and his feet and his neck, and around the stanchions which supported the top of the boat, and around the engine, and around the boat itself. The fish eventually came over the stern. It was a lake trout weighing about a pound. My friend insisted that he had not been in the least degree excited, and he pointed to the success of his methods as proof of their adequacy.

That started an argument. Bring two fishermen together and you have all the ingredients of an argument at hand. This question of light versus heavy tackle has provoked many a fine piece of forensics; but more often the argument deals with the question of the guile and sagacity of fish and the cleverness a fisherman must use in order to outwit them.

I remember an occasion when Lee and I were fishing for bass in Lake Winnipesaukee. We were both wise enough in the way of fish to know that the secret of catching bass is to go where they are when they're biting. There are certain localities around the shores of Winnipesaukee where bass like to congregate, as men drop in at their club for the cocktail hour. Lee and I, while we fished one of these spots, discussed the size of the bass we hoped to catch. Winnipesaukee bass run big.

Lee said: "Once a bass has been hooked and breaks away, he's too wise to get in trouble again." He added: "Here's a bite!"

I watched him pay out line. Presently he struck, but the leader snapped at a knot. He rigged up again, and five minutes later had another strike in the same part of the cove. This time when he tightened on the bass, the line broke. Lee said: "Cast over that way, Ben. Maybe you can get one while I fix my gear."

I did so, and had a strike at once and played the bass to the net. When we lifted him into the boat I saw, hanging out of his mouth, one complete leader with about four feet of line attached, and a three-foot section of another leader.

"There's your smart bass!" I pointed out triumphantly. "You hooked him twice within ten minutes, and he came back for more."

The argument, thus pleasantly begun, continued. Lee's contention was that the successful fisherman must be wise beyond belief, skilled in all the arts of the angler, able, as it were, to read the fish's mind and to anticipate his every wish. Mine was that in order to catch fish it was only necessary to go where they are when they're biting, and to give them what they want.

They'll Rise When They're Ready

I told Lee about a pool full of trout in a little brook in New Mexico. I tried nine different flies but they paid no attention at all till I put on the tenth. Then I caught a dozen in fifteen minutes.

"That's why I always carry plenty of flies," I said. "So I can give them what they want."

He said fish would always take if you fished them properly; and I said: "Rats! They start taking when they're ready. Why, I remember a day in Newfoundland. I was fishing over eight or ten salmon, using a Gray Hackle dry fly. I kept working on them all afternoon. Not a fish stirred till half past five. Then, as the fly went over them, one of them lifted a little, and on the next cast he took it. I landed him after about fifteen minutes; went back and cast over them again and hooked another and lost him. I hooked and landed two more before a quarter of seven; and after that I couldn't get a move out of them. I happened to be there when they were ready to take, so I caught fish. That's all!"

Lee stuck to his guns. "You fished them right, without knowing it," he assured me. "You kept floating that fly over them until they decided that there was a hatch on, so they started feeding."

"If you're on the spot with what they want when they want it, you'll get fish," I insisted. "There's no skill involved. I know a salmon river with a bog at the head of it. The salmon run up into the bog. You can't fish them because they'll hang you up on snags; but with strong enough tackle you could horse salmon out of that bog all afternoon."

"You can't horse salmon out of anywhere!" he insisted. "You have to handle them delicately."

I laughed at him. "Delicately my eye! I know a man who went up on the Kedgwick a few years ago with a four-ounce rod, and when he hooked a salmon he hauled it in just as fast as he could turn the handle of the reel."

"They were grilse," Lee said incredulously.

"Three of them weighed over twenty pounds," I told him. "I didn't believe it myself till I talked to his guide."

Lee set his jaw stubbornly. "I don't believe him, or his guide, or you," he declared. "If you're going to catch fish, you have to do it right."

I said: "Listen, Lee! I'm trying to explain to you that there's no rule about fishing, except to go where they are when they're biting, and to give them what they want. Fish aren't smart."

"The trouble with you," he retorted, "is that you're not smart enough yourself to appreciate them."

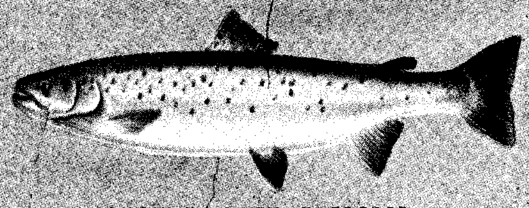
I pointed out that I had been smart enough to land the bass that twice broke his gear. I was using a light trout rod weighing less than three ounces, of which more later. His rod was more than twice as heavy, too heavy for his leader, and I told him so.

"You get into a real bass with that

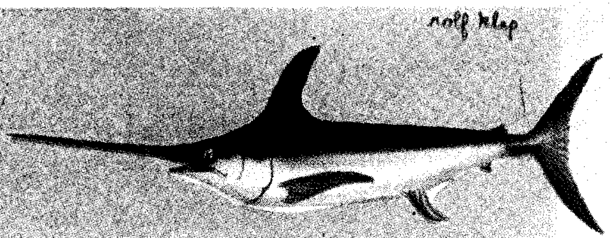
(*Continued on page* 56)

A full-size color reproduction of the map on the following pages will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10¢ in stamps or coin. Address: Map Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

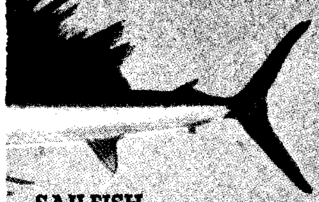
PPER
bs.



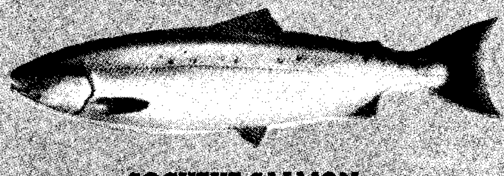
LAND-LOCKED SALMON
8-10 lbs.



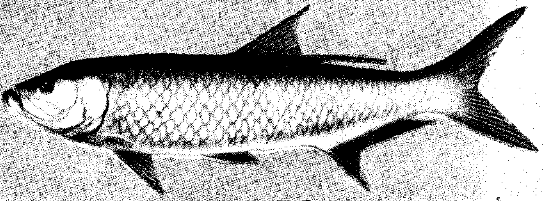
SWORDFISH
600-800 lbs.



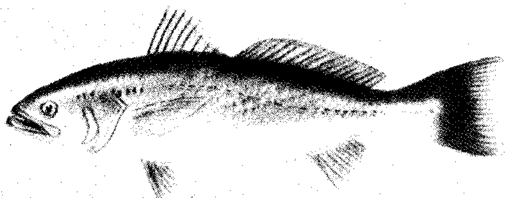
SAILFISH
100-125 lbs.



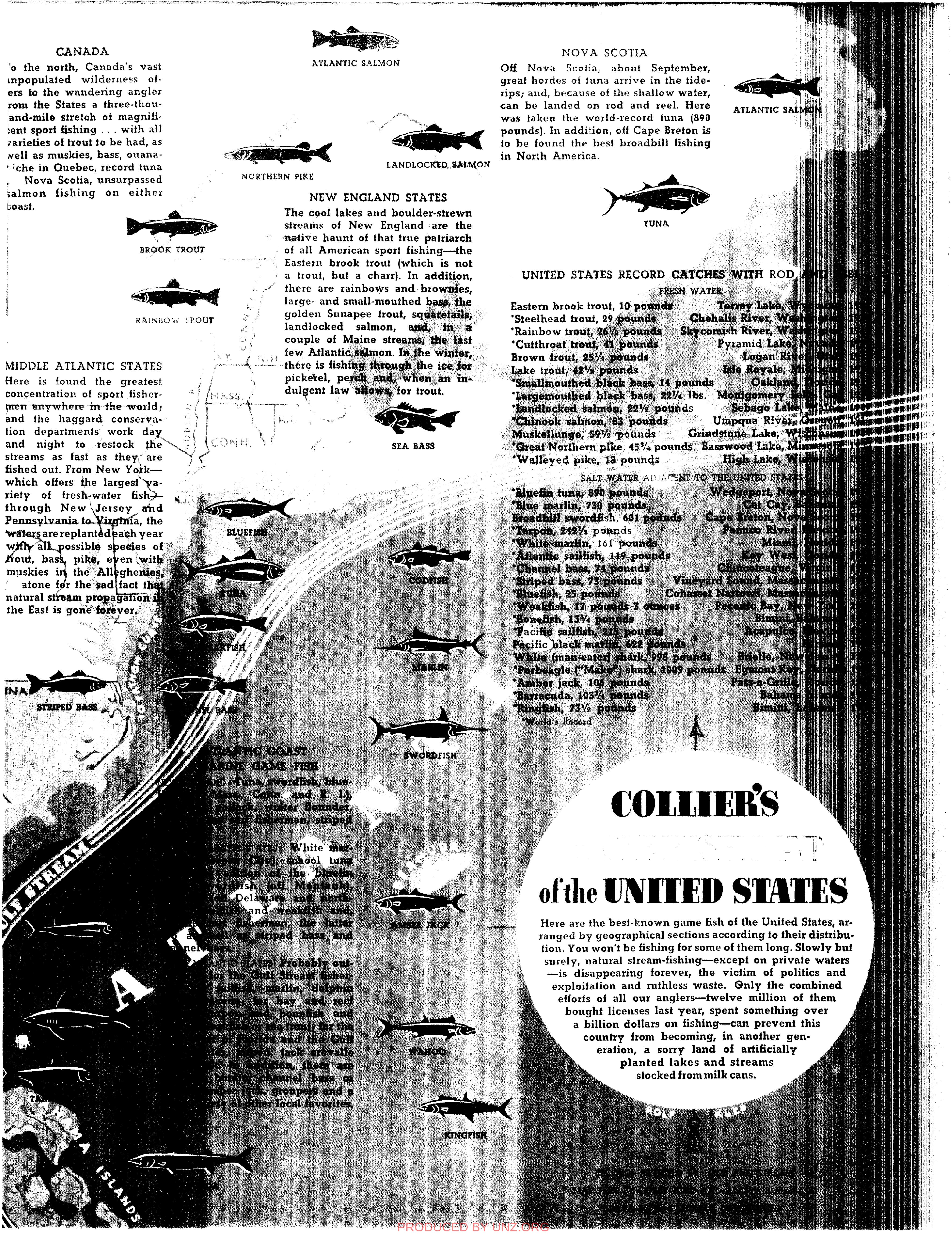
SOCKEYE SALMON
6-8 lbs.



TARPON
150-200 lbs.



WEAKFISH
10-12 lbs.



CANADA

o the north, Canada's vast npopulated wilderness ofers to the wandering angler rom the States a three-thousand-mile stretch of magnifient sport fishing . . . with all varieties of trout to be had, as well as muskies, bass, ouanaiche in Quebec, record tuna . Nova Scotia, unsurpassed salmon fishing on either coast.

NOVA SCOTIA

Off Nova Scotia, about September, great hordes of tuna arrive in the tide-rips; and, because of the shallow water, can be landed on rod and reel. Here was taken the world-record tuna (890 pounds). In addition, off Cape Breton is to be found the best broadbill fishing in North America.

NEW ENGLAND STATES

The cool lakes and boulder-strewn streams of New England are the native haunt of that true patriarch of all American sport fishing—the Eastern brook trout (which is not a trout, but a charr). In addition, there are rainbows and brownies, large- and small-mouthed bass, the golden Sunapee trout, squaretails, landlocked salmon, and, in a couple of Maine streams, the last few Atlantic salmon. In the winter, there is fishing through the ice for pickerel, perch and, when an indulgent law allows, for trout.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

Here is found the greatest concentration of sport fishermen anywhere in the world; and the haggard conservation departments work day and night to restock the streams as fast as they are fished out. From New York—which offers the largest variety of fresh-water fish—through New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Virginia, the waters are replanted each year with all possible species of trout, bass, pike, even with muskies in the Allegheny, atone for the sad fact that natural stream propagation in the East is gone forever.

UNITED STATES RECORD CATCHES WITH ROD

FRESH WATER

Eastern brook trout, 10 pounds	Torrey Lake, W
*Steelhead trout, 29 pounds	Chehalis River, Wa
*Rainbow trout, 26½ pounds	Skycomish River, Wa
*Cutthroat trout, 41 pounds	Pyramid Lake,
Brown trout, 25¼ pounds	Logan Rive
Lake trout, 42½ pounds	Isle Royale,
*Smallmouthed black bass, 14 pounds	Oakland,
*Largemouthed black bass, 22¼ lbs.	Montgomery
*Landlocked salmon, 22½ pounds	Sebago Lake, Maine, 190
*Chinook salmon, 83 pounds	Umpqua River,
Muskellunge, 59½ pounds	Grindstone Lake, Wis
*Great Northern pike, 45¾ pounds	Basswood Lake, Mi
*Walleyed pike, 18 pounds	High Lake, Wi

SALT WATER ADJACENT TO THE UNITED STATES

*Bluefin tuna, 890 pounds	Wedgeport, No
*Blue marlin, 730 pounds	Cat Cay, B
Broadbill swordfish, 601 pounds	Cape Breton, No
*Tarpon, 242½ pounds	Panuco River
*White marlin, 161 pounds	Miami
*Atlantic sailfish, 119 pounds	Key West
*Channel bass, 74 pounds	Chincoteague,
*Striped bass, 73 pounds	Vineyard Sound, Mass
*Bluefish, 25 pounds	Cohasset Narrows, Mass
*Weakfish, 17 pounds 3 ounces	Peconic Bay, N
*Bonefish, 13¾ pounds	Bimini,
*Pacific sailfish, 215 pounds	Acapulco
Pacific black marlin, 622 pounds	
White (man-eater) shark, 998 pounds	Brielle, New
*Porbeagle ("Mako") shark, 1009 pounds	Egmont Key
*Amber jack, 106 pounds	Pass-a-Grille
*Barracuda, 103¾ pounds	Bahama
*Ringfish, 73½ pounds	Bimini,

*World's Record

TLANTIC COAST ARINE GAME FISH

ND: Tuna, swordfish, blue-
Mass., Conn. and R. I.),
pollack, winter flounder,
surf fisherman, striped

STATES: White mar-
Ocean City), school tuna
edition of the bluefin
wordfish (off Montauk),
off Delaware and north-
fish and weakfish and,
surf fisherman, the latter
as well as striped bass and
nel bass.

ANTIC STATES: Probably out-
for the Gulf Stream fisher-
sailfish, marlin, dolphin
ounda; for bay and reef
tarpon and bonefish and
weakfish or sea trout; for the
t of Florida and the Gulf
tes, tarpon, jack crevalle
In addition, there are
bonito, channel bass or
mber jack, groupers and a
ety of other local favorites.

COLLIER'S

[illegible]

# of the UNITED STATES

Here are the best-known game fish of the United States, arranged by geographical sections according to their distribution. You won't be fishing for some of them long. Slowly but surely, natural stream-fishing—except on private waters—is disappearing forever, the victim of politics and exploitation and ruthless waste. Only the combined efforts of all our anglers—twelve million of them bought licenses last year, spent something over a billion dollars on fishing—can prevent this country from becoming, in another generation, a sorry land of artificially planted lakes and streams stocked from milk cans.

RECORDS [illegible] BY FIELD AND STREAM
MAP TEXT BY [illegible] AND [illegible]
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Goats Once is Enough!

By Kyle Crichton

Swiss Family Robinson is a hit and the piercing screams of Producers Towne and Baker have subsided — momentarily. Now they're ready for Tom Brown. There'll be plenty of anguish but—you can bet—no animals

DOOLITTLE

Giving their all—and a little more—to their art are Hollywood's premier screwball team, Graham Baker and Gene Towne

FOR years Messrs. Towne and Baker have been the official whacks of Hollywood. The town was prepared at any minute to see them careering elegantly down Sunset Boulevard adorned in top hats, white ties and no pants. If they appeared at a première in an ancient landau drawn by an Eskimo dog team, their public accepted it as part of the legend. They were gay, they were carefree, they were immensely successful as writers.

Not only were they selling their scripts to producers for as much as $50,000 each, cash on the barrelhead, but the goofier member of the team, Mr. Gene Towne, was making the night clubs hideous with his howls and was being received by the giants of the industry with equal parts of anticipation and horror.

This life of jollity is now ended. Late last fall they made the fatal error of allowing their brains to go to their heads. They were talked into becoming producers of their own pictures. They formed a unit at RKO and started to make a movie out of the old classic Swiss Family Robinson. Their troubles began simultaneously, but it was only when the third batch of pigeons ascended into the eaves of the sound stage that dementia really trapped them. The birds refused to come down and the Towne-Baker budget insisted on going up. As if this were not enough, Mr. Towne at this moment witnessed another sight that seemed likely to unwind him completely.

"Shoot that damned goat!" screamed Mr. Towne in anguish. This seemed a severe punishment to inflict upon a very placid animal that was standing contentedly on the roof of the island home of the Robinson family eating away the thatch. The property man pointed out very sensibly that while shooting the goat might relieve Mr. Towne, this was a very special goat, college-educated, and its loss would come high.

"Looky!" cried Mr. Towne tearfully, pointing to the paper he held in his hand. "$3,812.17. . . . It eats up the shrubbery and I can't shoot it!"

What had happened was that the insane gentlemen had suffered the fate of Julius Caesar: ambition had ruined them. They had involuntarily deserted the fascinating life of art and were now those most despised of all men—producers.

"Not only do we do a picture," explained Mr. Baker bitterly, "but we do a picture with animals and little tots. Did you ever do a picture with little tots? BL-U-U-AH!"

The fact that they had turned out what the cynics of Hollywood and Vine said was a fair picture did not console them for their pain. Coming right down to what they thought was to be the last day of shooting, Terry Kilburn, one of the kid actors, was threatened with laryngitis.

"Doctors!" howled Towne. "Get him doctors! Five doctors! Six doctors! Get an oxygen tent! Have him tapped! Yi-yi-yi!" He held his head and made pathetic little whining cries. "Thirty thousand bucks a day and he gets the pip!"

When that crisis was surmounted and they thought the picture was finished, the sound engineer came in and said there would have to be retakes of some of the scenes.

"In every scene," he reported, "there's a lot of pigeons cooing."

At this Messrs. Towne and Baker arose simultaneously and bared their teeth and looked at their press agent.

"You think it's a nice day, don't you?" they asked menacingly of this brave young man. "You think the sun is shining? Would you like a nice smack in the puss?"

Then the two sat down again and looked over the budget for the three-millionth time. Amid tiny moans, they read some of the saltier items:

1 baby ostrich, 7 days at $40—$280
2 men handling ostrich—$140
Spider webs—$6,000
1 squirrel, 3 days—$15
1 man handling squirrel—$30
Humane officer, 5 weeks—$300
1 sow, 1 piglet, 7 days at $40—$280
2 men handling same—$140

In addition to the humane officer on watch to protect the interests of the cows and pigs, there was a nurse for the babies and a teacher for the older youngsters. The business of arranging a shooting schedule which would keep

(Continued on page 29)

[redacted]

The Story Thus Far:

HIS wealthy father having disinherited him, Fred Oaks, a restless soldier of fortune, joins the Spanish rebels, who send him to India to foment trouble among the natives. When his father dies, on the Pacific Coast, a girl—Lucy Steel—employs a young San Francisco detective—Bill Gabriel—to find him.

With the girl, Gabriel flies to India, where, posing as a teakwood buyer, he finds Oaks in Shakkarpur. At Gabriel's suggestion, Lucy takes a room in the old hotel—Seaside House—where Oaks is stopping. . . . Meanwhile, Fred Oaks has not been idle. Working with one Ganeshi Lal and other conspirators, he has planned a serious outbreak of the natives.

Reginald Hatton, the district officer, has an attractive sister, Virginia, with whom Oaks is frequently seen. Suspecting that Oaks is an enemy agent, he decides to arrest him. . . . Rhoda Curring, the wife of James Curring, a plantation manager, is infatuated with Oaks. She intimates that if he loves Virginia Hatton she may kill her. Then, after a few words with a mysterious visitor she loads a .32 automatic and disappears.

Bill Gabriel, wishing to have a talk with Lucy Steel, goes to Seaside House. Lucy is not in her room. He goes to Oaks' room. Oaks admits him—very reluctantly. Lucy Steel is in Oaks' bed. *And she is dead!*

Oaks asserts stoutly that he is innocent. While they converse, an old man—Dr. Forsythe—comes in. He says that Gwendolyn Small (an eccentric old woman who owns the hotel) had sent for him. Examining the body, he reports that the girl had been killed by a small bullet—perhaps a .32. . . . Gabriel leaves the room, has a talk with Gwendolyn Small. As Oaks and the doctor discuss the murder, someone outside hurls a .32 automatic through the window; it smashes the lamp, and thus enables Oaks to make his getaway.

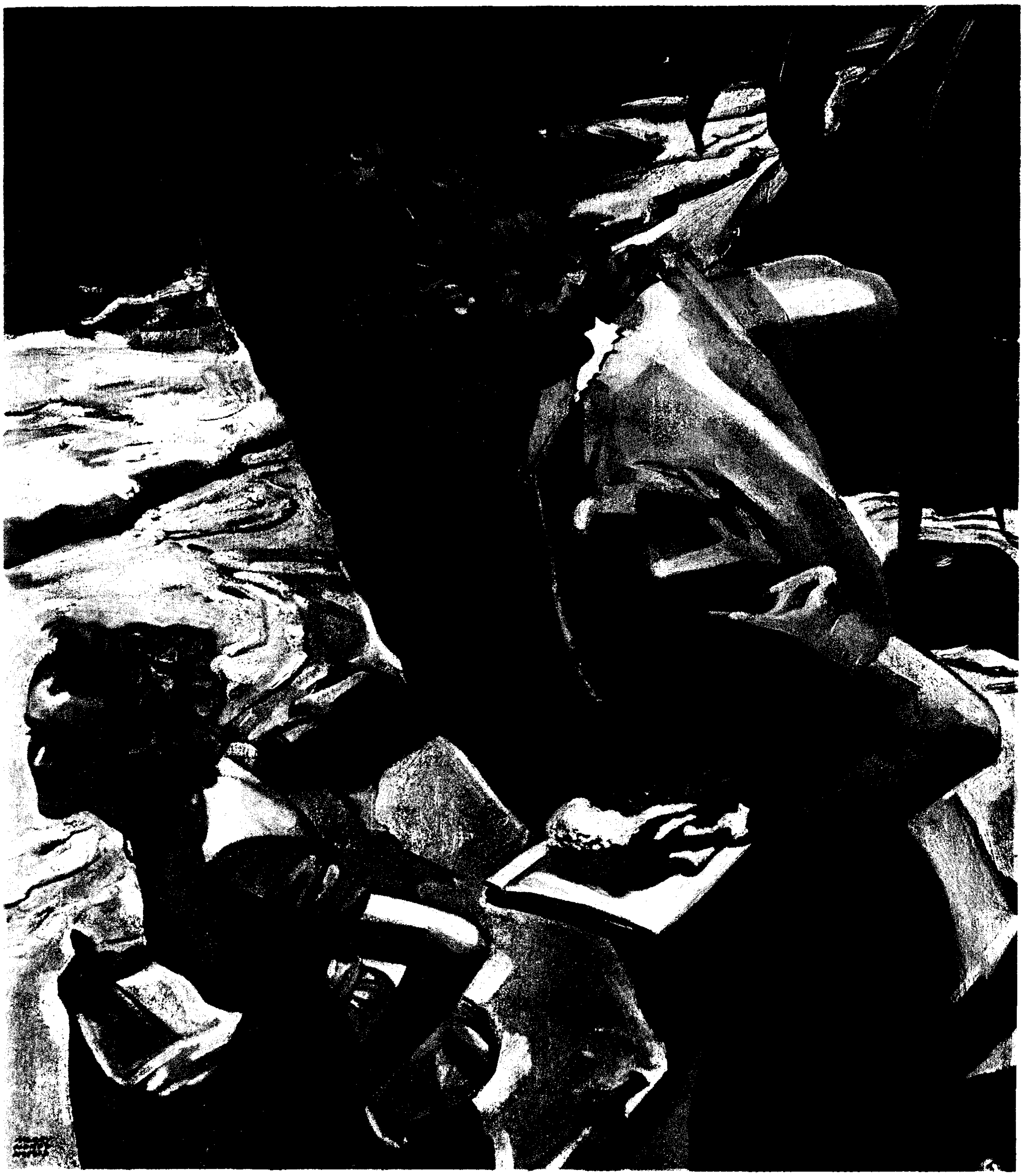
Ganeshi Lal joins Oaks outside. Together they hurry to Lal's home, where Oaks goes into hiding. A few minutes later, Virginia Hatton arrives. While the entire household listens, she tells Lal that her brother will arrest Oaks that night. Then she hurries away.

IV

VIRGINIA did not know where she was going, but she felt an imperative need to walk, to breathe the night air, to think. She could not quite understand why she was so upset tonight . . . but she was. Her thoughts were in a turmoil. It could *not* be the prospect of Hindu-Moslem rioting. Although she had a natural abhorrence of violence and bloodshed, she had gradually grown to feel an almost Oriental fatalism since she had been in India with her brother; and she had gone through the threat of similar disorders during the uprising of the untouchables the year before with a sense of worry that was purely mental, with nothing of the emotional stress she now felt.

It was not that she experienced any sense of personal danger. She knew that she would be the first to benefit by the limited police protection at the district officer's disposal. And it could not be that she was disturbed by what was happening to Fred Oaks, because she truly detested Fred Oaks. She hated everything about him, except, perhaps, his slow, disarming smile. Yes, and she hated his smile, too, because it was not really part of him, but something he wore like a flower in his buttonhole. Or was it that she hated herself for *not* hating his smile sufficiently? Whatever it was, for the first time since she had fled to the East, she wished fervently that she were back in England.

Virginia found herself walking aimlessly. It was only when she reached the seashore that she remembered Fred Oaks' admonition about not going home alone. At the seashore she saw Rhoda Curring.



Rhoda was hurrying along the beach, her copper hair flying in the wind

Rhoda was hurrying along the beach, her copper hair flying in the wind. She was half running, half walking, between the high-tide mark and the wave line, where the sand was hard and her heels would not sink in. She passed within a few yards, so Virginia definitely recognized her. Then, in a few seconds, she was lost in the darkness.

The suddenness of the apparition, and its recollection of what Fred Oaks had said earlier in the evening, made Virginia's heart skip a beat. There was nothing unusual in Rhoda's walking along the beach, because she was headed in the direction of her own bungalow; but the sight of the sedentary, fastidious Rhoda running bareheaded through the night instead of lolling in a chaise longue with a cigarette in her mouth was indeed unusual. Virginia turned and started home immediately.

She was inside her own compound and was walking along the path past the badminton courts when a man stepped out from behind a jasmine bush directly in front of her. She stepped back in fright. Before she could scream, he had placed a large hand over her mouth. It was Fred Oaks.

"You, again!" she muttered through his fingers. "What—"

"You're coming with me," Fred Oaks declared. "I've got a job for you."

(*Continued on page 44*)

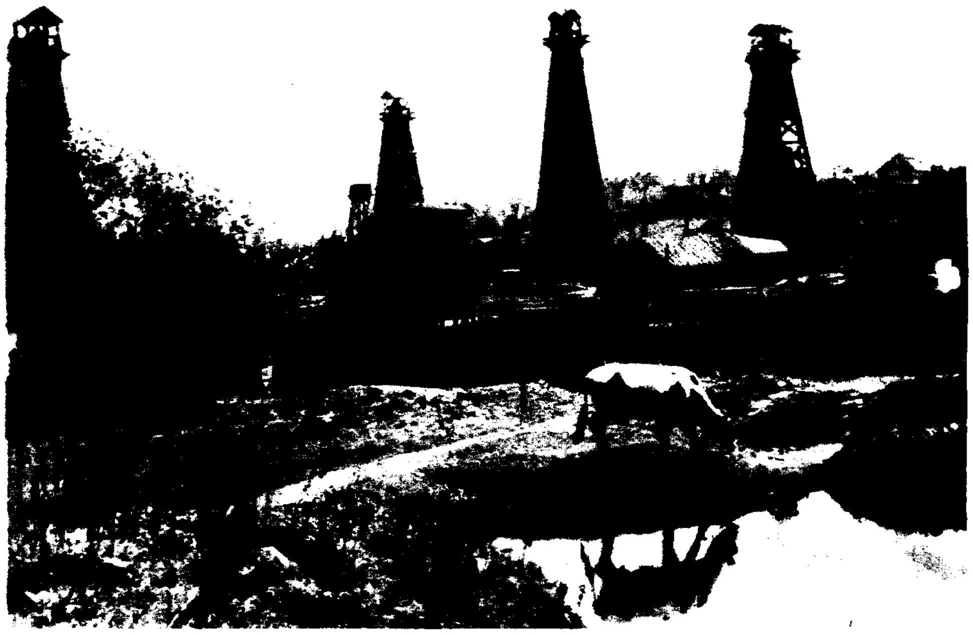
OIL
FOR
EUROPE'S BURNING

Cabled from Athens by Frank Gervasi

Balkan oil may win or lose the war. But not for the Balkans. Once more in their tragic and blood-soaked history Europe's poorest and most peaceful people, caught in the gears of machine war, await the worst

EUROPEAN

A Bulgarian Turk brings a pair of oxen to market. He is the plutocrat of Balkan peasantry with his income of from $50 to $65 a year


BLACK STAR

Rumania's oil industry, largely foreign-owned, is of little benefit to the poverty-stricken peasants but is a first-class military prize

An observation balloon unit of the small Rumanian army, which, even if Rumania resisted, could not hold off Germany for more than a few weeks

BLACK STAR

France's General Maxime Weygand is poised in Syria with a huge Allied army, ready to move in the moment Germany invades the Balkans for oil

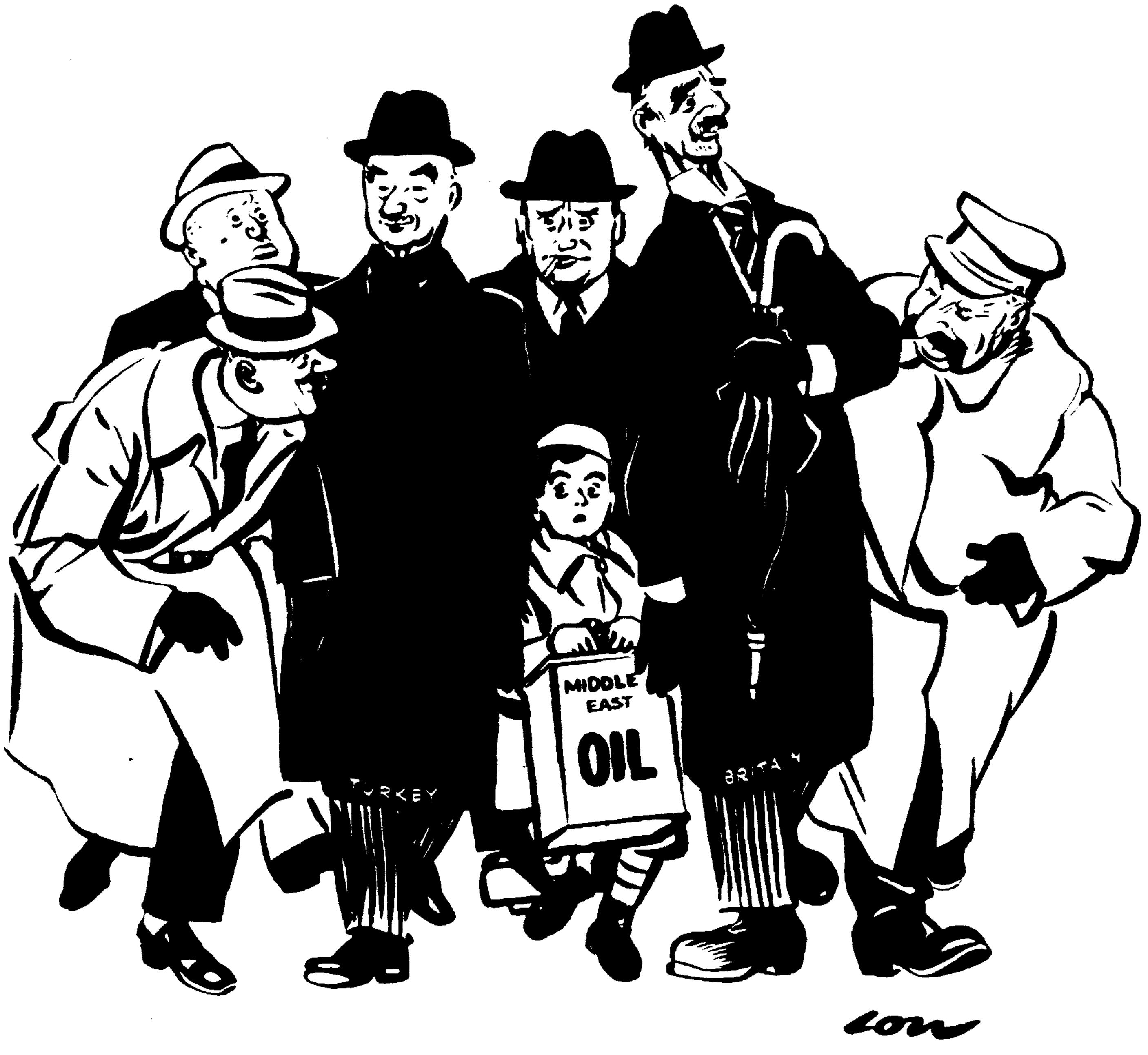
PIX

THIS is the story of fifty million peasants who want peace but cannot have peace. It is a story, too, of seven gentlemen from Texas and of jealous-eyed old General Maxime Weygand and his Syrian armies. Here enters the tale of Germany's hunger for the oil of Rumania, the oil Adolf Hitler needs to keep life in his war motors. The seven Texans and Weygand may prevent Hitler from obtaining that oil—the gentlemen from Texas with nitroglycerin and the general with his horde of soldiers. But mostly this is about those peasants.

The peasants live in the Balkans. They are therefore Europe's "People of the Mountains," for "balkan" means mountain. You knew them as Bosnians, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, Macedonians. They are now Yugoslavs, Rumanians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Albanians and Turks.

Their desire for peace is almost pathological. In this they have something in common with Britons, Germans and Frenchmen. One of the strange things about this war is that if you ask any man of any nationality whether he wants or wanted the war he says "No." Among the belligerents the "No" is always accompanied by a defensive "But." Among the neutrals the "No" is lulled, but clean-cut.

There is a difference, however, between the people of the mountains, these sheepherders and goat keepers and farmers, and the people of industrial Britain and bourgeois France and imperialistic Germany. No matter who wins the current war, the Balkans, now as always, lose. Their oil fields will be blown to hell, their fields of tobacco and hemp and their olive groves will be ravaged, their huts will be used to stable the horses of foreign cavalry and their roads will become rivulets of tractor-churned mud. Their cities will be shelled and bombed and when the next hasty peace is made the big powers who fought the war on Balkan soil will be too tired and too hurried to settle the intramural disputes among the Balkan nations, which if ever solved would unite the people of the mountains and then never again could the foreigner use the Balkans as his battlefield.



ESCORT

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

Practically every nation has a stake in the Balkans except the Balkanites themselves. In Rumania seventy-four per cent of the capital invested in the oil fields is held by Dutch Shell, France, the United States, Belgium, Italy and a small section by Germany. Germany, Britain, France, Switzerland and Italy in that order control Yugoslavian capital. Two thirds of the foreign capital in Greece is controlled by the British. Albania is totally Italian. Under the great Kemal Ataturk, Turkey rowed its own financial boat but Kemal is dead and one British loan alone to Ankara amounts to more than $350,000,000 in gold. There have been several. The Balkanites are the world's least known and least understood people, considering they live in that part of the world charted and mapped as "civilized." White-maned Lloyd George himself, years after he had helped redraft the map of Europe, once referred to Yugoslavia as "Yugoslavakia." Then there was the American big businessman, one of the pillars of Wall Street today, who wanted to "go down the Danube to Athens." And they tell the story of the American diplomat who dictated a dispatch to "Budapest or Bucharest—you know some people call it one thing, some call it the other."

The Balkans are the territorial bridge between the East and the West. From Berlin to ancient Bagdad you can draw a winding line that never rises more than one hundred feet above sea level and so trace a classic furrow for war and expansion. The Balkans for 2,500 years, and perhaps for more beyond that, have been tortured by the tramp of foreign soldiers.

And now as surely as spring follows winter the old pageant is to be repeated. Perhaps this spring, maybe next spring. It will come, the peasants say; whenever Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier, Mussolini or Stalin decide to light the torches and move their tanks and cannons over the plains and through the mountain passes. Whatever comes, and this the peasants know so well, the powers who have to clash on Balkan soil will seek Greeks, Rumanians and Bulgarians to do some or most of their fighting for them.

An Instinct for Politics

For the peasants know all. They have "studied" history for thousands of years and they know its geometry as you know the contours of your face. They can stand on the Acropolis and point to Salamis, blue in the distance, and describe to you every move of the ships of the Greeks and the Persians and likely as not the tellers can neither read nor write. They can stand at Thermopylae and show you the rocks where the soldiers of Leonidas sat to comb their long hair.

The generals won't talk because they are too busy drilling their soldiers and awaiting the orders of the politicians. And these won't talk because they are too busily engaged in the job of waiting to see on which side their bread is to be larded the thickest. But the peasants know. They can read the stars at night as they tend their sheep on the crags of the Carpathians. And the stars tell them and there is blood on the moon and the peasants say there is a smell of war on the soft night wind. Not only are they mystics, but these Balkan peasants have a sublime kind of common sense and an instinct in politics. It's more fun to talk to a Greek schoolteacher in an Athens café than it is to argue "the situation" with a professor of political philosophy at a Fifth Avenue cocktail party. King Boris of Bulgaria sits on a chopping block in a peasant's back yard to obtain the answer to his most difficult equations. The evaluation of the military and diplomatic strength of Italy, Germany and the Allies and Russia by a Macedonian tobacco farmer is more precise than that of an expert in London or New Rochelle.

With this instinct for politics the Balkan peasant reasons that his days of peace are numbered. The snow is melting in the mountain passes and the fateful Danube is free of ice. The peasant doesn't have to be told this any more than he has to be told that the passes in the ancient river are the arteries that carry to Germany the products of the Balkans. Neither does he have to be told that it will be the task of the Allies to see to it that Germany does not obtain the meat, grain, hemp, tobacco, olive oil, fruits and vegetables and lumber of the Balkans.

Most important of all these raw materials of war is petroleum. Rumania has it. Germany wants it. The Allies must see to it that Germany does not obtain it. It is because of Rumania's oil and its importance to Germany that the Balkans quiver with fear. The new World War may be won and lost in the shadows of the shell-shattered derricks that rise cracked and gaunt on the fields of Ploesti in southern Rumania. In the drama that may be enacted any day at Ploesti the seven Americans have an important role.

Weygand's "Defensive" Army

These seven Americans are from places like San Antonio and Dallas. They were eight men when they sailed some weeks ago from New York. The eighth man left the contingent in Italy, through which the train passed en route via Yugoslavia and Hungary. This man realized, long before the party reached the Italian Alps, the enormity of the role history and his oil company had assigned to him. You see, the seven gentlemen from Texas are expert in the handling and efficient application of a substance known as soup, or, more explicitly, nitroglycerin.

These leather-palmed gentlemen—in the jargon of the oil fields they are known as drillers—have their orders. Their assignment is to blow up every single well owned by the Allies and America and perhaps a few others that may be lying about the moment Hitler's armies storm into Rumania.

This act of what might be called defensive sabotage is to deprive Germany of the 6,200,000 metric tons of oil a year

(Continued on page 67)

THOMAS

Step Lively!

By Ruth Carson

Here's the lineup of new play shoes. They're bright with color, high on style and low in cost. Just wearing them ought to make you feel gay

THE girls are giddy with a rush of color to the feet. But steady on their feet for all that. The new breed of shoes romping onto the landscape in increasing numbers these past few seasons is strong on color, and sturdy. They would look clumsy if they weren't so gay. Play shoes, they're called, but they need another name, because they circle the clock with you, and how to tell a beach shoe from a house slipper or an evening clog is fast becoming impossible.

They are like no shoes you wore a few years ago. Some of them look Chinese, with thick-padded soles or high wooden ones, fancifully carved into openwork. Some are Grecian—flat leather sandals held on by thongs. There's the moccasin, which started out being the true beaded Indian item, worn in ski lodges. It went into soft-soled house slippers, but now sports a leather bottom because you like it so much with your slacks, out-of-doors.

Wedge heels are everywhere. They first appeared three or four years ago. Then you would have none of them. Too clumsy. But something has changed your mind. Remember the wooden shoe? It was finally banned at Smith College because its clattering noise wasn't conducive to higher learning. You dropped it for another reason. It wasn't comfortable. But it helped convince you that there can be something very young and gay about bulky footgear—provided comfort comes with it.

Maybe that's why the wedge is back supporting you. Flat, for those who like flats. Tilting you as much as two and a half inches if you're fond of the way your ankle looks in a high heel but want the steady balance the wedge will give. Wedges are out to please with all heights, with faceted heels for those who like a slimmer look, portholes for fantasy and lightness and layers of color like a three-decker sandwich.

Why all this rush of gaiety to our feet? Some say it's because our hats are simpler and we want our fun and lift of spirits somewhere. Some say it's because our play clothes, younger and more varied by the season, require a special kind of footwear. Some say it's the life we lead. Padding around the house one minute, off to market the next, so that we need a house slipper that is comfortable but not bedroomish. Walking on pebbly beaches. Gardening. Midnight parties, beside a pool, that involve a bathing suit and a long evening skirt and certainly nothing resembling routine beach or evening slippers.

It began some ten years ago on beaches, West Coast and East. Bill Joyce (William H., Jr.), a restless and rebellious young banker, was reclining on a California beach. A girl skipped by in doeskin dancing sandals. It gave him an idea. Why sneakers for everything? So he started making shoes—not to resemble any known shoe shapes, but footgear for your casual, lounging moments. It must have been a good idea. From one room, he's had to move seven times to expanding quarters. Business increased one hundred and twenty-five per cent last year. A fifty per cent increase is the best he can manage this year—that's the plant capacity.

At about the same time, in the East, Mr. J. Mackey was making chin straps and visors for the Army. Not a profitable business in those nonmilitary days. His eyes, too, turned to the beach. Cork beach shoes. He did a $350,000 business the first year, and has been going steadily up from there. Cork is still a stand-by, but the trend is now to cloth-covered shoes, wooden clogs, leather sandals. One of America's leading sportswear designers consults with him, and they concoct between them shoes to complete her costumes . . . high felt boots, zippered up the back, for after skating; gold kid sandals with fantastic rounded wedge heels for dinner pajamas; any kind of leisure shoe that makes a point of zest, imagination and comfort.

Even the makers of regulation shoes have caught the fever. At the Chicago Shoe Fair, the wholesale selling meet, this year 4,000 of the 5,000 exhibitors displayed play shoes. Even very conservative manufacturers ventured four or five models.

It's a year-round business now, with stubby sheepskin boots, peasant shoes for after-ski wear and moccasins making the most of wintry weather. Even the men are falling for colorful footwear, and you'll see them this year, the bold fellows, strutting about, proud of contrasting lifts on colored monk shoes and sandals.

All this big business doesn't mean you're going to wear nothing but play shoes, even for play. Your golf and tennis shoes are still regulation. For hiking your sturdy oxfords and boots can't be bettered. For street wear, pumps and step-ins—with occasional shots in the heel via the wedge—will be with you. But your shoe shelves will no longer be a study in black, brown and white conservatism. These giddy young shoes, sporting names like Barge, Sundecker, Capers and Sidekick to acclaim their carefree life, in colors like cherry pop, sawdust, prancing pink, to prove they're not serious, are out to see that even when your heart is in your boots it will be a light heart. They're low on cost—a good eighty-five per cent of them are priced under six dollars a pair—but they're high on fun and spirits. And there's not a shoe in the lot you'll kick off under the table. ★★★

Romance in Crimson

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

HELD up and robbed on Long Island by a bandit and his "moll," Wally Andrews and his wife, Madge, return to Karnak, their Southern home city. A few hours after the holdup, Gregg Stuart, an architect who had grown up in Karnak, saves the life of a stranger —Lynn Harrison—when a man (to whom she refers later as "Rick") tries to shoot her on a New York street. Then, to protect her from her assailant, he takes her and one of her friends, Toby Fuller, to Karnak.

There, Lynn Harrison confesses to Gregg that Rick had held up the Andrewses, and that she had been with him at the time. She insists however, that she has been guilty of no wrongdoing; and Gregg, who has fallen in love with her, believes her. Three more shocks follow: Gregg sees Rick on a street in Karnak; Madge Andrews is murdered; and Lynn is arrested and charged with the crime.

The trial begins. Lee Winthrop, the district attorney, brings out these damning facts: That one, *Rick Norton,* had been convicted of robbery, in Ohio, and that a girl—*Lynn Harrison!* —had been with him at the time the crime was committed; that Norton had escaped from prison and rejoined Lynn Harrison in New York City; that one Norman Bailey, whose son had been kidnaped, had given some ransom money to a go-between—Lynn Harrison; that Norton had held up the Andrewses, and that his companion had been—Lynn Harrison.

Under the skillful guidance of Jason Marsh, brilliant criminal lawyer who is directing the defense, Lynn gives plausible explanations for every episode. Her silence she attributes to Norton's threat to kill the Bailey boy if she exposed him. Unfortunately, Toby Fuller, who might corroborate some of her testimony, has disappeared mysteriously. . . .

Toby returns! She announces that she is prepared to testify and prove that Lynn is innocent. She says that, knowing nothing of the murder, she had eloped with Rick Norton and married him. Still loving him, in spite of what has happened, she refuses to divulge his whereabouts. . . . Lynn and Gregg have a long talk, in the course of which they plan their marriage, after the trial is over. "Keep on being happy, sweetheart," Gregg says. Then he adds: "As for Rick—I've a strong hunch we've seen the last of him."

Conclusion

THE plane was flying high and fast. It had taken off from the New York airport, and it was speeding south. Up in the nose of the ship were the pilot and copilot—keen, alert young men. A trim, smiling stewardess inquired solicitously about the comfort of the passengers, and brought tomato juice to those who wanted it. It was an old, old story to her: the flight was the same as always; the passengers were typed.

Eleven of them today—blasé air travelers, and some who were not so blasé. . . . The sound of the motors was regular and pleasantly subdued. The stewardess relaxed. There was nothing more she could do, though she thought she'd rather like to talk to the tall young man in the rear seat.

He was a nice-looking fellow, about thirty years old, she judged; eyes a trifle too close-set, but handsome for all that. The sort of man that women are instinctively attracted to—even air-line stewardesses. But he didn't seem to be in a conversational mood. His response to her professional overtures had been curtly polite. "He's thinking of something important," the girl told herself. "Business, I guess."

But Rick Norton wasn't thinking of business. That morning he had read the Sunday papers—all of them—and had learned of his wife's return to Karnak and of her statement to the reporters: "When I go on the stand Monday, I'm going to tell everything I know—and I know everything." The same thought couched in different reportorial styles. The one message slamming into his brain. Yes, he understood well enough what Toby had told him through the medium of the press.

There wasn't an available line that he hadn't read, and one fact stood out clearly: Thus far Toby hadn't committed herself. She had not said, "Rick Norton killed Madge Andrews." And obviously, she had no intention of saying that until Monday morning. Tomorrow morning.

"And until she does," reflected Rick, "I'm not actually facing a murder rap."

So Rick Norton flew south, his face masklike, his purpose definite. His plan had been born of desperation, but no doubt remained in his mind now.

The plane landed for a few minutes somewhere in North Carolina and the passengers stretched their legs and then climbed back in. Night had fallen and the stars were out. Some of them slept after the take-off; tiny, comfortable little pillows behind their heads, weary bodies stretched out; their senses soothed by the rhythmic sound of the giant motors and the gentle rocking motion.

BUT Rick did not sleep, nor did he relax. He sat there thinking—thinking always the same thing. There was no doubt in his mind; no uncertainty.

The motors slowed slightly and the plane commenced to lose altitude. The lights of a city twinkled beneath them, the city itself looking like a cluster of jewels on black velvet. They pancaked down and made a perfect landing. The stewardess came to Rick and smiled warmly. "Palmetto City," she said. "Aren't you getting off here?"

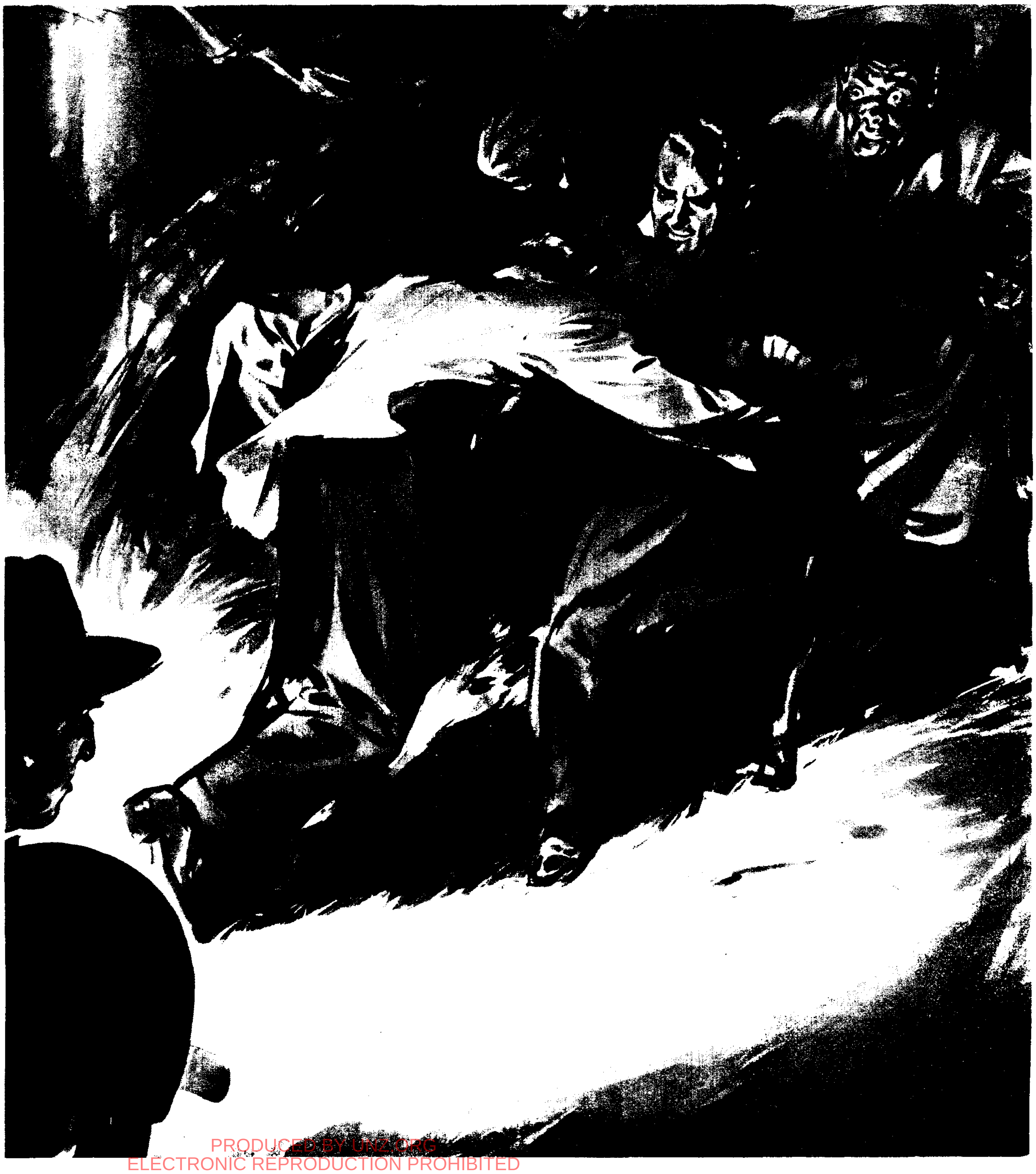
"Yes. Thank you."

He didn't hurry. He left the plane quietly and walked to the waiting bus and was driven into the town. He had no baggage, not even a suitcase.

From the bus station he went to a garage that rented cars to patrons who wished to do their own driving. It was a national institution and Rick Norton had his credential card, though the name on it was not Rick Norton. He selected a car, watched them check the oil and gas, paid his deposit, joked with the garage manager and drove out. The manager looked after him and thought: "Nice feller. Salesman, I reckon."

Rick drove north through Palmetto City, scrupulously observing all traffic

(Continued on page 70)



Gregg was more than holding his own. He heard Frenzy yell, and then came the welcome sound of Ed Crawford's slow drawl: "Up, feller . . . and keep 'em there"

Night Watch

By Robert Carson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

This is your night-owler, folks. Tune in for an exciting story of love and drama at midnight in a radio studio

IT WAS raining. It had rained for three days and nights. There was no indication that it would ever stop. A streaky, weak-kneed, blurred night fell upon the city. Men drove gloomily home, cockeyed from staring through windshield wipers. Life went damply on.

At six o'clock Henry's alarm went off. He reached out with one sure hand, throttled it, and cautiously opened his eyes. Rain was beating on the windows and gurgling down the spouts. He saw happily that it was night and stepped out of the folding bed into his one-room apartment.

Henry turned on a floor lamp and slid his feet into slippers. His eyes were bright; his face was cheery. His pulse beat faster in the darkness. All his life he had liked the night better than the day. His soul, like a supper club, bloomed only after eleven P. M. In the glare of artificial light he browned and grew healthy as other people did in the daytime.

He went into the bathroom, turned on the water in the tub and got out his razor. Across the light well somebody was playing a radio. He sang the lyrics of the song being broadcast with effortless precision. Henry knew the lyrics of every popular song ever written.

Drifting out into the apartment while the tub filled, he came upon Marsha Morgan's picture on his bureau and abruptly stopped singing. A very pretty girl, with a number of cast-iron opinions of her own. The last item tended to make their engagement a little precarious. They loved each other very much and disagreed like a couple of strange congressmen.

Henry was having dinner with her tonight. He had a feeling that a crisis was impending and it made him uneasy. By resolutely ignoring trouble, he had managed to repulse it for twenty-four years; but now the system wouldn't work. Ignore a girl like Marsha, and somebody else wouldn't . . . and Henry knew there were no other Marshas.

He fled unhappily back to the hot water, submerged and considered the happy state of submarines, who simply sank every time anyone wanted to fight with them.

At seven Henry appeared in the Morgan flat, dripping and nervously beaming, carrying a soaked newspaper that he had to peel like an artichoke to read. Mrs. Morgan let him in. Marsha sat grimly in a chair with a book in her lap, her speech obviously prepared. There was a smell of sauerkraut wafting gently through the place.

Ready for a broadside, Henry rapidly kissed Mrs. Morgan first, and then Marsha.

“Like a statue,” he commented. “Is this going to be another grudge fight tonight?”

Marsha nodded. Mrs. Morgan hung up Henry's hat and coat in the hall and returned to the living room.

“Gee, I smelled that sauerkraut a block away,” Henry said to her. “Thanks.”

Mrs. Morgan smiled enigmatically and left for the kitchen. Marsha was regarding Henry more in sorrow than in anger. He was acutely conscious that things were closing in on him.

“The paper says more rain,” he said hastily.

“Sit down,” Marsha said.

Henry sat down. “It says there are floods in the west end.”

“They say drowning is a pleasant death,” Marsha replied darkly.

“Why don't you have a drink?” Henry asked.

“No,” Marsha said, “it might cheer me up.” She inspected her right hand. “I broke another fingernail typing today.”

“It'll grow out, dear.”

“They ought to breed a race of secretaries,” Marsha said. “Girls with steel fingernails.”

“Did you have any trouble getting home this evening?”

“No, I just used the Australian crawl.”

“You're in a swell mood tonight.”

“I'm bored with my job, tired of working, sick of sitting nights alone—and it'd better stop raining pretty soon!”

“LOOK,” Henry said, “we're engaged—not married. You can't act this way to me until we've seen a preacher.”

“Henry,” Marsha began, drawing a long breath, “I want to discuss our future with you—such as it was.”

“Was?”

“Was—and I'm not kidding.”

Carefully Henry folded up his damp newspaper and put it on the radiator.

“Okay,” he said.

“When are you going to get that raise you were going to get six months ago?”

“I don't know, Marsha.”

“You were making more money when you were a salesman in Marshall's shoe store than you are now, running that silly all-night radio program.”

“Only five dollars more a week,” Henry said.

“Isn't that more money?” Marsha demanded.

“Yes—but I was an extra-good salesman.”

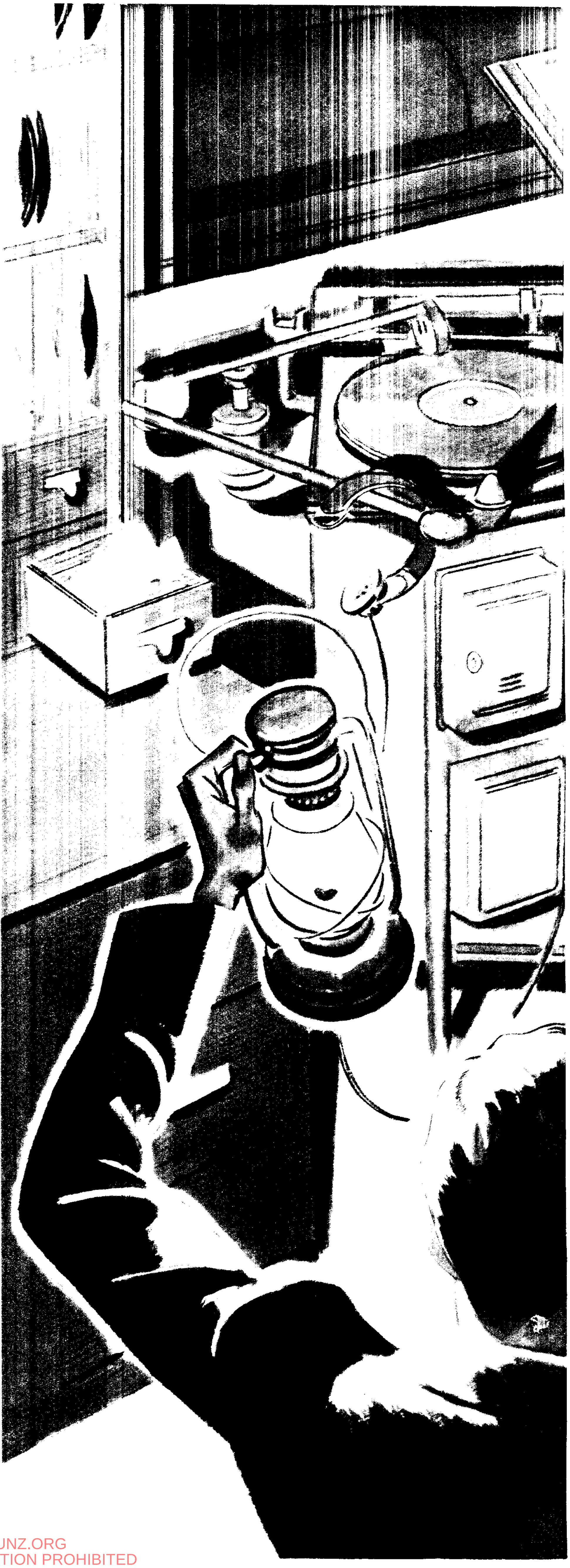
“Are you a good radio announcer?”

“I don't know. There's no way of telling.”

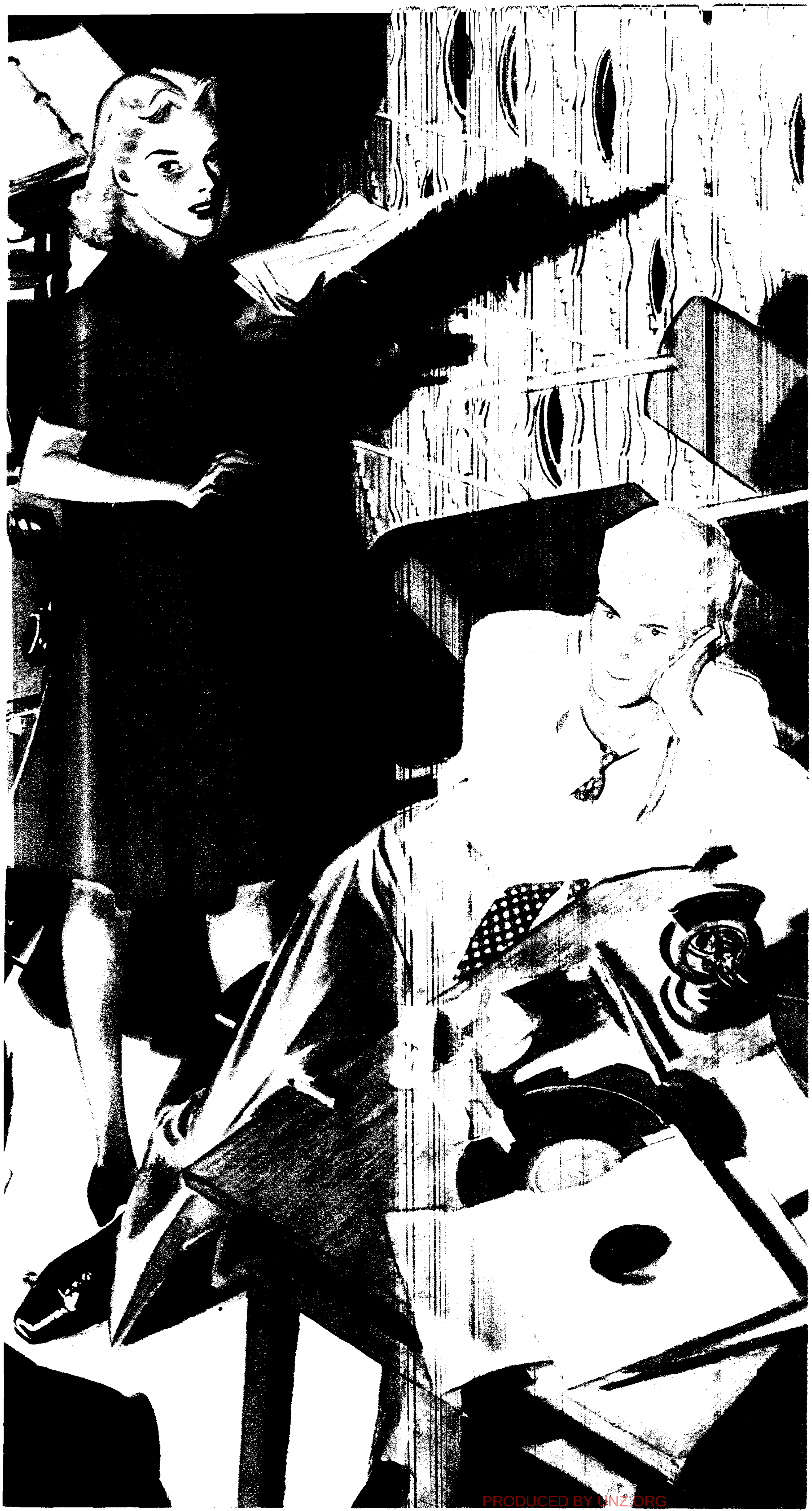
“I think you're lousy,” Marsha said. “I thought you were going to get a job with a big chain in a little while.”

“Maybe I will,” Henry said.

“Not unless they start broadcasting all night, sweetheart. At Marshall's you had every night and Sundays off. Those nights and Sundays were devoted to the



Then a lantern bobbed into the room and cast its wavering glow on their strained faces. It was the studio engineer



misguided girl who is your fiancée. Now you never have any time off. A date for your fiancée means having the chance to watch you sleep. With your mouth open."

"For the love of Mike," Henry said, "do we have to go through all this again, Marsha?"

"Just once more," Marsha replied quietly.

Henry stared at her. He looked scared. Marsha's heart was beginning to pound in her throat. She waited for him to say something, but he didn't.

"Henry, I'm tired of sitting around night after night reading books," she went on. "I've read so many of them that I'm starting to give the answers to Information Please before Kieran does. I want to spend Sundays with you picnicking and swimming, not watching you sleep. I want to have a little fun while I'm still young enough to look like I'm having it."

"There's the future—" Henry began.

"I'll take the present. And what future is there in sitting up all night entertaining a bunch of taxi drivers and people with things on their minds?"

"You want me to go back and be a salesman?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to," Henry said.

"I know you don't," Marsha said. "You want to sit up every night and play swing records and babble into thin air. That's the kind of guy you've turned out to be."

HENRY rose slowly and removed his newspaper from the radiator. Marsha felt a little lump in her throat. Henry looked young, grim and confused. Why did she always want to take this guy in her arms?

"So," Henry said, "I'm getting the air."

"The engagement," Marsha told him, "is busted."

White-faced, Henry examined the newspaper to see that it was dry and then carefully folded it. He continued to look at it when he spoke. Marsha was glad he did, because she was engaged herself in a little private battle against tears.

"I'm a funny kind of guy, I guess," Henry said. "I like to talk and I like to stay up nights. I always think everybody's my friend, and I'm everybody's friend. Maybe I'm wrong."

"You certainly are in here."

"But running the program makes me happy. I play some good music and talk and have a few laughs. I like to think people are listening to me and enjoying it. Maybe they're not."

"Probably not."

"Anyway," Henry said, "I'm not going back to being a shoe salesman, even at more money. The only nice thing I remember about Marshall's is the first day I held your foot in my hand and realized that love had come."

"And now you're holding a newspaper in your hand," Marsha assured him, "and realizing that love has gone."

"Yeah," Henry said dazedly.

He went out into the hall, got his hat and coat and returned.

"Don't be dramatic," Marsha said sharply. "We're having sauerkraut tonight."

"What does sauerkraut mean to me now?" Henry replied.

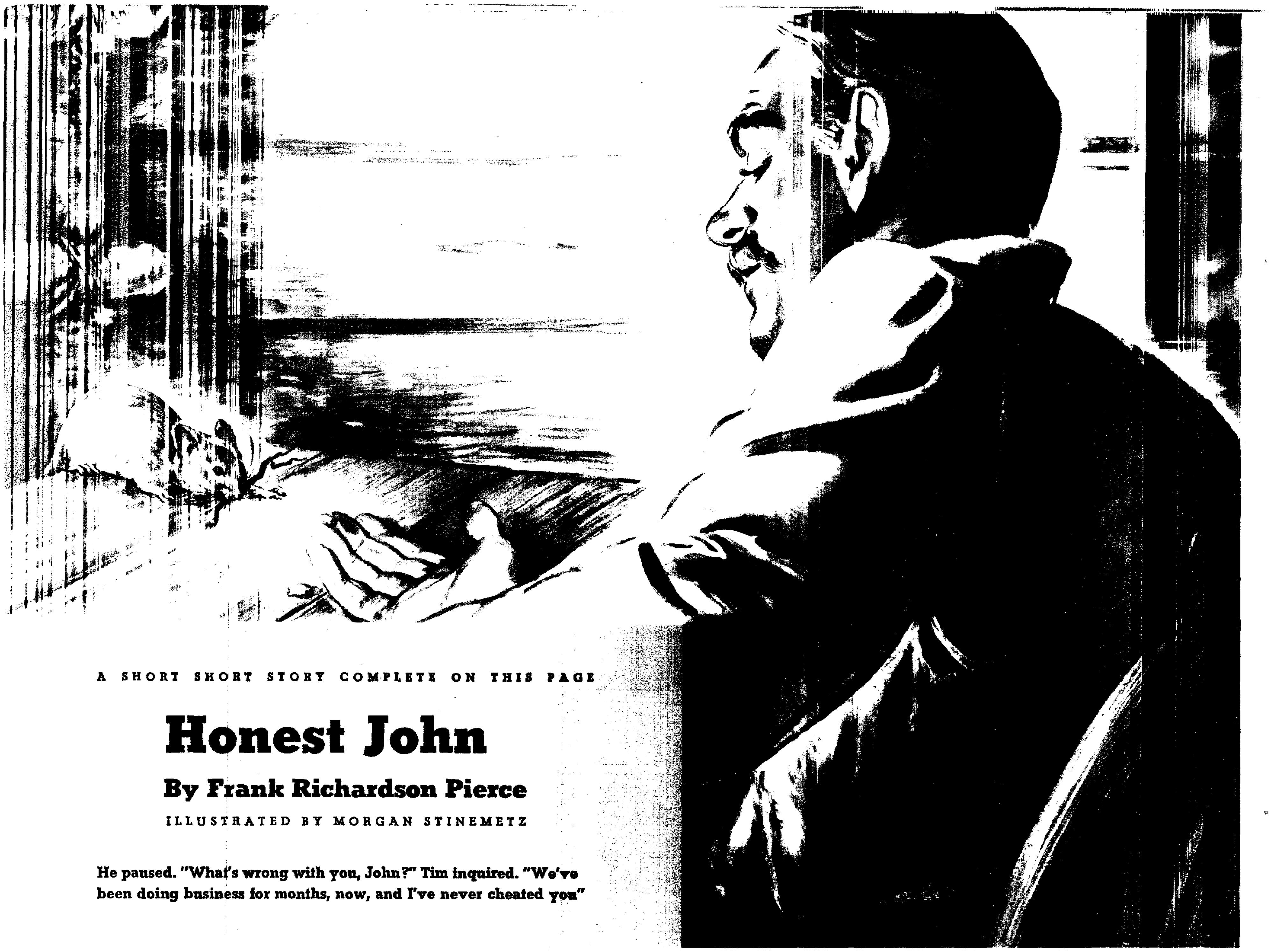
He put on his hat and coat with clammy hands. Marsha slipped his engagement ring from her finger and held it out. Her hand was shaking.

"Here's your ring," she said.

"If you'll make the last two payments on it," Henry told her, "you can have it. You might want to marry some other guy."

"I'm going to marry a farmer. Somebody who goes to bed at sunset and gets up at dawn."

(Continued on page 40)



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Honest John

By Frank Richardson Pierce

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN STINEMETZ

He paused. "What's wrong with you, John?" Tim inquired. "We've been doing business for months, now, and I've never cheated you"

THE frontier had granted Tim Rand one of the finest trap lines in the north country. And because such grants are rarely without price, the frontier had given him two men who coveted his fur—High-Grade Bullock, who planned carefully, then killed coldly; and Cultus George, who was as bad as his nickname suggested. Men noticed George because a knife slash across the left eye gave him a perpetual leer, but they remembered him because the exquisitely carved buttons on his sealskin coat were almost museum pieces. The buttons had been carved from walrus ivory and resembled inch-long seals.

The frontier denied Tim Rand the diversions of his fellows. But the frontier developed within him something priceless—an ability to find release in his immediate surroundings. He found music in the bubbling bean pot, and a thrill in the blizzard howling around the cabin—as it was tonight. There was entertainment in reading items in newspapers some forgotten trapper had pasted on the cabin wall. And there was companionship—and potential friendship—in Honest John, the pack, or trade rat, who lived in the loft.

The sameness of Honest John's routine never palled. Tonight, as the bean pot bubbled and the wind howled, Tim Rand began his part of the routine as usual. He opened a box containing odds and ends and several brightly colored rocks. He placed one rock on the edge of the table and waited. Honest John, Tim reasoned, must have had bitter experiences with human beings, otherwise he wouldn't be so skeptical of Tim's repeatedly offered friendship. It would be a great day in Tim's life when Honest John accepted something from his hand.

Five minutes passed. Then Honest John ran halfway down the loft ladder and contemplated the situation in detail. His body and head were covered with a yellowish-gray fur. His stomach and feet were white. His seven-inch tail was covered with long hair. He lacked the mean, vicious look of the common rat. He took pride in his handsome appearance, and as he studied the man at the table, he combed his whiskers with his deft forepaws.

TIM RAND chuckled, but Honest John saw nothing funny in the situation. He was about to engage in an honest exchange of goods (by his standards) and saw no cause for levity.

Honest John picked up a twig he had put down during his inspection, and dropped to the next step. He stopped abruptly as a movement at the window aroused his suspicions. It was the mere passing of a thumbnail, scraping an inch of snow from the pane. An eye peered briefly at the cleared space, but as new flakes immediately covered the space, Honest John concluded nothing was wrong. He dropped lightly to the floor, scurried across the intervening space and up the table leg. He paused on the edge of the table, sniffing.

"What's wrong with you, John?" Tim inquired. "We've been doing business for months, now, and I've never cheated you. Where can you find a better rock than this one?"

Honest John, with his love of bright objects, was sorely tempted. But the rock was closer to the man's hand than it had ever been before. Suddenly he leaped the remaining distance. Scrupulously honest in all business matters, he left the twig, picked up the rock and ran to the ladder.

He stopped halfway up as a faint click caught his amazingly keen ears. He thought he saw the doorknob turn a trifle, but he wasn't certain. He remained rigid for several tense seconds, then he remembered he faced a big night. He planned to pack a quart of uncooked beans from a jar to an old coat pocket. Honest John hurried to the loft.

Abruptly the door opened and High-Grade Bullock entered the room in two swift strides. Tim Rand leaped to his feet. The gun cracked heavily, the ejected shell curved through the air and vanished into a crack in the floor. Tim Rand fell heavily, his right arm stretched at an odd angle from his body.

High-Grade Bullock spoke no word as he looked down on his victim's body, but he was conscious of a deep elation. Everything had turned out as he had planned. He had struck on a stormy night, confident Tim Rand would be off guard—confident, too, that the snow would cover his footprints. Bullock overturned the table, broke a chair and otherwise made it appear there had been a fight. He left the candle stuck in the whisky bottle flaming. Let it burn out. That would look convincing and fix the crime as having occurred at night.

He closed the door and disappeared into the storm. In a few days the mounted policeman—unmounted at this season of the year—would stop with mail, and find the body. He had an idea the police would be hanging Cultus George for Tim Rand's murder one of these fine days.

In the silent cabin the candle burned and spluttered. It burned slowly, and yet it was low before Honest John peered down from the loft. The crack of the automatic pistol had frightened him into seclusion.

He came halfway down the ladder and saw much of general interest, and not a little of specific interest. Even so, for all his eagerness, he remembered a good businessman is well-groomed. He combed his whiskers and touched up the fur on his shoulders and head, then he dropped to the floor. His alert eyes detected a dull gleam a few inches from his nose through a crack in the floor. His curiosity aroused, he slipped over to the corner where a rotten board gave him access to the scant headroom beneath the house—an area well known to Honest John, who got around.

WHEN he returned to the cabin, on his way to the loft with the gleaming new treasure, he passed inches from Tim Rand's right hand. He stopped abruptly. Something in the half-closed fingers excited his pride of possession. This pride ran with such strength the last barrier fell, and for the first time he touched Tim Rand's hand. He dropped the bright new treasure he had got under the house, thrust his paws between the fingers and drew out the ivory button that was to have hanged Cultus George.

Honest John scampered to his cache in the loft with his treasure, leaving behind the empty cartridge shell that hanged High-Grade Bullock.

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Let's say the truck shown here belonged to Tom Brown. Tom is faced with a bigger hauling contract and he has switched to a new truck. His used truck is ready for a new owner. Mileage was built into it, and the International dealer or branch has given it a *thorough reconditioning.* You can put *your own name* on this truck and count on receiving *exceptional value in* UNUSED *mileage.*

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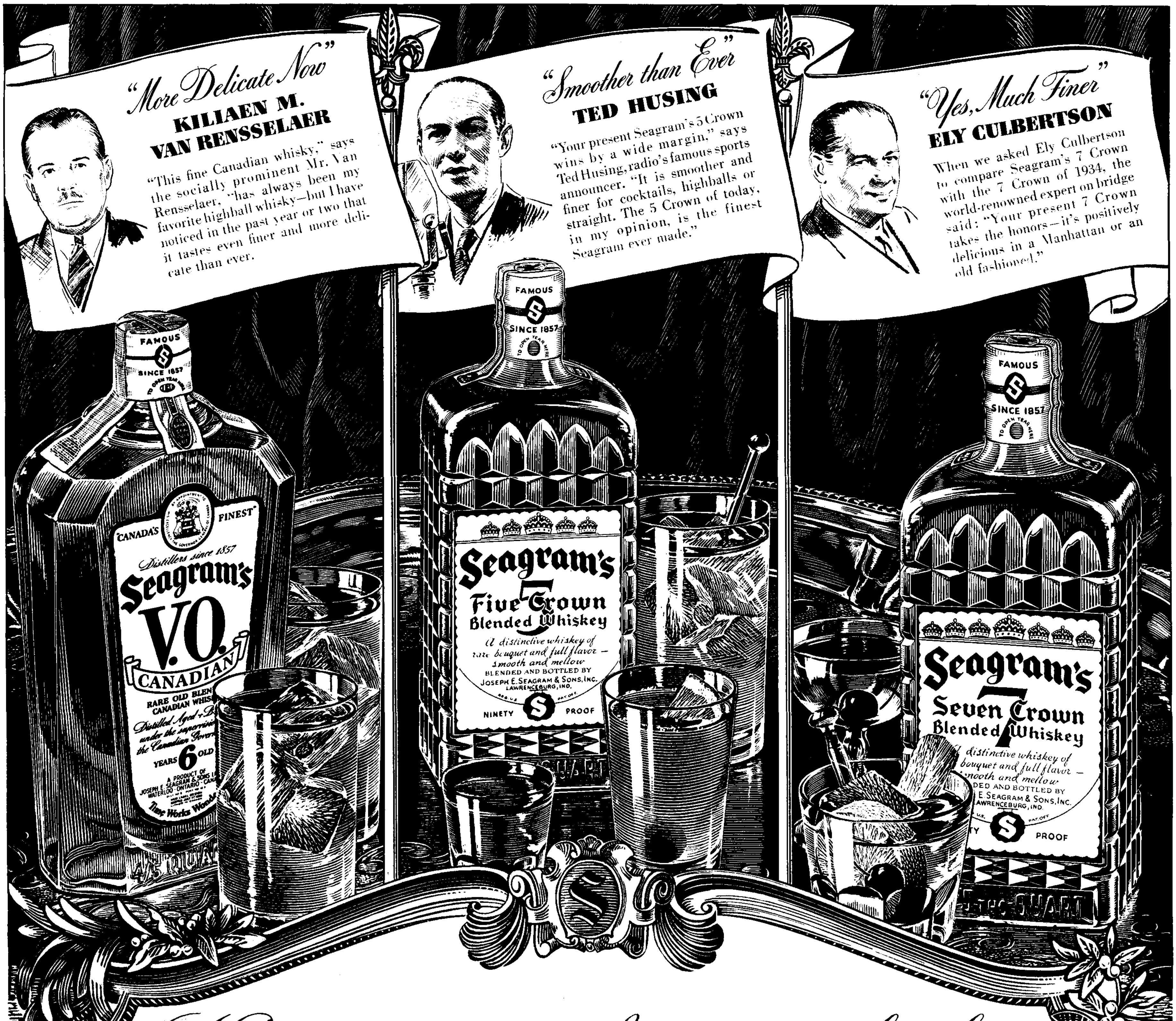
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"This fine Canadian whisky," says the socially prominent Mr. Van Rensselaer, "has always been my favorite highball whisky—but I have noticed in the past year or two that it tastes even finer and more delicate than ever.

"Smoother than Ever"

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"Your present Seagram's 5 Crown wins by a wide margin," says Ted Husing, radio's famous sports announcer. "It is smoother and finer for cocktails, highballs or straight. The 5 Crown of today, in my opinion, is the finest Seagram ever made."

"Yes, Much Finer"

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When we asked Ely Culbertson to compare Seagram's 7 Crown with the 7 Crown of 1934, the world-renowned expert on bridge said: "Your present 7 Crown takes the honors—it's positively delicious in a Manhattan or an old fashioned."

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WHEN did you last taste Seagram's "V.O.", Seagram's Seven Crown, or Seagram's Five Crown? A year ago?...two years? If you haven't tried them lately be prepared for a pleasant surprise. They are whiskies at their very best. These luxury liquors, each the finest of its class and type, are smoother, mellower, more delicate than ever—the result of never ceasing improvement. For every Seagram brand *does* become smoother and finer as the years roll by. Try Seagram's *today.*

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SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof. Copr., 1940, Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Offices: New York.

Goats Once is Enough!

Continued from page 18

the kids working steadily at a time when they had no lessons and when the piglets and ostriches were in a mood for emotion was too much for Messrs. Towne and Baker. They turned it over to the director and cursed him in loud Oriental language when there were conflicts.

"That's us," cried Towne grandiloquently. "Producers! Bawl people out. Smoke big cigars. . . ."

When the producing setup was finally arranged with George Schaefer of RKO in New York, Towne started back to Hollywood and was only rudely awakened from his reveries of power and fortune by the reporters in Chicago. What was he going to call his new company? Towne thought fast, this being the means by which he has made some of his best sales of original scripts. "The Play's the Thing," he announced quickly, and it was only later that he and Baker realized they were trapped.

"There have been rumors to the contrary," they said, "but don't you believe them. We ain't Shakespeare."

It's Not Modesty

In short, they got modest and realized that if the play was the thing, it had to be an old classic and not something the boys had tossed off in a fine maudlin frenzy. That resulted in Swiss Family Robinson, and will result in Tom Brown's School Days, which is now in preparation. But they're hanging onto four modern scripts of their own, which will be thrown into the breach at the first sign of box-office anemia.

"If you want to see some real nuts, look at us," says Towne. "Three hundred thousand a year as writers we throw away just to get a headache like this."

But that's just more of their fake modesty. They've worked eighteen hours a day since they started doing their own pictures but they're so proud of being producers it almost strangles them. They write new dialogue, interview actors, spend hours on the set, write checks (holding their heads and going yi-yi-yi), look at rushes, okay advertising, write more dialogue, have a screaming row with the director, hold the hand of one of the mothers of their kid actors, think up gags for publicity, write more checks, write more dialogue, bellyache about their troubles, denounce each other in blasphemous terms.

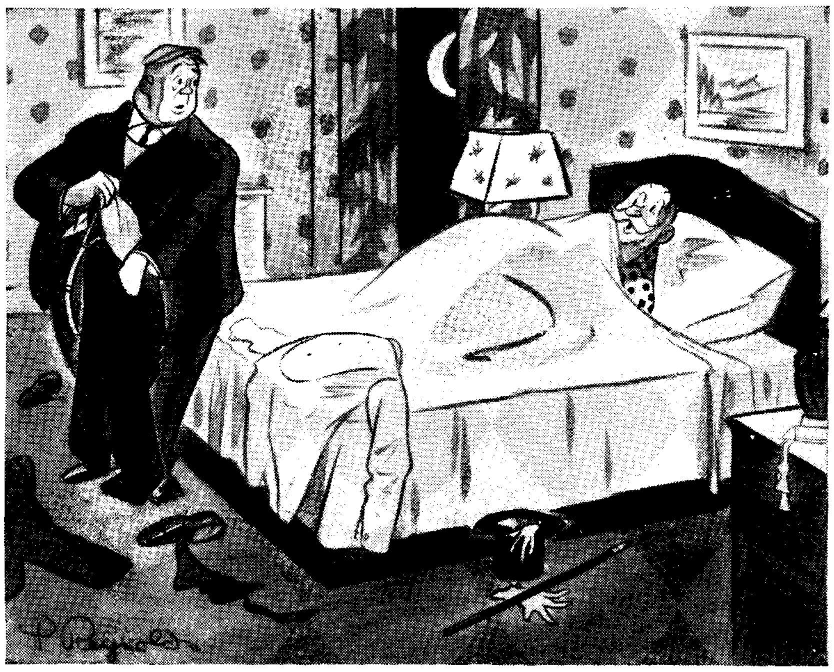
Both Towne and Baker are old-timers in the business. Graham Baker is a Scotchman from Evansville, Indiana, who was a cartoonist and reporter in New York before catching on with the old Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn. That was the period when the boys making the one-reelers got excellent results by sneaking on the sets of the bigger picture at noon hour, using the expensive scenery for their own purpose, shooting the story as they went along and scramming to safety just at the moment when the big shots were coming back from lunch.

"Those quickies used to appear on Broadway a month before the features and then everybody would swear they had stolen their stuff from us," says Baker.

In Hollywood he became story head of First National Pictures and later with Warners' when they took it over. The legend goes that in that capacity he fired Gene Towne, a fresh punk from the Bronx who had come west with the idea of being a cowpuncher but had hastily forsaken this romantic notion upon seeing Hollywood. "Gold!" Towne is reported to have shrieked ecstatically, waving his hands around wildly at the magic city and proceeding to talk himself into a writing job at Warners' although not knowing at the time the difference between a comma and a crowbar.

But no story about Towne and Baker can be taken literally. They have assiduously built up a legend about themselves which has paid them dividends of a fabulous order. Towne is the idea man and the demon salesman; Baker is the hard-boiled editor who listens sourly to Towne's wild plots and says, "I'm sorry, but it stinks." Towne at once produces six new ideas, acting them out like a Barrymore—wheedling, screaming, expressing fear, hate, adoration. They settle on an idea and divide the work, Towne taking the last half, Baker the first.

They bring back the results and have another ferocious row. Their restaurant fights over the luncheon table have become notorious. In the middle of a dis-



"I spent it all on a pretty blonde, ha! ha!"

LAWRENCE REYNOLDS

A True Story—with Masks

1. THIS IS THE BEST WAY I know to tell you a little story of what happened to me a few months ago. If you have ever been in the same situation, you will know I am not exaggerating.

2. I WAS BOUND hand and foot by "The Great American Malady," which is a phrase my humorous husband uses for constip . . . . n. Most of the time I felt exactly like *this.* I wasn't nice to live with!

3. BUT THAT WASN'T ALL! Every time the old trouble came, I had to make a pilgrimage to the medicine cabinet. Often, I thought I'd rather *endure* it than *"cure"* it. It didn't matter very much whether school kept or not.

4. THEN, ONE BRIGHT MORNING, I discovered KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! My thoughtful doctor had sent me a package. "I'd rather *prevent* than *prescribe* for your condition," he said. "You need a little of what we call 'bulk' in your diet. ALL-BRAN will get at the *cause* of the trouble."

5. AND DID IT? After a few weeks of having ALL-BRAN for breakfast, and drinking plenty of water, I began to feel like all the money in the mint. And to think I could do that with a delicious *food* instead of with medicines! *Isn't Nature wonderful?*

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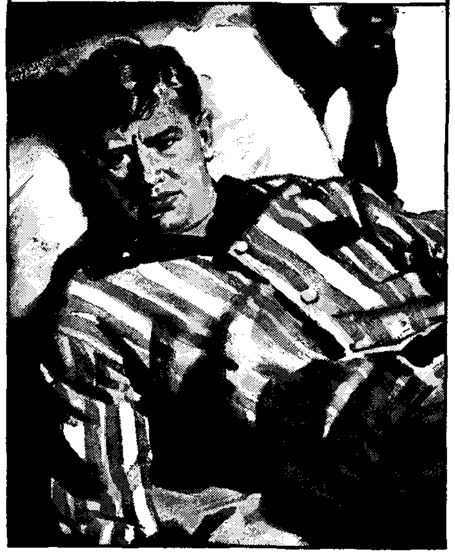

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FRESH YEAST to help digestion

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Get them BOTH together to help give yourself a needed push

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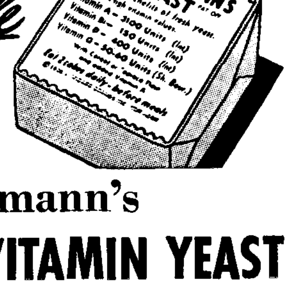
The vitamins are needed to *maintain* steady nerves and *keep up* vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 important vitamins, A, B1, D and G, and *all* the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Eat 2 cakes every day. Give this splendid tonic food a chance to help *your* pep and energy pick up fast!

Let this Fresh Yeast give you double help . . .



Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST

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cussion over the script they start yelling at each other. Towne, who is a ball of nervousness, ends by hurling down his napkin, turning over a glass of water, taking a wild swing at Baker and stalking out. "That's the end of a beautiful friendship," says Hollywood sadly, but they're wrong. Next day they're back as pretty as ever.

"Start a new scrap but never continue an old one; that's our motto," they explain.

Before joining up with Baker, Towne was a highly paid gag writer in the silent days. His price was $1,000 a reel for sticking in gag titles and he seemed to be set for life, but he wasn't satisfied. He wanted to do originals for the screen, something unknown at that time. Everybody told him he'd starve but they didn't know Towne. He could sell anything and proceeded to do it. They started by getting $5,000 for an original story and have pushed that price as far north as $75,000.

Most of the Towne-Baker ideas are sold without a word being written. They took the idea of Ten Days of Heaven from a news story telling about an Alabama warden who gave a ten-day furlough at Christmas to all his prisoners. While they were working on that one at Metro for Spencer Tracy, Towne saw a magazine account of the rivalry between the hockey teams at West Point and the Canadian Royal Military Academy. He went galloping over to L. B. Mayer's office, reeled off an entire complicated story to surround this idea and was back with an acceptance of $40,000 in time to join Baker with his dessert.

Hollywood's Hardest Workers

When they began their collaboration they started the Towne-Baker myth along with it. Their first office was in a rickety building next door to a dentist. There was a typewriter on an apple box and one broken chair, all for ten dollars a month. Later they changed to a swankier suite for $18.50. It had the biggest ash tray in the world—the floor. They used the dentist's drills for opening gin bottles.

Towne sells the idea to a producer—and they've made such smashes as Shanghai; History is Made at Night; Mary Burns, Fugitive; Every Night at Eight; You Only Live Once—and then they hash it over so thoroughly in the writing that it often turns out to be something entirely different from the original conception. Either they talk the producer into taking the new one or they immediately sell it to somebody else and retreat to the first idea.

One day a producer on the golf links was telling Baker the plot of a story he had just bought. "Awful," said Baker, nodding his head sadly, "a simply awful story; you're stuck with a little lulu there, my friend."

"But I just bought it from Towne this morning," cried the producer.

Baker threw himself into reverse instantly.

"Damn this high wind!" he yelled desperately. "I hardly heard a word you said. Tell me that again; the bits I got sounded swell."

They make a great play about being irresponsible and gaga but they are the hardest workers in town. During the hot months they like to work in their shorts, looking like Egyptian slaves laboring on the pyramids. They hammer at their typewriters and bellow at their secretaries and drink steadily from tall thin glasses. For six years they have averaged an original story a month. In the last few years they have never done fewer than four completed scripts and in addition have sold ideas which have been elaborated by other writers.

Their private lives are entirely separated and their wives barely know each other. No matter how late Towne is out at night—and it can be very late—he is at the studio at eight in the morning and they wallop away at their machines until six.

Towne lives in a most respectable part of Los Angeles and gets his exercise running around in circles, screaming. Baker has a mansion in Beverly Hills, plays golf, and was almost rent asunder last year when he got caught in the electrical apparatus which opens the door of his garage for him without his having to get out of his car.

"Two more gadgets and that bird isn't going to be any use at all," says Towne.

Congratulations, Mr. Roosevelt

When The Play's the Thing Corporation was formed last year Baker pulled a fast one on Towne by making him president. Now every day or two a strange gentleman pops into the office and confronts the president with another of his slight errors. He has forgotten to attend to workmen's compensation, he has neglected the matter of social security, there is the little matter of a permit for this or the other. Baker is all on the side of authority immediately.

"Don't let him stand there talking back to you," he howls at the official. "The man is obviously a rat. Put him in jail."

So onward they go on their fantastic career. Anyone seeing Towne during the last week of the screening of Swiss Family Robinson would have known that he was no playboy. He was worried to death. He would look at the rushes and go out on the set and talk with Thomas Mitchell and Edna Best and Freddie Bartholomew of the cast. Although nobody but the insiders had seen anything of the picture, he would stop people and ask them how they liked it. When they acted a bit stupid at this, he would yell at them in exasperation:

"Well, how did you like it as a kid?"

They generally said they liked it as a kid, it being their favorite book. When President Roosevelt proclaimed it his favorite book on a broadcast for children's book week, Towne expanded to the point of explosion.

"See that he gets one of the first prints!" he cried. "Take a wire . . . F. D. Roosevelt, White House, congratulations on excellent judgment. . . . Letter will follow."

With Tom Brown's School Days, which is next on the Towne-Baker schedule, there have been difficulties because of pathetic complaints from abroad. The headmaster of Rugby is terrified lest the atmosphere of that sainted place be ruined by Hollywood. Mr. Towne has reassured him at length. There will be an English director, Sir Cedric Hardwicke will be in the cast, the research has been so complete that Messrs. Towne and Baker have been drinking tea every afternoon—complete with a snort of brandy.

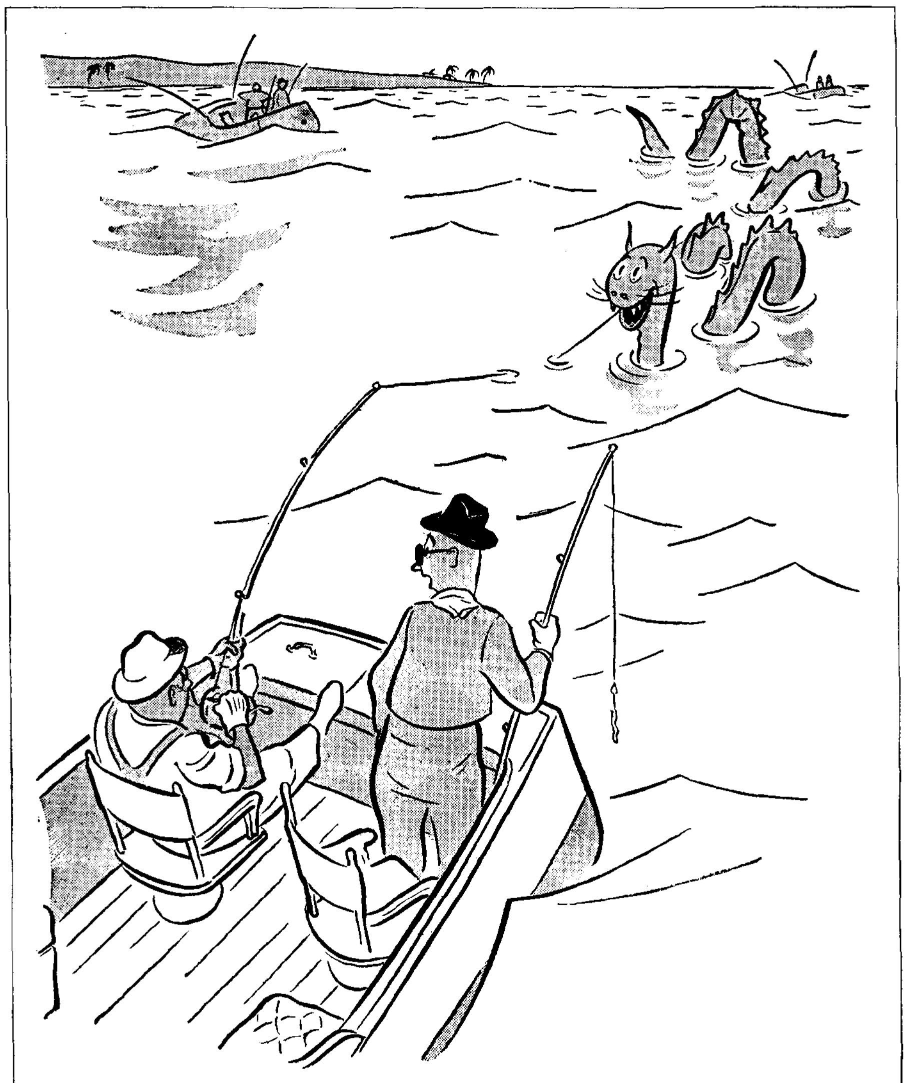
"Rugby," says Mr. Towne, dropping his voice tenderly to a tone of reverence. "I love Rugby as if it were my own alma mater—P. S. 148, Bronx. Wait'll you see. . . . It'll be an epic. It will make Rugby men cry all over the world. . . ."

At this Mr. Towne pauses, gazes at some important-looking papers on his desk which are covered with strange and huge figures and adds:

"It's making me cry already."

In Swiss Family Robinson there were typhoons, shipwrecks—and the little tots and animals. They have been steeling themselves against anything like that in Tom Brown. There will be no goats and no pigeons. Mr. Towne is convinced of that.

"Listen," he yelled. "We're still writers; don't forget that. We'll write the goats out. If we can't get them out without writing Tom Brown out, we'll write *him* out. Goats once is enough!"



"Probably not edible"

D. HUFFINE

"Then I gave Dad an Earful_"

Listen, Dad, don't tell *me* our '37 car is just like new...your darling daughter knows differently. I've read about the new De Soto—and we're out of date by ㊴ Big Features! De Soto's rear seat is actually 5″ wider than ours. Rear doors are full width at bottom—easier to get in and out of! The luggage locker holds 11 big bags yet there's no bulge. The new gearshift is right on the steering post out of your knees' way. Doors click tightly shut with just a gentle touch. [I gave Dad an earful and he listened! P.S. We've got *our* New 1940 De Soto *and it's Great!*]

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Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, extra.
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"I knew it would happen. I was on a hard case and needing every ounce of pep. And wouldn't you know—I woke up with the logy, sickish feeling that says, plainer than words, 'Young lady, you need a laxative.' Well, I knew better than to take a slow-acting kind. I couldn't afford to be only 'half-there' for hours . . ."

"I needed quick help, so I took Sal Hepatica. You see, its action is gentle, yet speedy. And Sal Hepatica also helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that is usually present when you have constipation—helps Nature turn a sour stomach sweet faster than Nature alone could do it. So, soon . . ."

"I was really 'on the job'—able to be alert and cheery as a nurse should be. That day and many a day since, I've thanked my lucky stars for Sal Hepatica's quick, efficient help. It surely helps you to come back faster. You can bet I'm never without Sal Hepatica in *my* medicine chest!"

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E.S.T.

Bashful Buckeye

Continued from page 11

answers elected him, a man unknown except by surname to all but a privileged few, to the United States Senate. It was a rather startling upset of the time-dishonored theory that in politics it is fatal to think before you speak and that an aspirant's greatest handicap is courage. Yet things may go badly for Senator Taft; the poor fellow has brains, too.

He's fifty-one years old, has never learned to putter and will not work up a nervous breakdown relaxing at his hobby. He has no hobbies. He knows no funny stories, smiles in public only when told to, and was raised in the belief that the only way to look for or at a professional politician is down—a belief which he hasn't wholly abandoned. Like the current incumbent of the White House, he's an Episcopalian, attending church fairly regularly and fond of doing a lot of very un-Episcopalian hymn singing—much too loud and irretrievably out of tune. He has a deep distrust of the popular—persons, books, songs, slogans, shows, voices and vices. He writes honest and lucid but dull speeches; and the way he delivers them doesn't help any. And yet the man has the great gifts of clarity and sincerity.

Surprise for Mr. Smith

Against the advice of friends and others who said they were acting merely as humanitarians, he undertook to debate by radio with the New Deal's brilliant Texan, Mr. T. V. Smith, professor of philosophy in the University of Chicago and congressman-at-large from Illinois. Mr. Smith has a silver tongue, a golden wit and, he adds, several other metallic qualities, notably brass. To match oratory with Professor Smith one has either to be brave or naïve. Mr. Taft has considerable difficulty recognizing brilliance; but he seems to know when the other guy's wrong. Anyway he took on the professor.

When the series ended, the broadcast people took a poll—Professor Smith's philosophical soufflé against Senator Taft's economic pork and beans. To the astonishment of all except the senator, whose emotional side isn't any too noticeable, Mr. Taft won—and rather handsomely. Whereat several forum-minded promoters talked of matching him with such rapiers as Mr. Ickes, Mr. Hopkins and the like, but nothing came of it. If Senator Taft is nominated they'll have their turns. After the Smith debates the thought was born that perhaps the country was a mite tired of meringue and hungering for a dose of plain meat and potatoes.

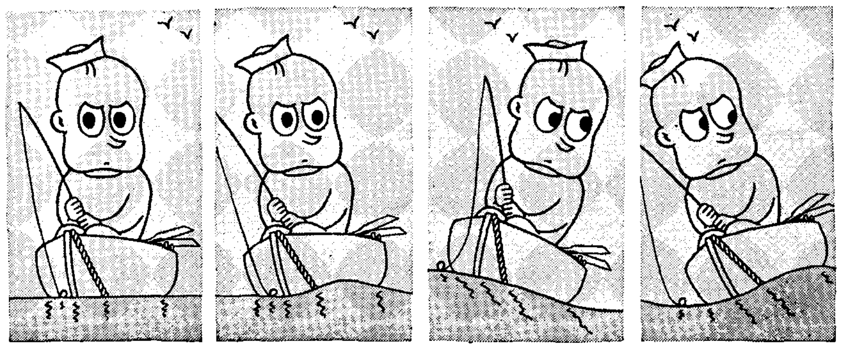
Anyway, that's how Mr. Taft won his senatorship—that and the injudicious expenditure throughout Ohio of a couple of hundred thousand dollars—roughly the same amount expended by his opponent—plus the wit, will and wisdom of his politically acute wife, Martha Bowers Taft. At the outset of his campaign for the Senate against the New Deal's Bulkley, even Republicans were betting long odds that Mr. Taft couldn't make it an interesting race. Even a month before the voting it looked like a mild exercise for Senator Bulkley. And to make it worse, Mr. Roosevelt lifted his voice twice for Mr. Taft's opponent. Whether it was overconfidence or whether it was just bad judgment, Mr. Bulkley made the grievous error of accepting the harried Mr. Taft's invitation to a series of six joint debates, from the same platform—a sort of lesser Lincoln-Douglas affair.

Before it was over Mr. Taft was in the pleasant position of having to beg audiences to quit booing Mr. Bulkley and grant him the right to be heard. Razzberries, Bronx cheers and similar lower-class chidings disconcerted Mr. Bulkley, as well they might; he should have taken a hint from the apparently birdproof Mr. Taft.

At the beginning of the debates (which incidentally were broadcast) admirers of Mr. Bulkley booed Mr. Taft. But Mr. Taft apparently didn't mind; he merely grabbed the microphone, pressed it to his lips and went right on talking. The immediate audience didn't hear him but thousands who weren't there did. Moreover, the thousands of absentees did not hear the pro-Bulkley clamor because the microphone was so close to Mr. Taft's lips that they could hear nothing but the unvarnished tale he had to tell. As you know, Mr. Taft all but obliterated Mr. Bulkley in that contest. But maybe such tactics had nothing to do with what happened; as we've suggested, perhaps the folks were merely a bit weary of glitter that was not gold.

It was in that campaign that we got our brief glimpse of Mr. Taft as a vote-wrangler. Except for three fireless terms in the Ohio Legislature, Mr. Taft had been a strictly private character, spending his days in silent toil as attorney for numerous railroads, manufacturers and public utilities and the rest of his waking hours in noiseless homebodying and occasional decorous social exchanges. He reads the conventional economists two and three at a time, checking one against the other. When the strain becomes more than even he can bear he takes on an occasional detective story which too is subjected to tests for credulity and scientific soundness. Or he may turn to the more sober biographies, losing somewhat of his zest if he finds the author has erred in date or historic connotation. Fact has neither latitude, longitude nor expansion, thinks Senator Taft. You're right or you're wrong; you can't be *nearly* either.

During his senatorial campaign he



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CROCKETT JOHNSON

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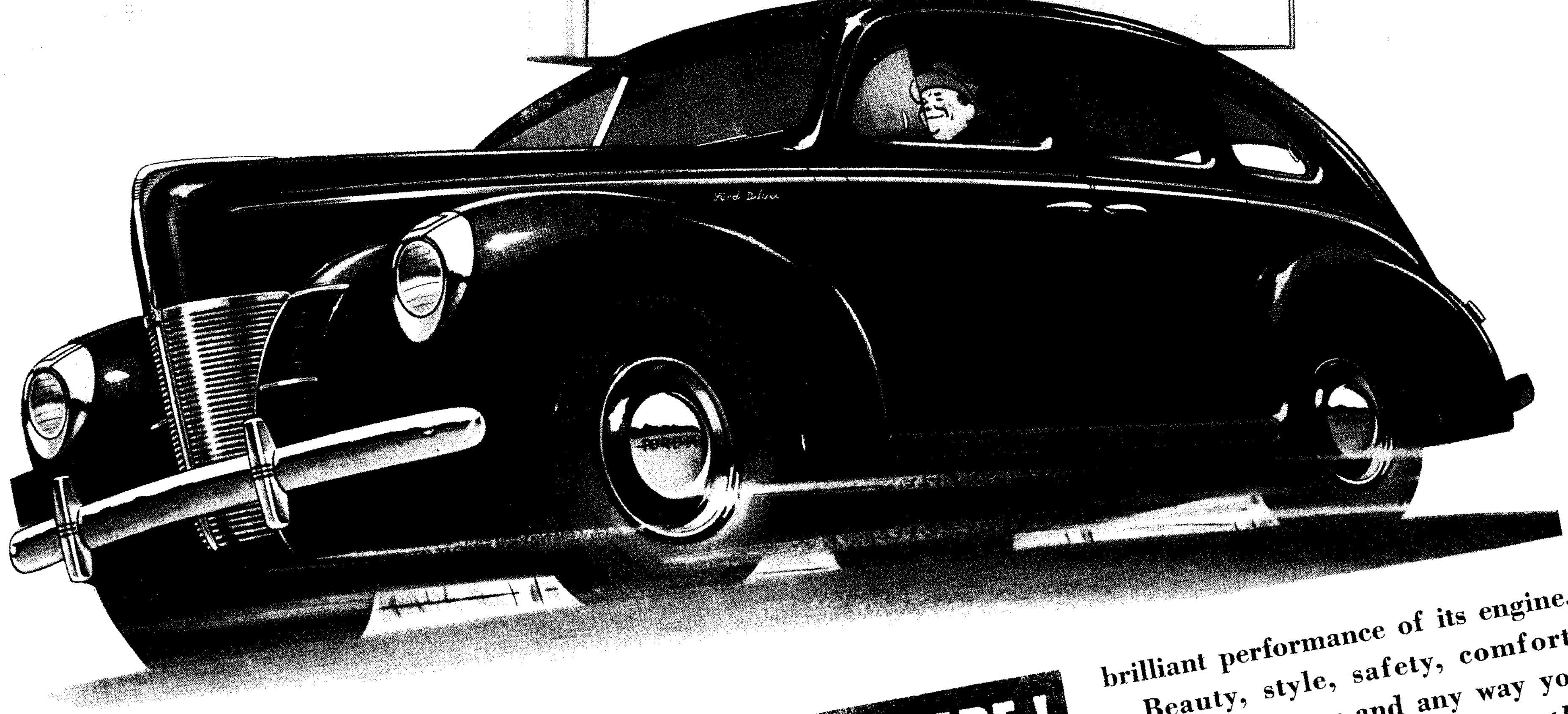

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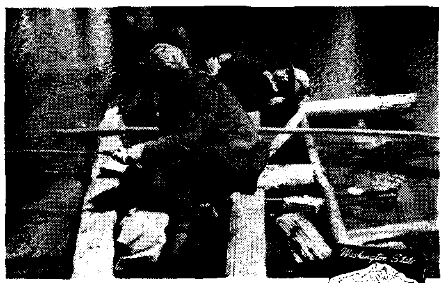

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stuck to one untrimmed pattern: He would tell the facts of government clearly as he saw them, as he had come to understand them after much study, deep research, frigid contemplation. If that wasn't enough to win—well, that's all he had. Financially he was out in front of his opposition, being a man of considerable private wealth and having the material backing of a number of rich admirers. In his quest for the presidential nomination he is exceedingly well-heeled, his campaign manager being his wealthy cousin, Mr. David S. Ingalls of Cleveland, and among the contributors to his precampaign fund being a number of bankers (at least one of them the head of a great New York bank), and several major industrialists.

While off the platform, where his conduct must have made many of our best demagogues laugh themselves sick, he beat the bush with the same disregard for the accepted rules of politics. There was, for example, that Middletown incident. It was during the primaries. Mr. Taft and Judge Arthur Day of Ohio's Supreme Court were rivals for the nomination. Ohio's Republican organization was backing the judge, Taft running on his own.

How to Carry Middletown

Just before Mr. Taft spoke to Middletown (in a somewhat stately tour which took him into every county in the state) the local shepherds told him that their followers were right partial to beer and suggested that Mr. Taft purchase a quantity commensurate with his hopes. After the meeting, the assembled patriots having listened to both Mr. Taft and Judge Day with well-disguised impatience, they repaired to the hall where the beer was waiting. Having spoken and bought beer, Mr. Taft considered his duty done and was about to take his strait-jacket message to the next town. He was told, however that he ought to look in on the scene of malted merry-making and wish the boys a down-the-hatch or something.

It was indeed a merry scene. Mr. Taft was particularly interested in seeing his opponent, the jovial Judge Day, presiding at the tap of the nearest keg, handing out the glasses like the good fellow that he is. Apparently it never occurred to Mr. Taft to step in, man the next keg and help prime the boys. Nor did he think it necessary to ask somebody whose beer this was anyway. No, he merely stood in the doorway, unfurled a Coolidgean smile, waved his hand vaguely and blushed, hoping, doubtless, that no one would think him another Huey Long. Anyway he doesn't like beer, a lack of taste considered in Cincinnati as slightly seditious. He's not much of a drinker anyway, although he'll take a cocktail in proper circumstances. Old-fashioneds are his preference—a jiggerlet of bourbon, a short dash of bitters, very little sugar with lots of ice and plenty of orange, pineapple and other garbage they ruin old-fashioneds with. And, oh, yes—he carried Middletown.

As a state legislator for six years, for two of which he was Speaker of the House, he devoted himself almost exclusively to struggling to make Ohio's state and municipal borrowing capacity abracadabra read less like a Chinese scenario. He is widely accused of having no sense of humor, but there is evidence that he has a dry one of sorts even if he doesn't think it important enough to call on much. Being asked by an earnest soul whether he didn't think debt beyond ability to pay was a crime, he replied:

"Not necessarily; some folks enjoy being ruined."

And yet it would be a cardinal error to call Senator Taft a reformer. He hates the word. He's much too rational, perhaps even too conservative, for that. His first concern is not men, but what men live by. Pure reason has left no room in the Taft mind for the vagaries of the brotherhood of man. Anyway, he's as practical as a bar of soap.

Fifteen years ago when his popular brother, Mr. Charles P. Taft, and others (notably Mr. Herbert S. Bigelow, Ohio's super-Doctor Townsend) were going sleepless and sometimes broke in their successful fight to rescue Cincinnati from the clutches of one of the toughest mobs of political hooligans that ever sacked a city, Robert Alphonso Taft fought for the hooligans, locally known as the Bolivars. By his presence and speech he lent what aid he had to the Republican machine, which had won an admiring tribute from that unquestioned authority, ex-Boss Pendergast of Kansas City, who is now in jail deploring the ingratitude of his erstwhile fellow citizens.

Not that Mr. Taft saw it through Pendergast eyes. He declared that his reason for fighting against the city management plan and proportional representation was that these two were inimical to standard two-party government and thus made party responsibility impossible. Our governmental ills, says Senator Taft, are bred by men and practices and are not inherent in the system.

Like most preoccupied intellectuals, he's no fop. His idea of a suit of clothes is that it's a necessity. If there's someone around to remind him to keep it neat, so much the better. Although he protests he likes to fish (notwithstanding those Florida campaign photographs) he's no outdoors man. He plays golf, his average score being in the middle eighties, but he drives his opponents mad at it. He's one of those golfers to whom every shot is a major problem and is so treated. He doesn't hit them far but he's never off the course. He'd as *lief be caught in a strip-tease smoker as* a sand trap.

He's a shy man just as he was a solemn, diffident boy who would rather play chess than baseball; who never had to be told twice to go to bed, who always stood at the head of his class and who seemed never to be aware that he was not popular with the kids. In Cincinnati he is accused of being high-hat, passing people whom he should know without recognizing them. But that's less than fair. He's naturally austere but he's not only shy and preoccupied (no one remembering the day or hour when he wasn't lugging two or three major problems around with him), he's myopic. His nearsighted eyes kept him out of the Army in 1917 although he tried twice to enlist. Nevertheless, he's not loved in Cincinnati, merely respected. Inquire about him—the personal side of him—and they'll begin at once to tell you about his younger brother, the active, civic-minded and hugely popular Charles P. Taft. We met one of the senator's important employees who has worked for him for ten years and whom he sees daily.

"I'm sure," said he, "that he doesn't know my first name. At least, he has never used it."

No Photographic Foolishness

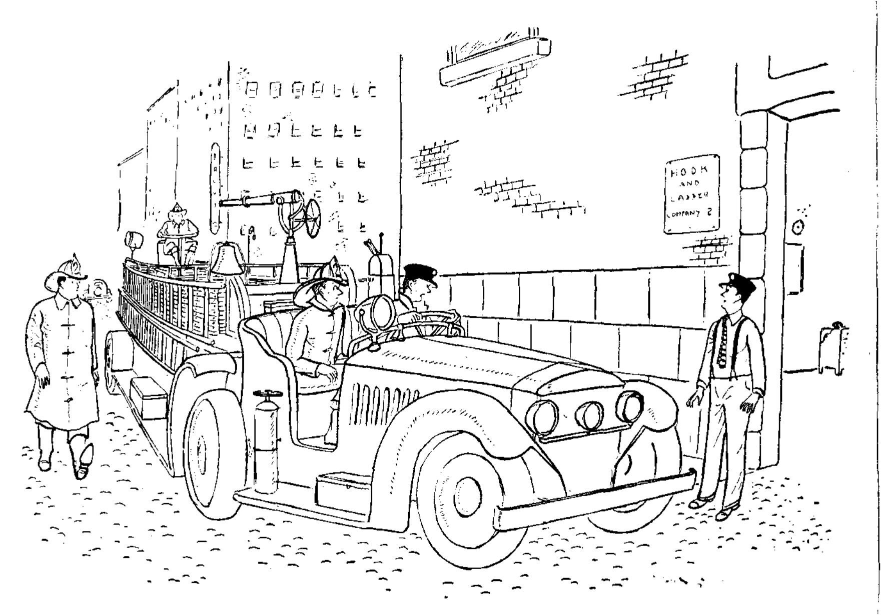
Barred from the Army, he became assistant counsel for Herbert Hoover's United States Food Administration. He receives strangers coolly but not coldly, his gray eyes appraising but not questioning. There'll be no professional smile on his pale face nor any hearty hand wringing. He's tall, big-framed, paunchy and self-contained to the last drop. He doesn't smoke, has no favorite foods, authors, singers, artists or movie stars. Since being graduated from the Yale law school in 1913, nobody can remember seeing him without a large brief case out of which he can pull any paper or document the moment calls for without looking. About the only things he ever loses or forgets are his hat, umbrella, galoshes and the names of the people he met at Mrs. Quimp's reception last night.

Unless we can't read unmistakable signs, he will, if nominated, take charge of his own publicity. When he saw newspaper and magazine reproductions of himself posing in business clothes gingerly holding a turkey that he didn't shoot, fishing from a boat that was tethered to a dock, fingering a fish that hadn't been in the water for a week, inspecting a daffodil, dourly regarding somebody's cow and so on—when he saw those, his management had quite a *time of it. He was all for getting along* thereafter without the help of photographers. Actually he did refuse rather tartly to don an Indian war bonnet and be photographed as an honorary chief of the Seminoles flanked by elderly red men at two dollars a head.

Twice, and only twice, he permitted publicity men to spangle speeches he had written for early delivery. He read the garnished versions of his uninspired but forthright manuscripts and threw them away.

"Sorry," said he, "but that's not what I want to say, or the way I want to say it."

Whereat he delivered what he had himself written—prosy, clumsy, flowerless, but leaving hearers in no doubt of what Robert Alphonso Taft believed. If

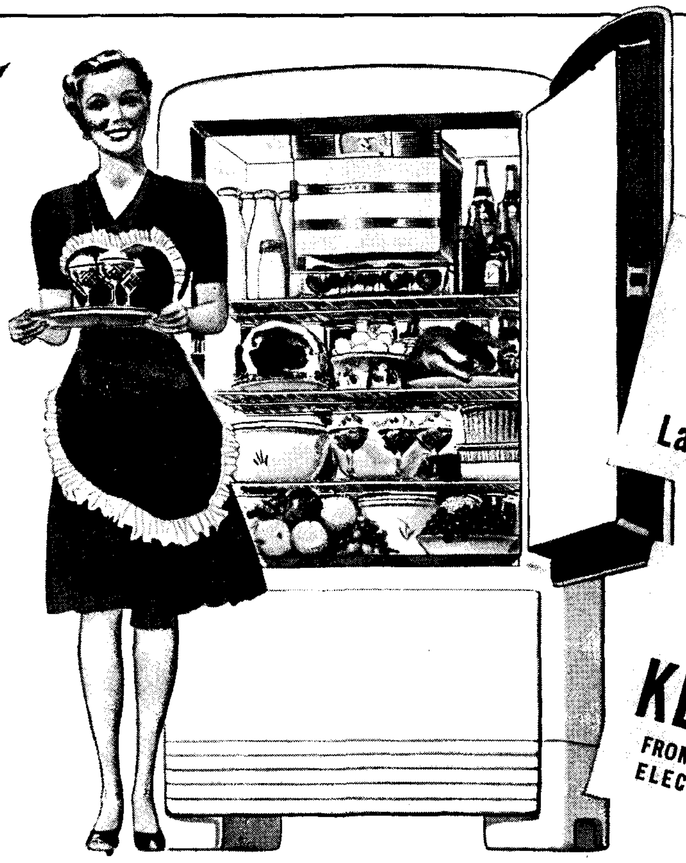


"We got there too late—all the hydrants were taken!"

Kelvinator Did It!

Today Kelvinator shows the amazing results of its 1940 Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling—a line of Larger... Finer Refrigerators at Prices Never Possible Before!

Look at the Size!
Look at the Name!
Look at the Price!



SIZE

BIG 6

6¼ cubic foot

Large "Family-Size"

NAME

NEW 1940

KELVINATOR

FROM THE OLDEST MAKER OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

PRICE

$\$114^{75}$*

DELIVERED IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

NOW, Mrs. America, look how you *save!* Here's a full line of big 6 and 8 cubic foot, 1940 Kelvinators. They're easily the best and most beautiful we ever built. Not a single out-of-date, last year's model among them.

And no matter *which* one you choose . . . from the big $114.75* model right on up . . . *you save $30 to $60 over last year's prices!*

How did Kelvinator do this in the face of rising costs? Read the answer.

FIRST, we found a more efficient way to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

SECOND, by putting 96% of our production on 6 and 8 cubic foot size models, we are able to build better refrigerators at *lower* cost.

THIRD, in anticipation of greatly increased sales, we have doubled our production schedules, and passed the manufacturing savings to you.

Now look what you *get!* The beautiful white cabinet is welded steel, with Porcelain-on-steel inside, and bright, long-life Permalux outside. It has 84 ice cube capacity—9 lbs., automatic light, cold storage tray, Kelvin Control, and 17 other features.

What's more, it's powered by the famous Polarsphere sealed unit that uses current less than 20% of the time, and has power enough to keep 5 refrigerators cold, under average household conditions. You can save many dollars a year on current costs alone! And it is backed by Kelvinator's 5 Year Protection Plan.

Why put up any longer with an undersized, wasteful refrigerator or old-fashioned ice-box? There's a full line of six and eight cubic foot size Kelvinators to choose from . . . at any one of Kelvinator's 5000 dealers. *And every one* has been greatly reduced in price. Reductions range from $30 to $60. Go see them—and Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!

KELVINATOR DIVISION
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

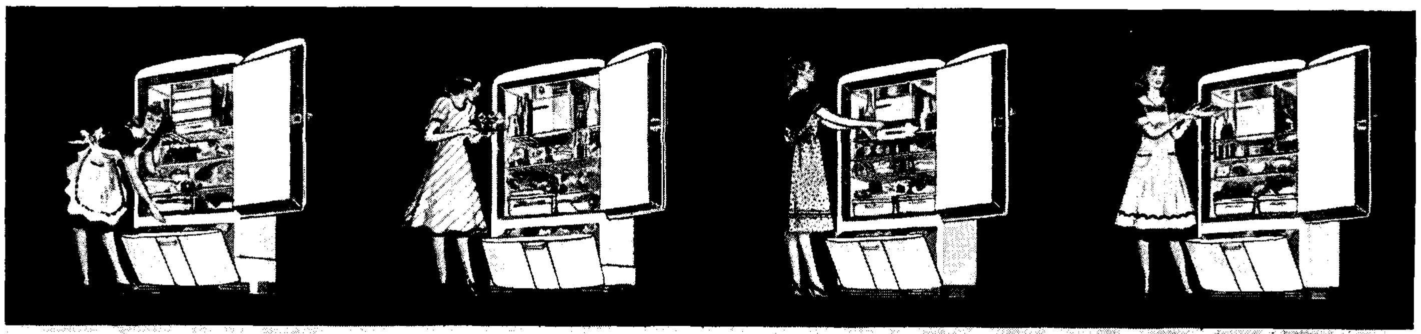
HAVE YOU SEEN the 1940 Kelvinator Electric Ranges, Washers and Water Heaters? The year's best values! See them at Kelvinator dealers.

**Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

© 1940, Nash-Kelvinator Corp.

See these other big KELVINATOR *Values for 1940*

TO HELP YOU PICK the best refrigerator for your money, your Kelvinator dealer will gladly give you a free copy of "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide." It contains complete, authoritative information regarding 1940 refrigerator values.

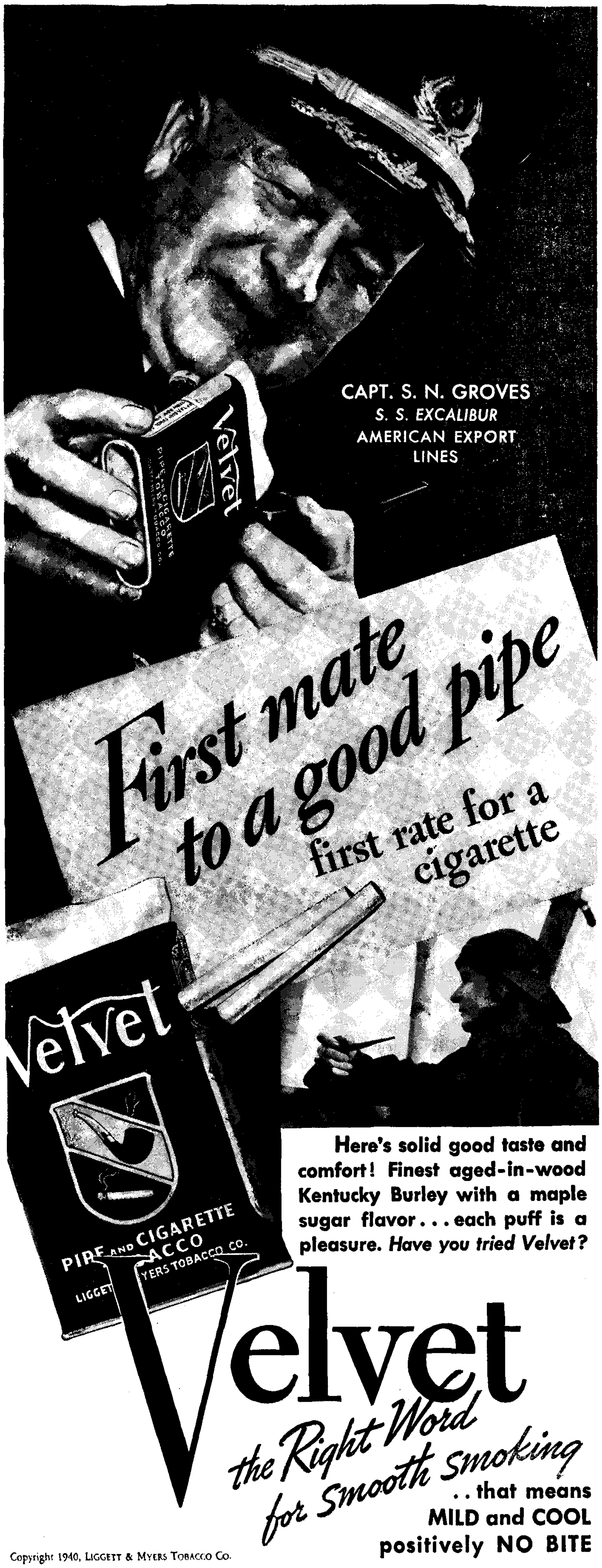


WANT A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED REFRIGERATOR? Model S-6 has big Vegetable Bin, New-type Ice Trays, Sliding Crisper. Compare with $180 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . $\$139^{95}$*

WANT "MOIST-COLD"? Model HS-6 has new "Moist-Master" System — decreases the loss of moisture from foods. Compare with $230 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . . . $\$169^{95}$*

WANT ALL DE LUXE FEATURES? Model R-6 has De Luxe equipment, Two Crispers, Cold Chest, Speedy Cube Trays, etc. Compare with $210 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . $\$179^{95}$*

WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR MADE? It's Model HD-6. Has *all* conveniences, plus "Moist-Master" System. Compare with $230 to $300 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . $\$209^{95}$*



CAPT. S. N. GROVES
S. S. EXCALIBUR
AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

First mate to a good pipe
first rate for a cigarette

Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Here's solid good taste and comfort! Finest aged-in-wood Kentucky Burley with a maple sugar flavor . . . each puff is a pleasure. Have you tried Velvet?

Velvet
the Right Word for Smooth smoking
. . that means MILD and COOL positively NO BITE

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he's nominated you'll hear so much about Senator Taft and his clever wife, Martha Taft, that it's only fair to leave you something to look forward to. In the meantime it wouldn't hurt you to know briefly what he believes. Said he to questions put to him before anyone suspected that he'd sit in the Senate or seek the presidency:

"I favor balancing the budget by reducing government expenditures of all kinds and eliminating many governmental bureaus. The President (on March 18, 1936) placed the cost of relief at three and a half billion dollars. If properly administered, this cost alone can be reduced by more than a billion.

"I believe relief should be administered by the localities under state laws with cash assistance from both the state and federal governments. Local administration can determine what proportion should be expended for direct relief and what proportion for work relief but both should be used as local conditions require or justify.

"I do not favor further devaluation of the dollar, currency inflation, credit inflation, the remonetization of silver or a managed currency. I believe in the restoration of the gold bullion standard after an agreement is secured with other leading nations to effect a permanent stabilization of exchange.

"I do not favor any federal program whose aim is to control or fix wages, working hours or a shorter work week. I believe that ability freely to negotiate wage scales by collective bargaining is more to the ultimate advantage of both worker and employer.

"I do not favor an amendment to the Constitution authorizing the federal government to deal with economic and social problems national in scope, nor in limiting the courts as to their right to declare laws of Congress unconstitutional.

"I do not favor a modification or suspension of the antitrust laws to enable businessmen to get together to agree on labor relations, to agree on control of production or to attempt to fix prices. The antitrust laws do not prohibit conferences on trade practices but they should be clarified to inform businessmen exactly what practices may be discussed and agreements concerning them should be subject to the approval of the Federal Trade Commission.

"I am opposed to the curtailment of production, industrial or agricultural. I believe the farmer who relies on an export market is entitled to some compensation for the higher price level created in this country by the tariff.

"I am in favor of reciprocal trade treaties, but I believe such treaties should be subject to the approval of Congress.

"I do not favor a policy of public power development except where it is purely incidental to flood or navigation control. I am opposed to the expansion of the Tennessee Valley Authority. I am in favor of the regulation of interstate public utilities in the same manner in which the railroads are regulated by the Interstate Commerce Commission."

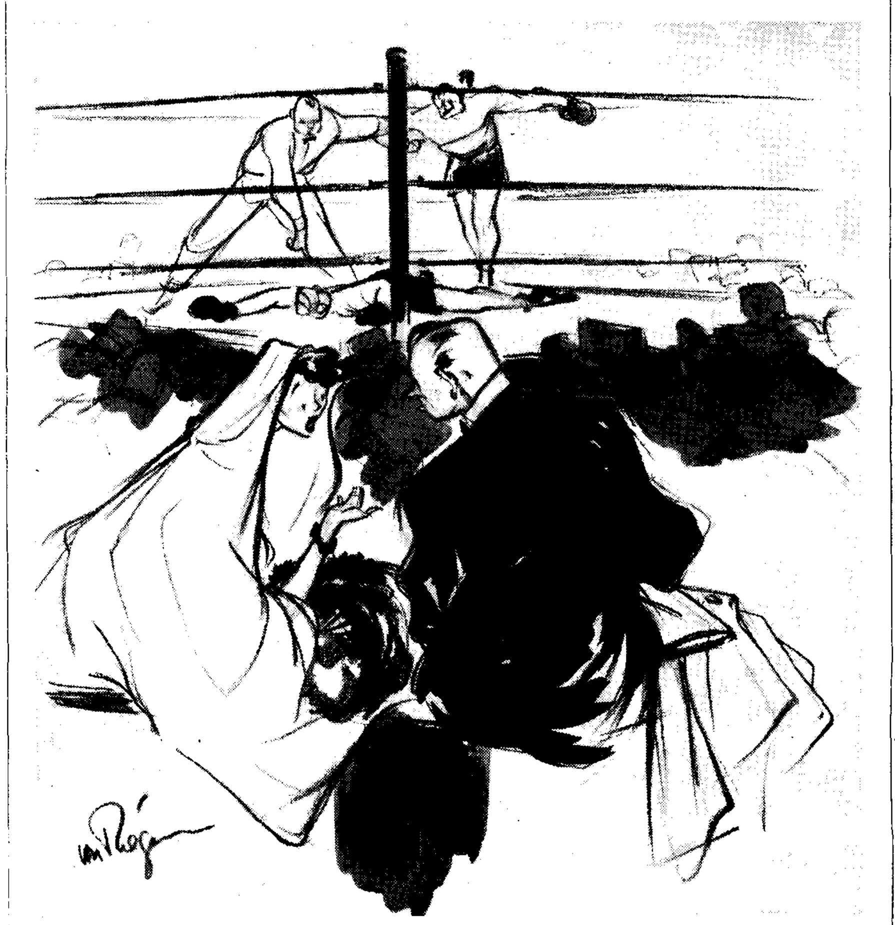
There stood Robert Alphonso Taft in June, 1936. You may take it or leave it. He's still there. He'll be there next year and the year after and from then on.

The pragmatic Mr. Taft is an aristocrat by birth and training. Politics hasn't dictated his associations nor expediency governed his tongue. He says the same things to corporation directors, labor unions, WPA workers and the jobless. When candidate for senator, he was accused of being the candidate of wealth and culture with little understanding and perhaps small sympathy for the lowly. What the people wanted, his opponent cried, was a simple man, a common man, an ordinary man, to represent them in the Senate. He paid no attention. But his wife did.

Said Martha Taft to a congregation of coal miners:

"My husband is not a simple man. He did not start from humble beginnings. My husband is a very brilliant man. He had a fine education at Yale. He has been trained well for his job. Isn't that what you prefer when you pick leaders to work for you?"

Apparently it was.



"I don't think it's fair counting over him. That would put anybody to sleep!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Inside Stuff on a Rugged Character

TAKE this fleetster pictured here, this Buick SUPER.

It has the huskiest frame of any car at the money.

It is longer, bumper to bumper, than any other at its price.

It weighs more at the curb—and there's just no substitute for road weight if you want steadiness.

More than 12,000 separate parts went into it.

And 44 kinds of steel. And 22 types of non-ferrous metals. And 6 kinds of iron.

Some 5,000 split-hair measurements kept its parts "on the money."

Every craftsman who touched *it* helped inspect it, checking his own work and that of the man before him.

They attained precisions that in nine cases had to be true within 5 ten-thousandths of an inch. In six places, between 7 and 10 ten-thousandths. In twenty-two places, within limits of one to two thousandths.

Then: They force-flushed every engine to make sure it was clean of sludge and grit.

They scoured every rear axle housing with live steam — and hermetically sealed it.

They "freshened" every battery with a six-hour charge, they balanced every wheel, tire and tube assembly within four-ounce weight limits. They even tightened nuts and bolts to a scientifically determined proper tension.

Yes, you get a whale of a car in this Buick. A livelier car. A more satisfying car. A more rugged car.

Prices Begin at

$895

for Business Coupe —Sedan prices start at $955—

★ *delivered at Flint, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

You get a bigger and finer car. A car easier to service, with only 31 parts requiring lubrication to 68 in the car of ten years ago.

You get a car 10% heavier than even the Buick of six years back, but a car with 15% more power.

But do you know how little you get it *for?* That's something you should see your Buick dealer about—now!

Below is the Buick SUPER *4-door touring sedan $1109*★

Help Promote Safety—
Dim Your Lights
When Passing
USA 1940
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES
ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM
"Best buy's Buick!"
EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

That man who is laughing at marriage on the opposite page ——> knows that the

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

is the Statler Hotel in New York

MODERN! . . . gay rooms, newly decorated by America's leading designers. Fleet new elevators. Sparkling new Café Rouge and Coffee Shop.

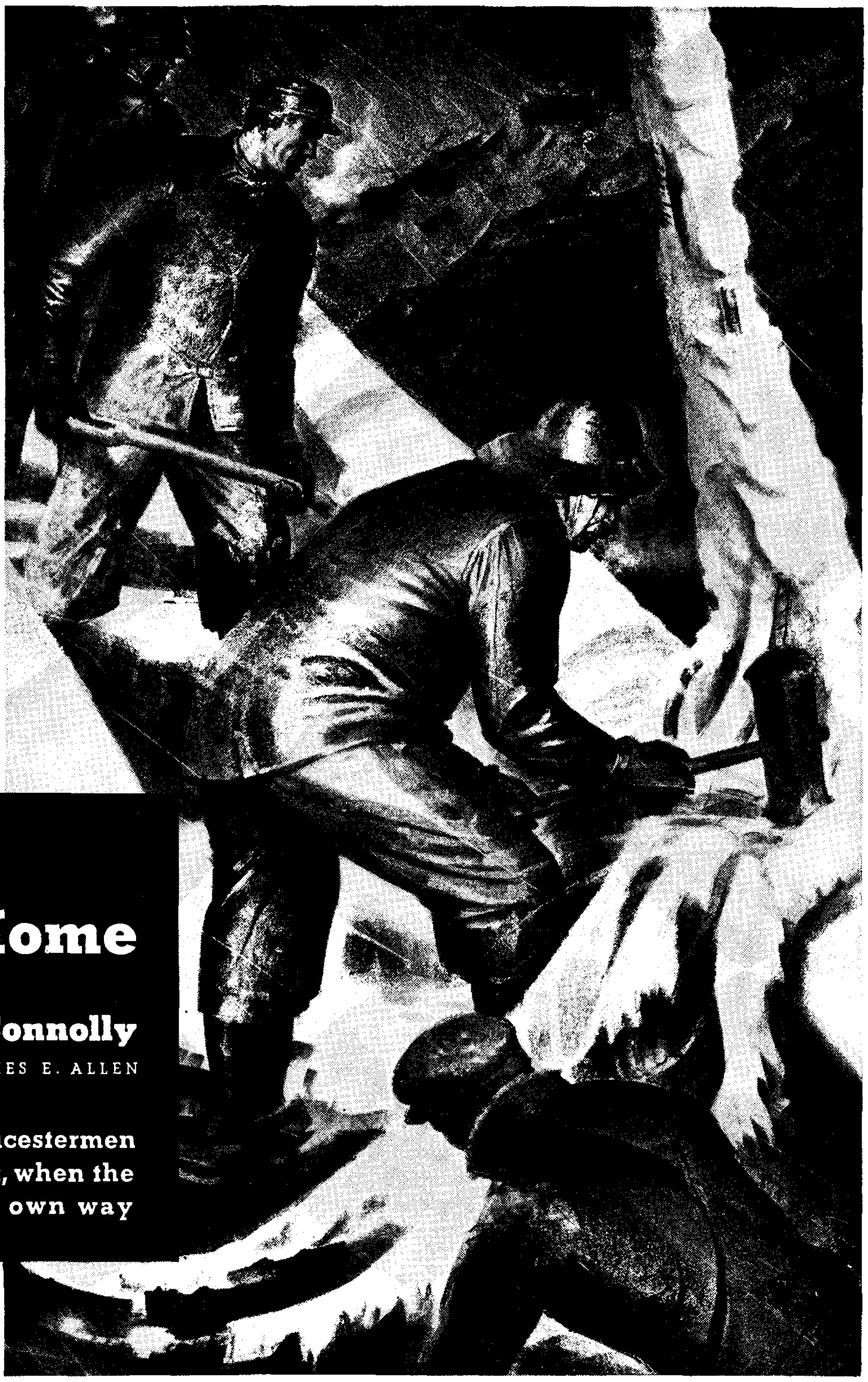
CONVENIENT! . . . time-and-dime-saving, mid-town location. Direct passageway to Pennsylvania Station and subways. Just a stroll to theatres and smart shops.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY! . . . a larger, more luxurious room and bath, with radio. And many up-to-the-minute, *tip-saving* features.

More for your money at
Hotel Pennsylvania
NEW YORK
SEVENTH AVE., 32nd TO 33rd Sts.

DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE!

Men had to be careful on the iced-up deck or after the dories they would go. The crew were turned to on the job of clearing the ice



Men Going Home

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Aye, aye, the Gloucestermen know how to take it, when the sea insists on its own way

THE vessel lay to anchor on the easterly edge of the Grand Banks. The Skipper had been considering one more day of fishing, but they were already four weeks from home, and here was a northerly wind in the making, a fair enough wind to let the vessel lay course to Gloucester.

The Skipper hung his nose up to windward again and ordered the dories lashed inboard, the anchor hove up and sail made.

When sail was made, the Skipper put the vessel on the starboard tack, then turned the wheel over to Roy Gilman, saying: "Awesterly we're going, boy. By the wind and keep her going."

Roy lowered his eyes for a glance at the compass, raised his head for a glance at the luff of the mainsail. That was his job—to note her compass course and hold her nose to it. Between times he was also noting the lift of the vessel's bow, the swash of the white water over her lee rail.

Roy stood to windward of the wheel and held the wheel spokes easily—easily but firmly and surely as a Gloucester helmsman should. It looked to him like the beginning of a perfect passage, a great day to be turning a vessel's stern to the offshore banks and heading her for home. He said so to the Skipper, and added: "In five days now, let this wind hold, and we should be tied up to our wharf in Gloucester, ha, Skipper?"

"And one minute later you'll be headed up the wharf to where the wife is waitin'—is that what you're thinkin'?" said the Skipper.

"That's it, Skipper. How'd you guess it?"

The Skipper only smiled to that.

"In five days," said Roy. "In four days maybe, ha, Skipper?—if this wind would grow into—into half a gale, say."

"Your first winter offshore banks fishing, ain't it?" said the Skipper.

"My first, yes, Skipper."

It was the Skipper's twenty-ninth—or was it his thirtieth winter on the offshore banks? But he said nothing of that to Roy. He did say: "I wouldn't bet on four days, Roy. Nor five. Not this time o' year. We're twelve hundred miles from home."

"Huh!" said Roy. "Give this one a strong fair wind, and twelve hundred miles would slip past her quarter like—like—" Roy couldn't recall at the moment a fittting comparison, so he busted into song:

"Going home, go-ing home,
I am go-o-ing home."

Hector Penny, Roy's watchmate, was leaning against the weather fore-rigging, studying the tossing white patches of water off the vessel's bow and admiring the way the vessel had of sifting past those same white patches.

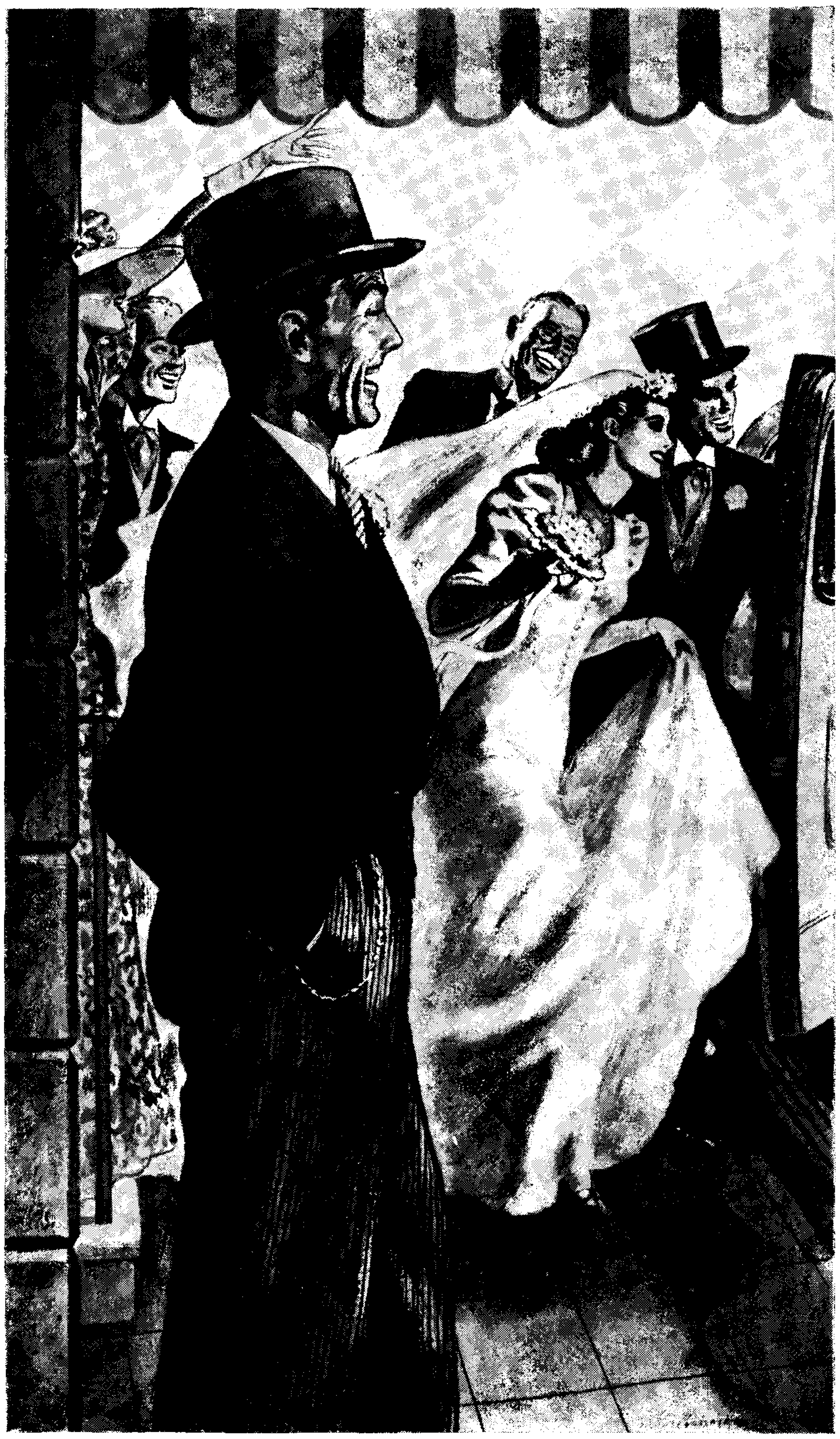
The cook came on deck to trim his galley stovepipe to better advantage. Gloucestermen like to nickname a shipmate. After three days out their nickname for the new cook was Calamity. He had been a sea cook for years before this, but this was his first trip on a Gloucesterman to the winter offshore banks.

Calamity cocked an ear toward the wheel and said: "Where'd Roy pick up that song?"

Hector cocked an ear aft and listened. "Roy ain't so long married," explained Hector. "He got a radio for a weddin' present afore we put out this trip. And acourse he right away tunes in on it, and from out of the radio comes that

(Continued on page 81)

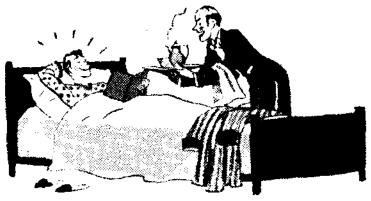
The man who laughed at marriage



"OF COURSE," admitted the confirmed bachelor, "I suppose I'll get married *some* day. But I'm certainly in no hurry!

"For there are lots of things I've grown used to in Statler hotels that I'd never expect to find in a home. For one thing, I don't believe many housewives *can keep a home as spotless as Statler keeps its rooms.*

"Then take beds," he continued, sinking his fist into the deep softness of his Statler rest-provider. "I've been in lots of homes, but I've never found a bed to beat *this* one."



(Statler beds, made to order with special springing, are so downright comfortable that every year hundreds of guests actually ask if they may *buy* them!)

"Then," the man-who-laughed went on, "they talk about the joys of home cooking. But I'll bet I can get more different and delicious home-cooked dishes in a Statler than in almost any home you could name."

(The unique new Statler Research Kitchens comb the country for the best *home-kitchen* recipes to add delight to Statler menus.)

"Finally," concluded he-who-laughed, "when I want quiet, I can have it, at a Statler. And when I want entertainment, it's there too—dining and dancing to the country's best bands."

More for your money at a Statler

Deep, inner-spring mattresses, and unusually fine food are but two of the extra values that Statler hotels offer you. Add to these the *greater comfort of spacious* rooms, scientific Certified Lighting, meticulous cleanliness, superlative Statler service, and many another Statler innovation—and you get, at Statlers, what we confidently believe is the greatest hotel value in America.

STATLER OPERATED
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA $3.50
NEW YORK
HOTEL WILLIAM PENN $3.50
PITTSBURGH

More for your money at a
Statler Hotel

HOTELS STATLER IN

BOSTON	$3.50
BUFFALO	$3.00
CLEVELAND . .	$3.00
DETROIT	$3.00
ST. LOUIS	$2.50

Don't miss opposite page!

Night Watch

Continued from page 25

Henry buttoned his coat. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I haven't met him yet," Marsha snapped.

"There's still a lot of country in this country," Henry said. "Goodby."

They shook hands solemnly.

"Goodby," Marsha said huskily.

Henry went out. As the door closed on him Marsha burst into tears. . . .

HENRY walked all the way to the radio station, getting drenched in the process. Up until tonight, he had never felt blue in his life. His heart was broken and his stomach empty.

He turned into the hamburger joint next door to the station from which, at intervals during the night, he was accustomed to send for sandwiches and coffee. Joe, the counterman, came over with utensils and a greasy glass of tepid water.

"You're early tonight," he remarked. "Didn't you have no supper?"

"No," Henry said. "Give me a hamburger with everything, a bowl of chile and some coffee."

Henry ate the hamburger and chile methodically and drank the coffee. He was telling himself that he had to tighten up on account of the program. He had to be bright and cheery for his public. None of those taxi drivers must ever suspect that his emotional life was ended.

He wiped his mouth on a paper napkin, rose and flipped Joe a quarter.

"I'll be listening for you," Joe said.

"Thanks," Henry replied, brightening a little.

He started out, slowed up, paused by the cash register.

"Have you ever been married, Joe?" he asked.

"Sure," Joe said. "Twice."

"How is it?"

"It's a racket. For the ones that are in on the racket, it's okay."

"Who's in on the racket?"

"Dames," Joe said.

Entering the portals of Station ROA, Henry met the owner, J. B. Ross, on the way out.

"Good evening, J. B.," he said, with false enthusiasm.

"Urr," J. B. grunted, and went on into the rain.

HENRY continued, more depressed than ever. J. B.'s opinion of the night-owl program was well known. He made a point of never listening to it, even when he was out of reading matter and his wife wasn't talking to him.

At the end of the hallway, in the door of studio "C," Ken Walker, the station's program manager and chief announcer, was waiting for him.

"Hi, Ken," Henry said, and stopped.

"Greetings," Ken said.

"Kind of wet out tonight."

"Yeah."

Henry stared at Ken suspiciously. "What about my new records?"

"J. B. won't buy 'em," Ken said. "He claims you've got enough now."

"How am I going to answer the requests if I haven't got the records?"

"I don't know."

"That guy doesn't know which side his bread is buttered on," Henry said bitterly. "I'll be losing my sponsors without records."

"You'd better not, guy," Ken said somberly.

Henry walked on into the studio. Ken followed him uneasily. Henry sat down and glared at the floor.

"This has been a swell night for me," he said. "A little while ago I lost my girl. Now I don't get any more records!"

"You still got your health," Ken reminded him, and went out. Henry looked gloomily around the room. The walls were lined with shelves holding six thousand records. There was a table with a mike on it, from which he did his broadcasting. Behind the table was the phonograph apparatus, with a pile of records lying ready. Near at hand was a desk and a typewriter, upon which he compiled lists of back requests and jokes he wanted to remember. Neatly arranged on his table were the sheets of plugs from his sponsors. On the rear wall was the big synchronized electric clock.

Henry got glumly up and went down to see Alice, the girl who did the night trick on the switchboard and handled the teletype machine. At the moment, Alice was applying lipstick.

"Hello, toots," she said. "What's new?"

"It's raining," Henry replied. "But don't tell anybody."

Alice handed him the list of requests that had already come in. Automatically Henry leafed through them, seeing if there were any numbers he didn't have.

"This big damp is no joke," Alice said. "I got a friend on the switchboard over at the Morning Herald. She gives me the dope every once in a while. They expect bad floods in a few hours."

AT 12:01 Henry went on the air. Seated at the table, bent over the microphone, he caught the engineer's signal, decorated his lips with a ghastly smile and launched right into it.

"A good, *good* evening to you, friends," he chanted. "This is Henry Hale, your old night owl, carrying the torch again till morning. ROA, some records, some bum jokes, Hale—and we'll make a night of it. So rally around, children, and I'll whip up a batch of music. This is an all-request program, and if you yearn for a certain tune, speak up. Call Tucker 5278 and say your piece—and if we've got it, we'll air it. . . . And now here's our theme—Midnight in a Madhouse."

Dexterously he spun around and started the turntable. His theme song went winging out into the rainy night.

For a while Henry was quite happy, his troubles forgotten. Despite the fact that his heart wasn't in it, he couldn't help being Henry, glad to be in the silent room, chatting fluently and effortlessly about everything that interested him, and in between times hustling records. Alice came up with a fresh bunch of requests, and Henry thanked seventeen sleepless humans over the air and went racing through his files.

At 12:07 he knifed in a quick plug for one of his sponsors, the Ginsberg Fur Company.

"Fur too much for your money," he said into the mike. "That's the motto of the Ginsberg Fur Company. Everything from rabbit to mink, and each animal just one jump ahead of wholesale. Note to blondes: get some wolf to buy you a lambskin jacket from Ginsberg. Ouch!"

But suddenly he was unhappy again. Ginsberg reminded him of Marsha. He had intended eventually to buy her a fur coat from Ginsberg's. Now—now it didn't matter.

From then on things went all to pot. At 12:13 he mentioned the Daffodil Super Market, famous for its meats. Mrs. Morgan bought her meat there. Probably Marsha would have too, if they'd ever gotten married.

He played several torch songs in a row, and they started to get him. At intervals he remembered the record situa-

I CAN'T BEAT WORMS BY MYSELF!

I'd like to catch the guy who spreads the story that a dog can worm himself with grass and gravel. I've had worms more than once (like most dogs) but it took the Boss to pull me through. He looked up my symptoms in the Sergeant's DOG BOOK — and the worms were doomed!

First time Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES did the job. (I was six weeks old.) After I grew up it was SURE-SHOT CAPSULES — they worked like magic. I don't know whether the Boss or the BOOK helps me most! You can't have my Boss, but you can get the BOOK *free* at drug or pet stores — or with this coupon.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 2-D, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name
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City State

Drive with greater EASE and SAFETY..

HAVE A
NoRoL
PUT ON YOUR CAR

Avoid danger of unintentional back-roll of your car on up-hill stops

Avoid the nervous strain you experience when you try to hold down the brake pedal and accelerate your car at the same time . . . You can eliminate the problem by having your dealer put a NoRoL on your car.

A NoRoL is inexpensive, and is easily installed. Built for years of service. Does not interfere with the operation of brake pedal, clutch pedal or accelerator. It holds car on up-hill stops, and also helps quick getaway when you are on an up-hill street and the traffic signal turns green.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Driver brings car to a stop and depresses the clutch and brake pedals as he normally does. NoRoL holds the brakes applied as long as clutch pedal is depressed--just as though the driver were actually pushing down on the brake pedal. When ready to go, the driver steps on the accelerator, and lets out the clutch pedal which automatically releases the NoRoL.

When ordering a new car, specify that it come complete with a NoRoL . . . Also available for many 1937, 1938 and 1939 makes of cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

Many Models Only $12.00 Installed
SEE YOUR CAR DEALER--or write us

N 40-9 C

Wagner Electric Corporation
(Manufacturers of Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes)
6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Send FREE CIRCULAR and details on NoRoL
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Make And Model Of My Car Is

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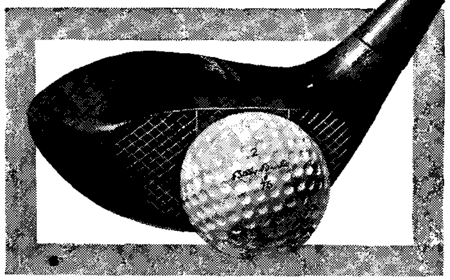
From Minneapolis to Miami . . . from Bangor to Berkeley . . . the BURKE "Golfman" has stood for GOOD equipment for decades. We don't guarantee to lower your scores or increase the length of your drives, but we do say that BURKE can bring out your "best," make you proud of your golf. BURKE Clubs are precision-built, true to the Golfman ideal—"sweeter" clubs you'll never find. For golfing value—look over the BURKE line of Clubs, Bags, Balls, at your pro's or dealer's. *Write for free folder.*

THE BURKE GOLF CO., NEWARK, OHIO



AT EASE... EVEN IN THE RAIN
Thanks to This Handsome ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT

GALECLOTH
by Alligator
$15.75

Style in the Rain with utmost protection . . . when you're wearing an Alligator raincoat. Waterproof and water repellent fabrics . . . each dependable, each tried and true . . . the best you can buy. Choice of many styles $5.75 to $26.50

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ALLIGATOR
RAINCOATS and GALECOATS
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

tion and anger mingled with his sorrow.

At 12:19 Henry spoke morosely on the merits of the McClatchy Furniture Company.

"If you're going to get married," he said, "and I think you'd better—feather your nest at McClatchy's. Even if you're not going to get married, buy some furniture at McClatchy's. Nothing comes in handier than a chair when you want to sit down. Slump on a McClatchy sofa, loll on a McClatchy lounge, droop on a McClatchy day bed. It's cheaper!"

And so it went. Giant-Power Gasoline reminded him that Marsha liked driving. The Bluebird Liquor Stores recalled to him that he could buy forgetfulness if he wanted. A short address on the advantages of Berkeley Brothers' Funeral Home broke his spirit completely.

At 12:39 he interrupted the program to play Melancholy Baby.

"This is for a girl," he announced, "who will never hear a certain voice again."

Alice came up with a fresh handful of requests and Henry took her to one side.

"Alice," he said, "do you think anybody is really listening to this program?"

"A few suckers," Alice replied. "You don't think the telephone company is piped into the hereafter, do you?"

"No, but sometimes I wonder."

"Well, quit wondering!" Alice told him.

She looked back at him nervously as she left.

Madness seized Henry at 12:43. He put I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You on the turntable.

"This number," he announced, "is dedicated to the owner of this station, Mr. J. B. Ross."

One o'clock arrived on leaden wings. Henry banged a gong and gave the time signal. Deftly he slipped in the Ginsberg Fur Company, but his voice lacked conviction. He stopped the plug practically in the middle and put on a Victor Herbert record.

Alice came in the room and motioned excitedly for him to get out of microphone range.

"I just got a call from my friend on the Morning Herald," she said. "There's a Continental Airlines Skysleeper circling above the West End Airport right now with thirty-four people on board and it can't land! They're almost out of gas!"

"Why can't it land?" Henry asked.

"Because the power lines are down that lead to the field. They have no lights. The plane hasn't got enough gas to go on to the next field."

"Gee," Henry said, "that's a good item! I'll put it on the air . . ." He broke off, staring at Alice. "They need lights, you say?"

"Yeah."

A PRICKLY sensation crossed Henry's shoulders. He stared very hard at the clock, concentrating painfully. Something quite bright in the back of his mind was just barely eluding him. . . . Suddenly it came, like all good ideas, with a rush. He swallowed hard.

"Is there a line open to the field?" he said, a new note of urgency in his voice.

"I don't know," Alice replied. "Shall I find out?"

"Find out," Henry said quickly. "If there is, ask 'em if a lot of automobile headlights would help them. Get on the horse!" As Alice headed out, he called after her: "Ask 'em what roads are open. We'll go on the air for cars if they want them!"

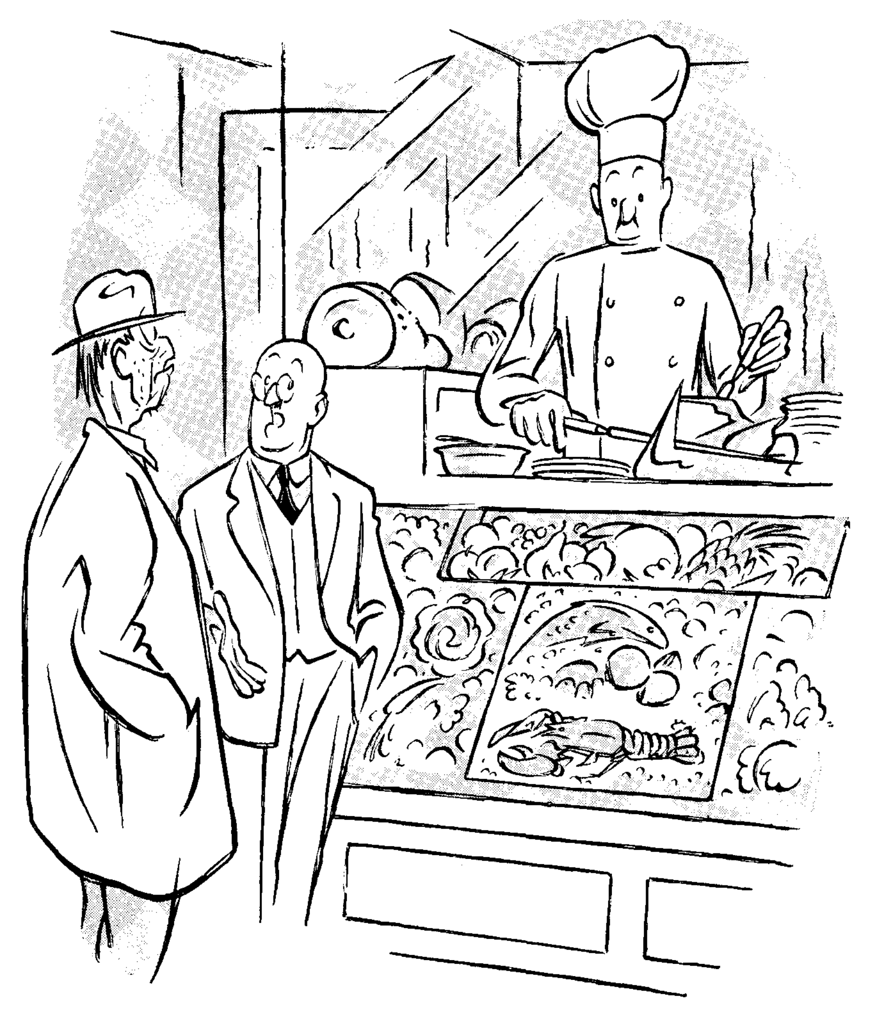
He put another record on the turntable without an announcement. It was Singing in the Rain.

Alice came galloping in.

"I got 'em," she panted. "They want the cars. Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth streets and Victory Boulevard are open."

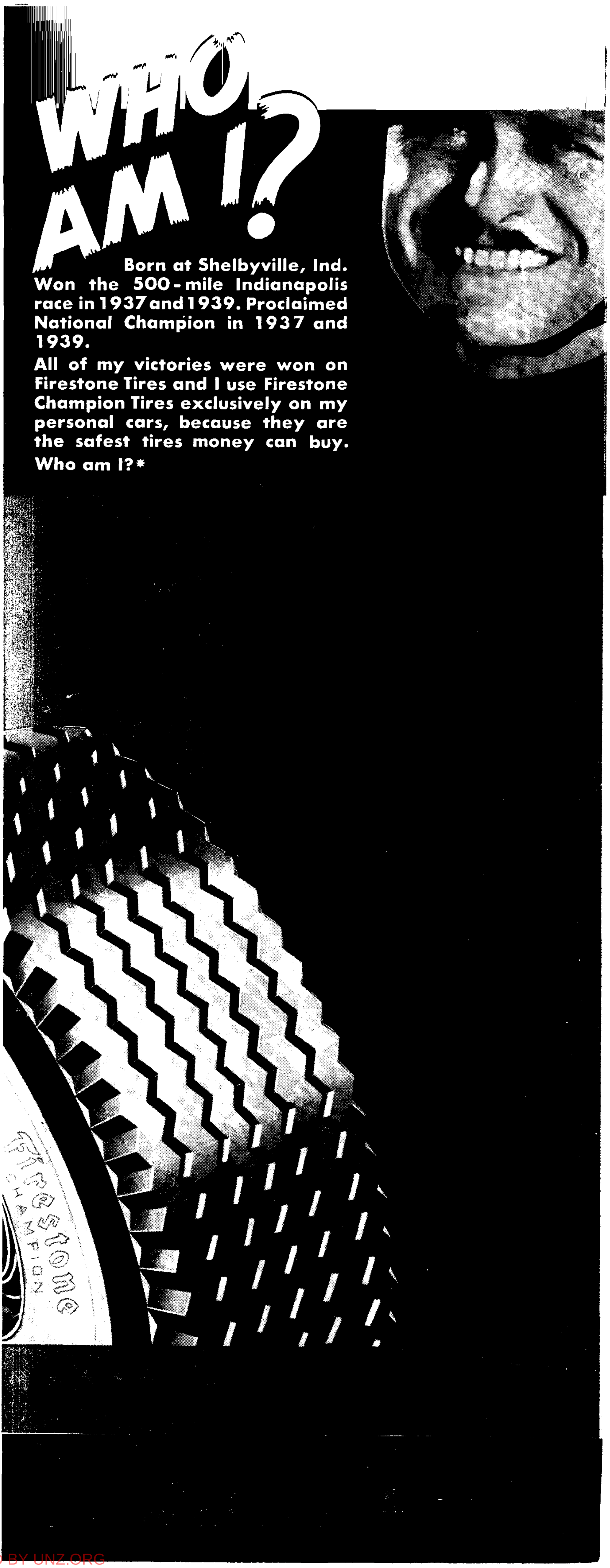
Henry turned off the record and dropped in front of the mike, gripping it with both hands.

"Ladies and gentlemen and night owls," he said, "I interrupt this program to bring news of great importance. At



"We'll pay you fifty cents an hour. Just stand here and drool"

GEORGE PRICE



Born at Shelbyville, Ind. Won the 500-mile Indianapolis race in 1937 and 1939. Proclaimed National Champion in 1937 and 1939.

All of my victories were won on Firestone Tires and I use Firestone Champion Tires exclusively on my personal cars, because they are the safest tires money can buy. Who am I?*

The Happy Home Life
of a Bachelor

PET JOB #1: Sewing on shirt buttons, complete with needle-threading and finger-piercing . . . What? Arrow Shirts have buttons *anchored* by a patented button-stay? I'll take a dozen!

PET JOB #2: Lashing the laundryman for shirt-shrinking . . . You say it isn't his fault? Arrow Shirts won't shrink even 1%? Well, dish some Sanforized-Shrunk Arrows my way!

PET JOB #3: Tossing out shirts because the collars fray. Arrow collars not only are the handsomest made, but also long-wearing . . . For example, the non-wilt collar on Arrow's *Dart* shirt! Dart is a fine broadcloth, $2.25.

YOU'LL LOOK SO GOOD in Arrows, warding off eligible ladies won't be easy. Arrows have the tops in tailoring, are *Mitoga-cut* for trim body fit. Try Arrow *Trump*, a fine broadcloth with a miracle soft collar. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

this very moment there is a big air liner with thirty-four people aboard circling the West End Airport, unable to land because power lines are down and the field has no lights. The plane's gas is almost exhausted. The headlights of your own automobile may be able to save the lives of thirty-four men and women. Get in your cars and go out to the field! Ring in with your headlights! Save the plane! Call your neighbors and get them out. Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth streets are still open, and Victory Boulevard. Follow only those streets! Get to the West End Airport! Everybody!"

Henry looked up, out of breath. Alice was watching him, fascinated.

"Get back to the board!" Henry said. "Call the airport. Tell 'em the cars are on the way—I hope."

He resumed at the mike, repeating his plea again and again. Alice returned to the studio, reporting that the field said the cars must hurry. Henry urged the cars—those forlorn, desperate, invisible cars that might not exist at all—to hurry, hurry.

Finally, hoarse and sweating, he ran down to the switchboard. But now the telephone line was out. Alice could no longer get the field. She called the Morning Herald. They had no information.

Henry went on the air again, calling monotonously for cars and more cars. At two o'clock he stopped, knowing he had done all he could. He put a big record on the turntable without announcement. It was agony, waiting. Alice remained at the switchboard. No more requests came in.

Ten minutes past two. Henry knew he was a flop. Some word would have come by now. The night owl had hooted in vain. Mechanically he changed records.

Alice entered to say the board was dead. At the same moment the lights in the studio went out.

HENRY sat in the dark for a while, too dispirited to move. Alice remained with him, afraid to leave.

Then a lantern bobbed into the room. It was the studio engineer.

"Power's gone," he said. "Hell of a night, ain't it?"

He sat down beside them. They all watched the lantern wistfully.

A flashlight splashed its light down the hall and Ken walked in. He wore mud-encrusted pajamas and a raincoat.

"You're a hero, Henry," he said. "You and Alice. They landed the plane all right. I never saw so many cars in my life!"

Emotions had ceased in Henry. He felt neither surprise nor jubilation. For the first time in three hundred nights he felt rather drowsy.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"I was listening," Ken told him. "I couldn't sleep. Greatest thing I ever heard on the radio."

He walked wearily to the mike table and plumped down on it. Somebody stumbled in the hall and swore. Then J. B. appeared and paused reverently in the doorway. He had on pajamas, a dressing gown and an overcoat, all splattered with mud.

"Damnedest thing I ever saw in my life," he said. "Here's where we get an airline account. Absolutely the greatest thing that ever happened to ROA. You can have your Gallup poll! Ten thousand cars or I'm nuts. All the taxicabs in the world. Trucks, motorcycles, fire wagons. A whole town in its bedclothes!"

"How did *he* find out?" Henry asked coldly.

"I called him," Ken explained.

J. B. sat down on the floor, found a cigar in his overcoat pocket, squeezed the water out of it, and lit it.

"Now I know what's the matter with ROA," he said. "They listen to the other stations in the daytime and stay up all night to listen to us!"

"And so I can't get a raise," Henry said.

"Who said you can't?" J. B. demanded indignantly. "You are hereby raised to a hundred bucks a week and put on the regular shift!"

THE lights suddenly came on. And Marsha came in. She had on flannel pajamas and a raincoat, and she too was splashed with mud.

Henry found himself holding her in his arms and getting his shirt front wet.

"Henry, I heard the Melancholy Baby record," she said, "and it made me cry. . . ."

"I'm going to get a hundred dollars a week and work the regular shift," Henry said rapidly. "It's all right now, honey—"

"I'll get some *dark* dark glasses and make it night all the time, Henry. . . . I don't care—"

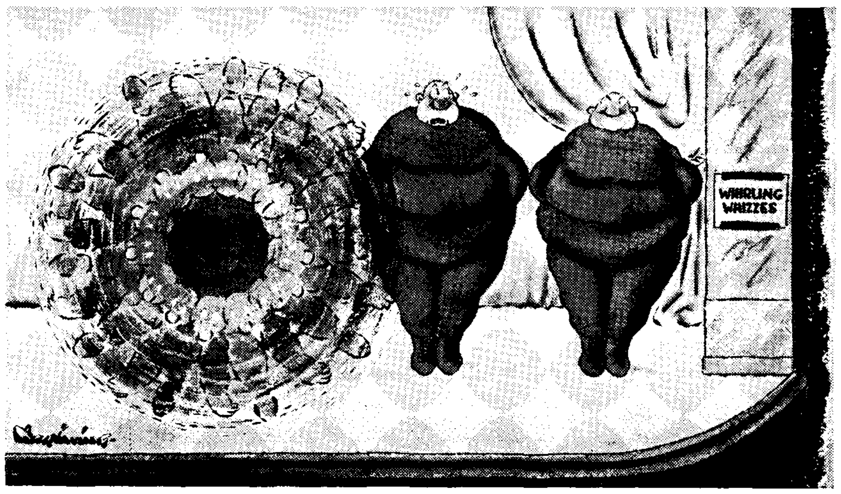
"Hey," the engineer said, "I think that mike is live."

Like an old fire horse, Henry wheeled precisely and went over to the microphone. He huddled over it happily, the same dreadful smile coming on his lips.

"This is your night-owler, folks," he announced, "and happy to announce that the air liner has been saved—*by you* and the all-request program. Phone in and get your favorite number played—*if* your phone works. Incidentally, your dollar will go fur with the Ginsberg Fur Company. From a skunk on up, Ginsberg has it for less. And now we're going to hear a little recorded rhythm. . . ."

He reached for the first record at hand, slapped it on the turntable, and started it playing.

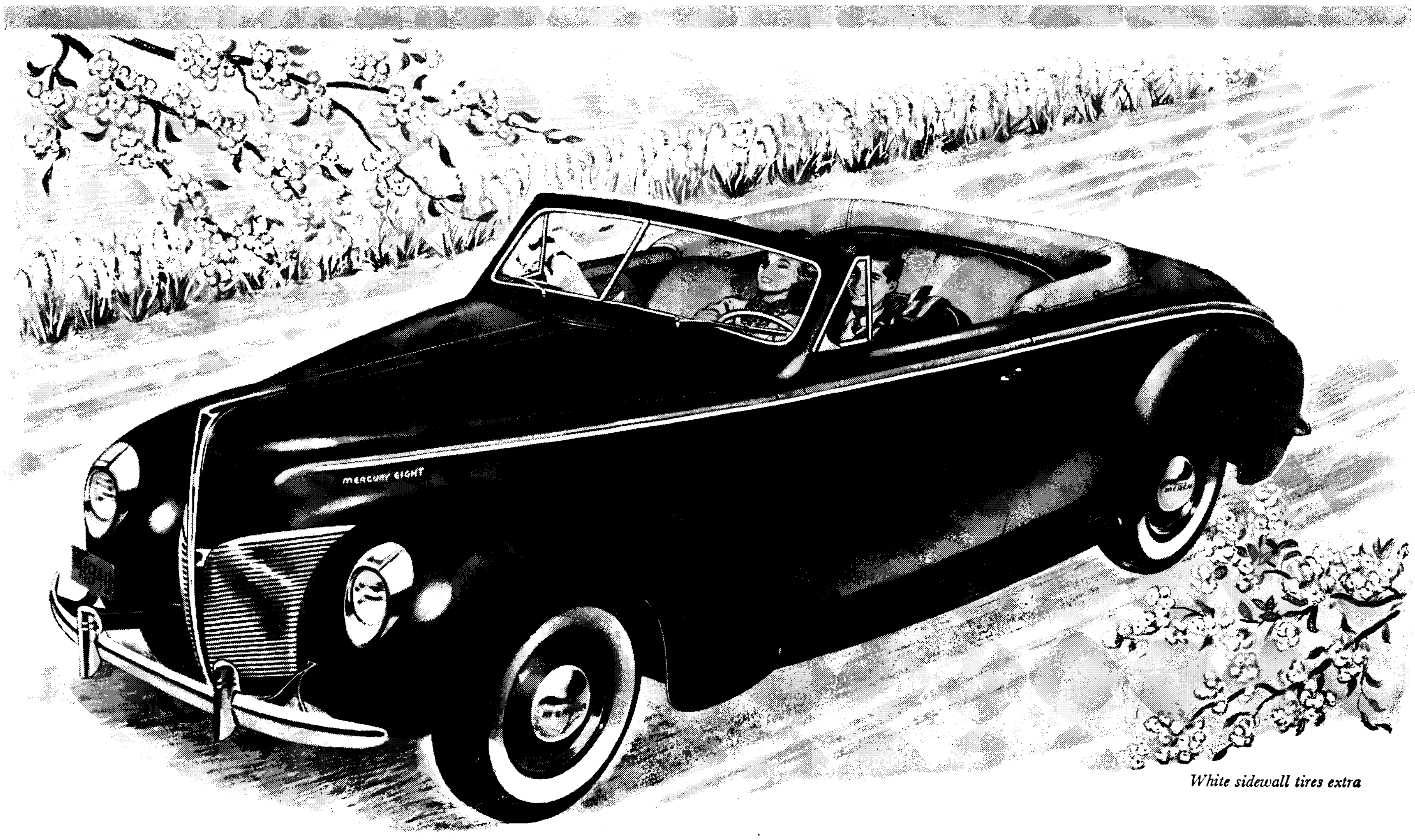
It was Singing in the Rain again.



"I'm in a cold sweat till he gets through. It's all I can do to keep from stickin' out my foot!"

JAY IRVING

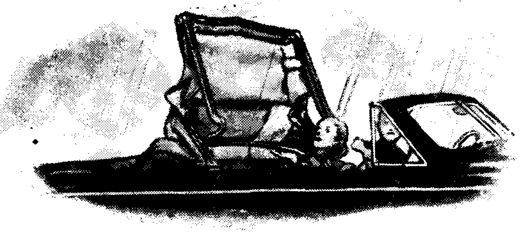
DOWN THE ROAD TO *Spring!*



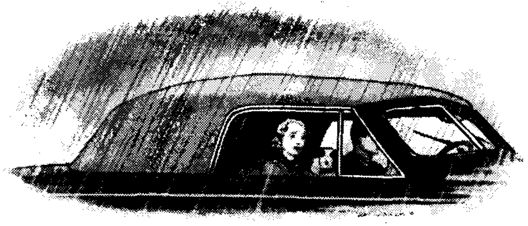
White sidewall tires extra

MERCURY CLUB CONVERTIBLE

A FLASH OF COLOR headed for high adventure. A silent car to carry two through soft, moon-shadowed night. Greeting to Spring—in a long, low car with the top down! A clean-lined car, as eager and fleet as youth itself—for people young in spirit. . . . It's a long way from the old-time open cars to this smoothly streamlined Mercury Club Convertible. Snug top operates automatically—folds down out of sight or closes tightly against the weather. Front seat is regular sedan-width, generously planned for three big people. The rear seat brings guests in under cover. The smooth rear deck conceals a roomy luggage compartment. Solidly braced, the five-passenger Mercury Club Convertible body is as practical and convenient in service as it is distinctive in appearance.



The Engine Does It All. Touch a knob on the Mercury instrument panel—and the top goes up or down automatically—easily, smoothly, surely. This automatic action increases the usefulness of the top, makes the Mercury Club Convertible a thoroughly practical car to own.



A Roof for Five. Top covers front and rear seats—room for five in comfort—*inside*. Upholstery in Saddle Brown or Antique Finish Red leather. Top in tan or black with red piping. Modern instrument panel and interior fittings in blue-and-silver tones. Eight beautiful body colors.

• • •

FAR AHEAD of its first-year popularity records, the 1940 Mercury 8 continues to win the confidence of experienced motorists. In size, in roominess, in power, in comfort and luxury, the Mercury is everything a big, fine car should be . . . with one important addition: extraordinary ECONOMY of operation. (Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon of gas!) Have you seen the five distinguished body types? Arrange for a personal try-out—the Mercury has a way on the road that speaks volumes.

Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers

Mercury 8

Three Smart Girls . . .

and why they ride the
UNION PACIFIC
Challengers
between Chicago and California

Why? Because they wish to travel economically but comfortably. Because the low rail fare and berth charges are easy on vacation money. Because they like the cheerful atmosphere of the smart Lounge Car, provided for Challenger Sleeping Car passengers. And—to top it off—three tempting meals in the attractive Dining Car cost *a total of only 90¢ a day.*

• • •

The Challenger also features deep-cushioned reclining chair seats for Coach passengers. Registered Nurse-Stewardess service is available to all passengers, without charge.

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

The Progressive
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ROAD OF THE STREAMLINERS AND CHALLENGERS

UNION PACIFIC SERVES
California-Boulder Dam
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Sun Valley, Idaho
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Dude Ranches
Colorado Rockies
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Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.
Please send information about service to Los Angeles ☐ to San Francisco ☐ or to
(other Western points)
Name
Street Address
City State

Appointment in India

Continued from page 19

Virginia resisted—but not for long. Fred had flung his right arm around her in a crushing grip, was leading her across the compound toward the lopsided, one-roomed hut that served as headquarters for the watchman.

"Where are you going?" she gasped, when she decided that it was useless to dispute superior strength. "That's the chokidar's lodge."

"It *was,*" Fred admitted. He said no more until he had pushed the girl into the hut and closed the door.

THE girl looked about her in panic. The watchman's lantern was standing on the floor in a corner, still burning. The tiny room was foul with the hot smell of kerosene and the reek of rancid ghee. The watchman's belongings, most of them, were still there—a coconut-shell hookah, a string-frame bed, some earthenware pots and brass utensils, a small stove. . . .

"Where's the chokidar?" Virginia demanded.

"He's left on an extended leave of absence."

"Fred, what have you done to him?"

"Nothing."

"The chokidar wouldn't leave like this, without—"

"Wouldn't he?" Fred grinned. "Two hundred rupees isn't very many pounds or dollars—but it's six months' pay for the chokidar. He's gone off to his village for a little holiday."

"Fred, what—?"

"Listen to me. I'm going to stay in this lodge tonight, tomorrow and perhaps tomorrow night. I'll be here at least until dark tomorrow, so I'll need a few provisions. As soon as you can do it without being seen, I want you to bring me anything you can find in the kitchen . . . bread, some cold cuts perhaps, a chatty of water, a bottle of your brother's best Scotch whisky if you can lay your hands on it surreptitiously."

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"You'll have to, Virginia. I'm in a jam."

"It's none of my doing."

"But it's going to be your undoing—unless you help me."

"What rot!"

"Rot for you, maybe, but not for me. Fred Oaks has no intention of rotting in jail."

"I thought you had everything arranged with Ganeshi Lal—so they couldn't hold you."

"There's been a slip-up. They want me for murder, now."

"Murder? How ghastly! Who—?"

"A lady who arrived in Shakkarpur this evening: Lucy Steel."

"*You* killed her, Fred?"

"No, but somebody did—in my room."

Virginia's lips moved, but she did not reply. She looked at Fred blankly, as if stunned. Then her long lashes fanned downward over her blue eyes and her young shoulders stiffened.

"So you think I'm going to shield you, do you? You think I'm going to hide a . . . a fugitive from justice?"

"Certainly," Fred replied. "You can't help yourself." Fred grinned. "You're an accomplice."

"I'm nothing of the kind!"

"You're an accomplice all right, even if you don't know it. Those wheel chairs I ordered for you . . . for Dr. Forsythe's clinic . . . they're arriving tomorrow on the Mail from Madras."

"Well?"

"Only they're not wheel chairs. They're rifles. And they're addressed to you."

Virginia blanched. She stepped back as though she had been struck. Her voice was scarcely more than a whisper as she finally said:

"Why have you done this to me, Fred? Why have you . . . destroyed . . ." She stopped.

"Don't say I've destroyed your faith. I've never given you any reason to have faith in me. I've told you frankly that I'm nothing but a scoundrel."

"That's just it! You have been so frank, so open, that I couldn't believe you're completely bad. I do like you, Fred. Or I did . . . until just now. But if you think that because you've involved me you can force me to shield you . . ."

"I THINK it would be showing excellent judgment on your part."

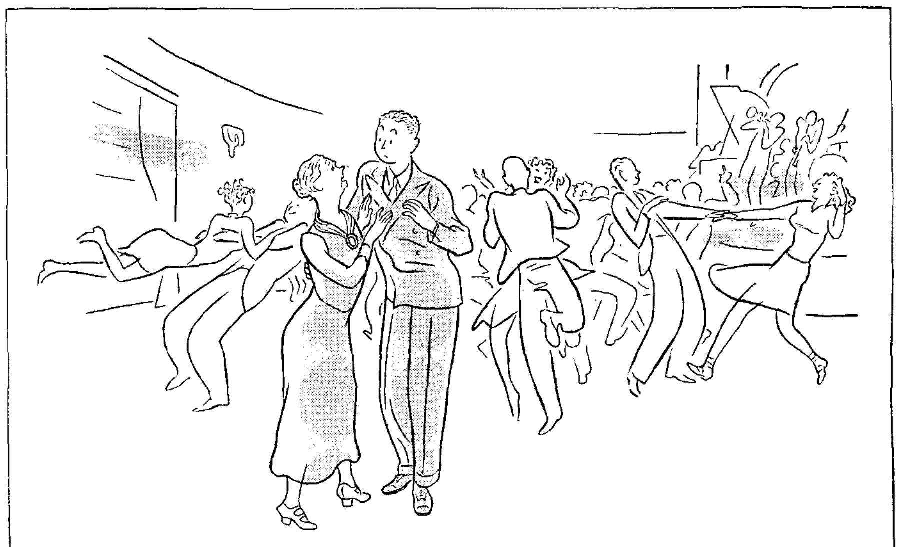
"You don't know me, Fred." The girl's eyes flashed a challenge. Her chin tilted in what she meant to be defiance. It was not a convincing gesture. She herself must have felt it was not convincing, because she added boldly: "I'm not afraid—of you—of consequences—of anyone!"

"There are those rifles . . . addressed to you."

"I'll tell the truth about them!"

"Nobody will believe you, I'm afraid." Fred sighed, but there was no sadness in it. "You've been going around with me more than your brother approves of, and you've done a good many nonconformist things such as consorting with Hindus and other subject races, so that your fellow countrymen here will be only too glad to believe the worst of you."

"You . . . you . . . !" The girl came at



"I'm afraid I'll be a dull partner, young man. I do only the shag"

NED HILTON

LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

Some interesting facts about a famous "best seller"...

IT IS NO EXAGGERATION to refer to a life insurance policy as a "best seller." For today, in America, more than 64 million people own at least one, if not more.

Yet we venture to say that relatively few policyholders have ever taken the time to read their policies, word for word, from beginning to end.

Have *you?* If you have not, we urge you to do so, at once. The time it takes to read your policy could not be better spent, for it contains provisions of the utmost importance to you and to those for whose benefit you own insurance.

For example, let us consider four important provisions in a Metropolitan Life Insurance policy. All of them are required by law in most states. Their importance to you will be immediately apparent.

1. "Grace Period." Human nature being what it is, it is to be expected that some policyholders may occasionally be a few days late in paying their premiums.

To take care of such situations, your policy, in accordance with the law, provides a grace period. This means that even if the premium has not been paid on the date due, the policy will be continued in force for from 28 to 31 days without penalty to the policyholder. If the policyholder should die within this period, the unpaid premium is deducted from the amount payable to his beneficiary.

2. "Misstatement of Age." Suppose an applicant for life insurance misstates his age—either knowingly or unknowingly—and the error later comes to light. Obviously, the difference between his *stated* age and his *correct* age has a bearing on the amount of insurance to which he is entitled for the premium he is paying. In other words, the company is obligated for the proper amount of insurance for the premium paid—more, if the age has been *over*-stated . . . less, if it has been *under*-stated.

3. "Incontestability." Another provision in the policy states that the policy shall be "incontestable" after a period of 1 to 2 years. What does this mean?

It means that, in most states, the company is allowed a limited period in which to verify the information contained in the policyholder's application, and to contest the policy if that information is found to be untrue. Obviously, the company should be allowed a reasonable length of time to do this.

But, once this limited period has elapsed, the company cannot seek to void the policy because of incorrect statements the policyholder may have made in his application.

4. "Policy Constitutes Entire Contract." When two people sign a contract, both of them want to be sure that every provision and condition affecting their agreement has been set down clearly, "in black and white," in the document itself. They wish to avoid the possibility of either party, at some later date, attempting to introduce new and different conditions into the agreement—conditions which were not originally a part of the document itself.

So a life insurance policy, like any other contract, must be complete in itself. In other words, the policy you receive contains *all* the promises made to you by the company, and *all* the conditions with which you, as the policyholder, must comply. No conditions or agreements which are not part of the document can be considered binding on either party.

As we have said, these are only four of the provisions contained in your policy. The others are of equal importance to you. And so we repeat . . . the time it takes to read your policy from beginning to end could not be better spent.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 24 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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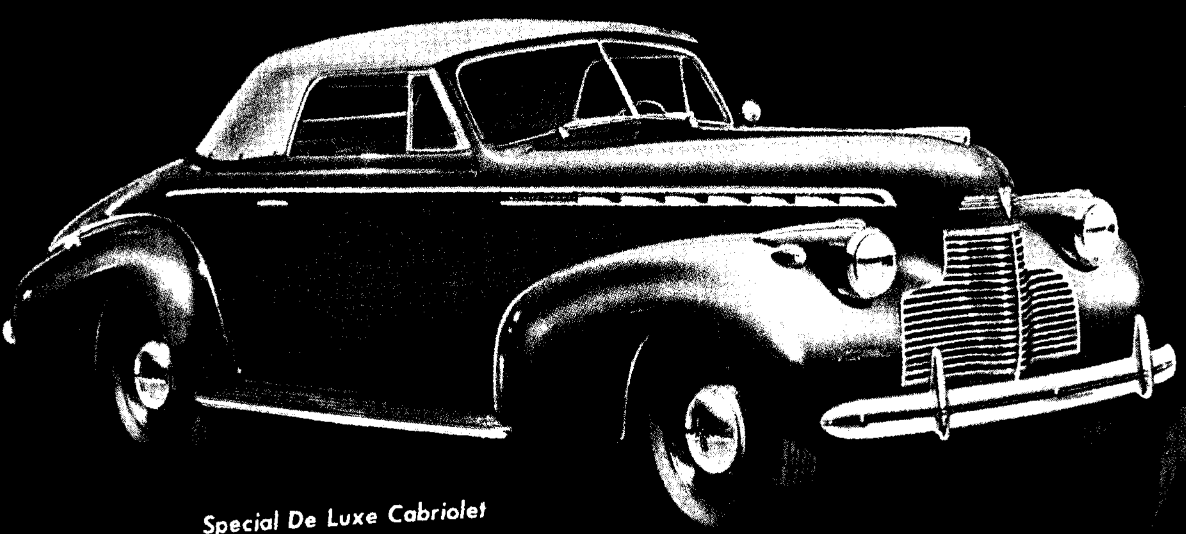

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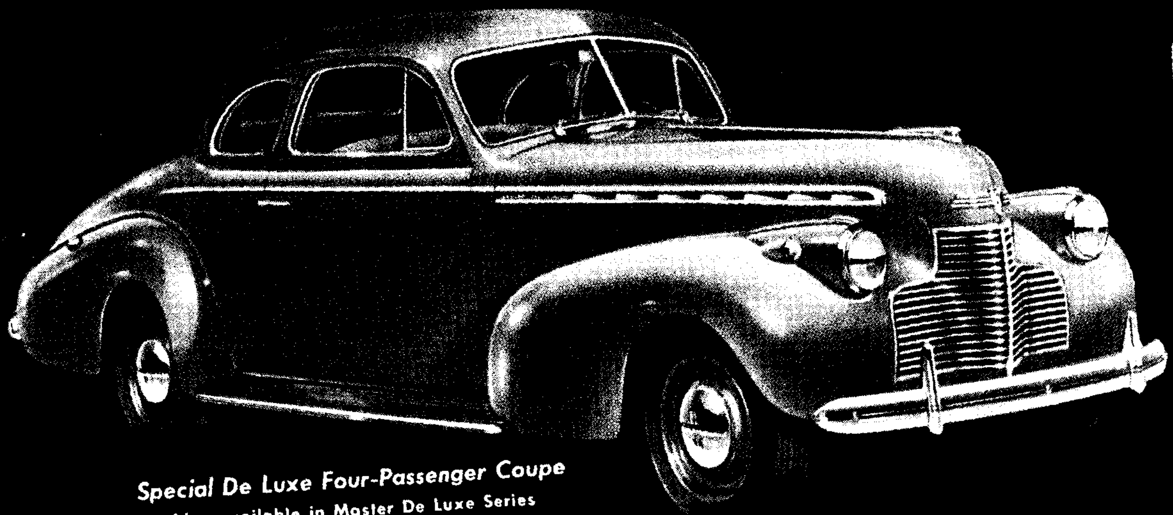

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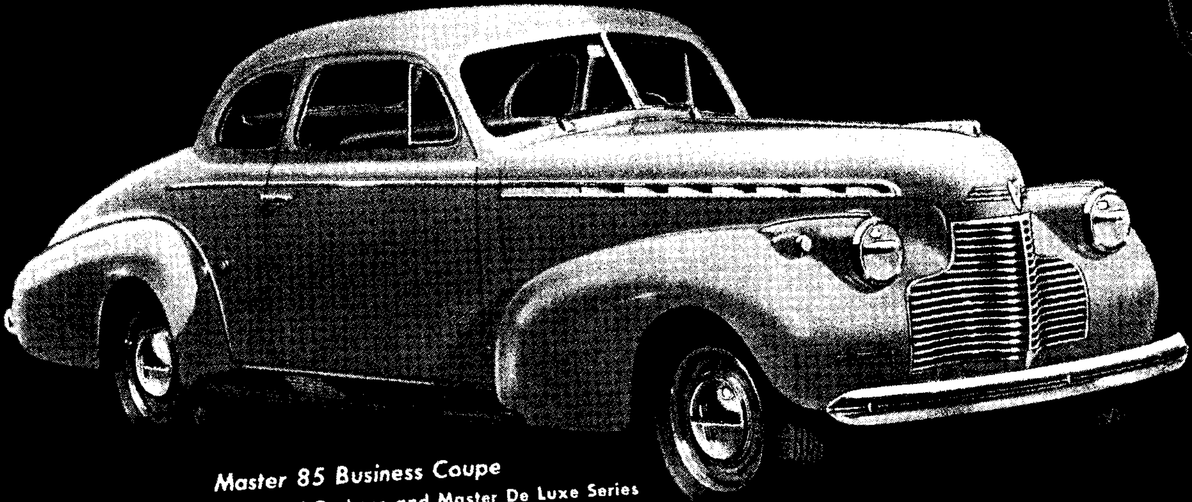

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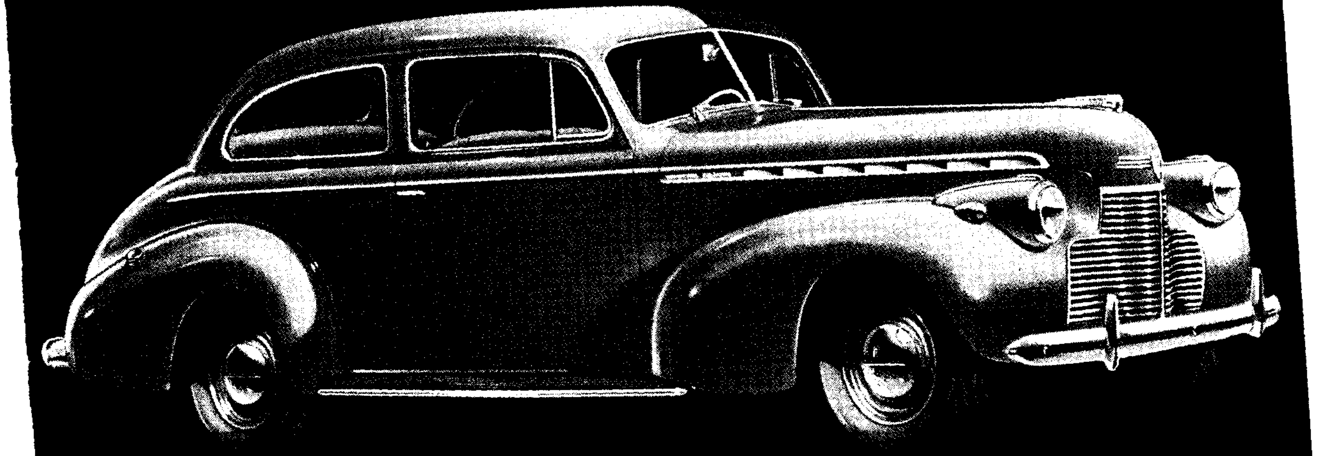

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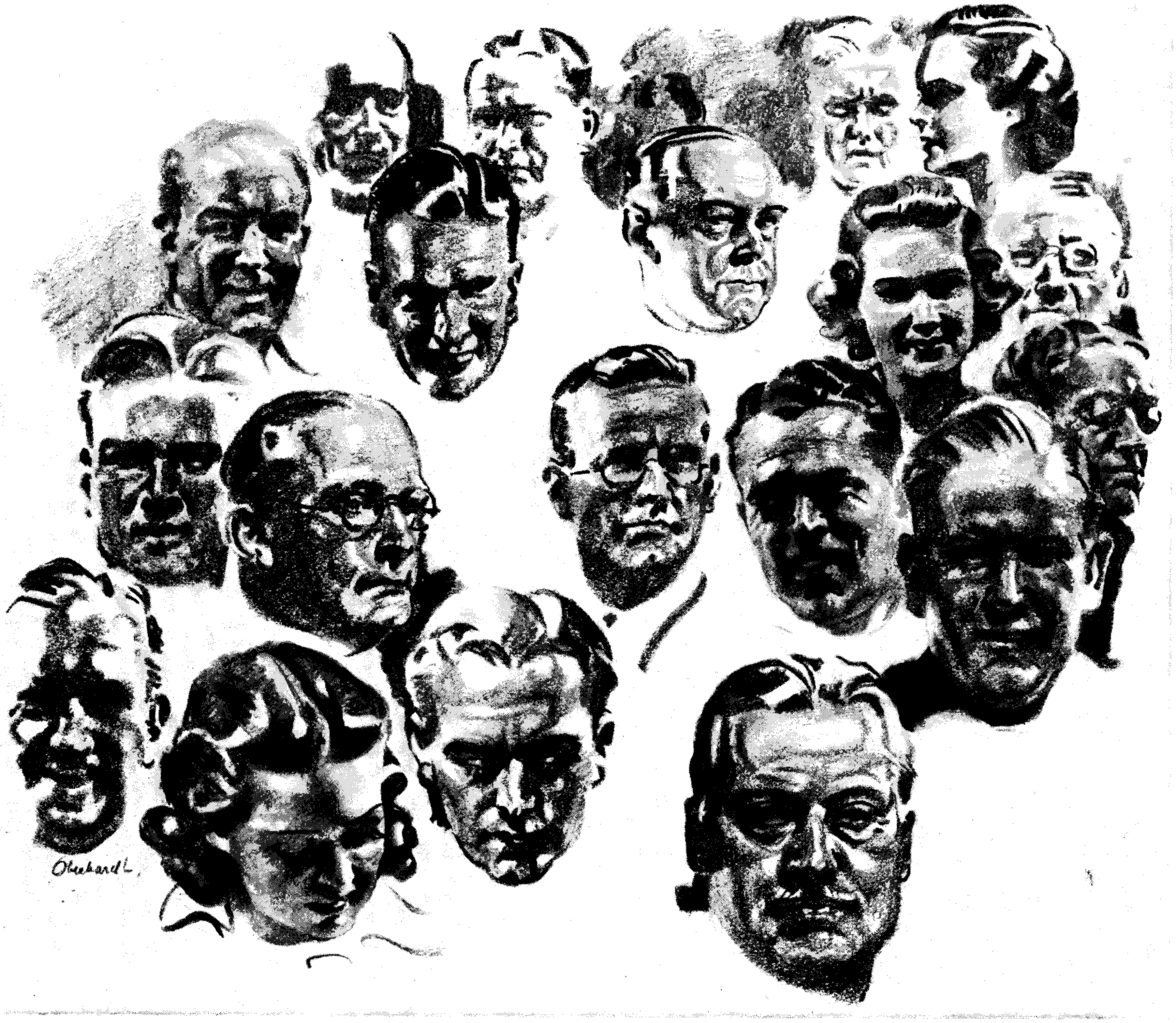

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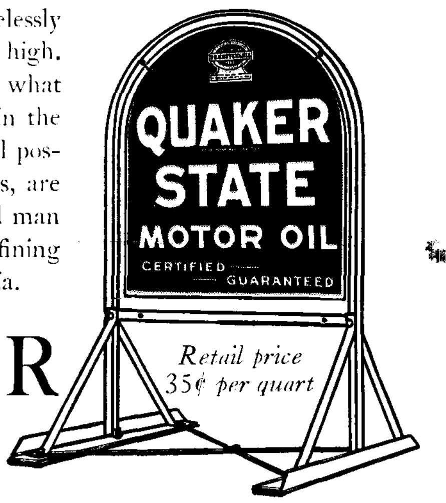


him, stammering, her fists clenched to stop the trembling of her hands.

"I'm sorry, Virginia, believe it or not," Fred Oaks said, all the hard facetiousness gone out of his voice. "I'm sorry the way this has turned out. As I planned it, you wouldn't even have known I was borrowing your name for my own sinister purposes. You would have signed an order for the transfer of the packing cases from the railway to the clinic. I would have looked after the transportation. Somewhere between the station and Dr. Forsythe's, they would have disappeared. However, since this Miss Steel was inconsiderate enough to get herself murdered in my room, I'm obliged to ask for your unwilling co-operation. I can count on it, can't I?"

The girl did not reply. Her lips tightened, her whole body grew rigid with the contempt and disdain which her eyes refused to express. She nodded curtly.

"Good night," she said. "And goodby."

She turned quickly and opened the door.

"You can bring those provisions any time before dawn," Fred called to her back. "And if you can't find any Scotch, brandy will do."

The door shut with a bang. Fred looked at it for a hesitant moment, then opened it a crack. The thin blade of light that sliced the darkness illuminated Virginia's appealing young figure for an instant before she vanished down the path. She was walking with a firm, proud step—as proud as any Hatton, Fred noted with a pang of dismay.

BILL GABRIEL stepped outside the Shakkarpur station of the Bengal-Nagpur Railway. Around him, like so many heaps of soiled linen, a score of sleeping Hindus lay on the ground, huddled together in grotesque poses. Other Hindus squatted in groups about their household belongings—cloth-tied luggage, hookahs, brass pots. Big-bellied, naked children, astride their fathers' hips, slept. As they talked, the waking men peeled wrappings of plantain leaves from moist lumps of cooked rice and ate. They were all waiting for trains that would pass next day. . . .

Just beyond the circle of light from the insect-clouded station lanterns, Gabriel saw the dim outlines of a gharry—a squarish carriage like a packing box on wheels, closely shuttered to protect purdah women against the profane gaze of strange males. He passed it without a thought and had taken perhaps fifty steps before he realized that the gharry was following and that the nose of the broken-down horse was almost at his shoulder. He side-stepped, stopped. The gharry stopped, too. The wooden shutter dropped with a bang, and Gabriel jumped back, his hands plunged into his coat pockets.

"Gabriel."

The voice of Rhoda Curring called softly from the interior of the carriage. Gabriel approached cautiously.

"Yes, Mrs. Curring?"

"I . . . I saw you go into the railway station, Mr. Gabriel. I was wondering if you planned to leave Shakkarpur soon."

"I was just sending a telegram," said Gabriel. "There are no more trains tonight, anyhow."

"I thought there might be some special pilgrim trains. . . ."

"Not that I know of. And I couldn't take it if there was. The D. O. is holding me as a material witness. Released me on my own recognizance, but I'm on probation, sort of. Or maybe you haven't heard about the mur—"

"Yes, I heard," interrupted Rhoda quickly. "Frightful thing. Mr. Gabriel, is it true that you're a . . . a criminologist?"

"Well, yes, sort of, I guess. I'm a detective."

"I should like to engage you. Will you take a case for me?"

"Glad to, as soon as I clean up the case I came here on. I don't usually work on two cases at one time."

"This won't take much of your time, I'm sure. But I need your help at once."

"What about?"

Rhoda opened the door of the gharry. "Get in."

"I'm walking," said Gabriel. "I'm due at the D. O.'s bungalow right now."

"Get in. I'll drive you there. We can talk on the way."

"I'd rather walk." Gabriel closed the door of the gharry.

"I see." Rhoda fumbled in the darkness, extended her hand through the window. "Here's your retainer. Come and see me when you've finished at Mr. Hatton's."

"It may be late. Your husband won't like your receiving visitors at three in the morning." He ignored the extended hand.

"My husband's not there."

"He was about two hours ago."

"Yes, I know. But he's gone away again. Please take this."

When Gabriel remained motionless, Rhoda tossed something toward him that fell noiselessly in the soft dust at his feet.

"I shall be waiting for you," she said.

The carriage rattled off down the road. Gabriel stooped to pick up a tightly folded wad of paper. His fingers smoothed out the multiple creases of the big, unwieldy diplomas that the government of India uses for bank notes of large denomination. There were five thousand-rupee notes!

The detective put the money into his pocket and whistled to himself as he pointed his steps toward the district officer's compound. He stopped whistling to cough when a cloud of dust swirled up from the wheels of a uniformed cyclist coming from the railway station.

REGINALD HATTON was holding court on the veranda of his bungalow, flanked by Dr. Forsythe, Alvin Brinker of the Bank of Shakkarpur and the native subahdar of police. When Gabriel came in, the district officer barked at him with shrill, terrierlike impatience.

"We've been waiting for you, Gabriel. Where have you been?"

"I told you I had things to do. I had to move my stuff from the dak bungalow down to Seaside House."

"That's all?"

"Yes."

"You didn't try to send a telegram?"

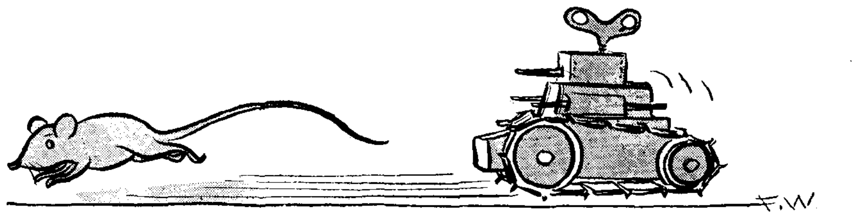
"I sent a wire, yes."

"You *thought* you sent a telegram," declared Hatton smugly. He got up, waved a salmon-colored telegraph form triumphantly under the detective's nose. "By my order, it was not dispatched. It was brought to me here."

"What's the big idea?"

"I might ask you the same question—in English. Why do you find it necessary to telegraph the C. I. D. in Delhi?"

"Inspector Dumbarton is an old friend of mine," Gabriel explained. "I've been



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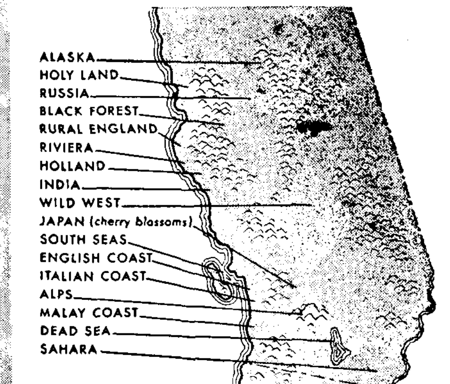

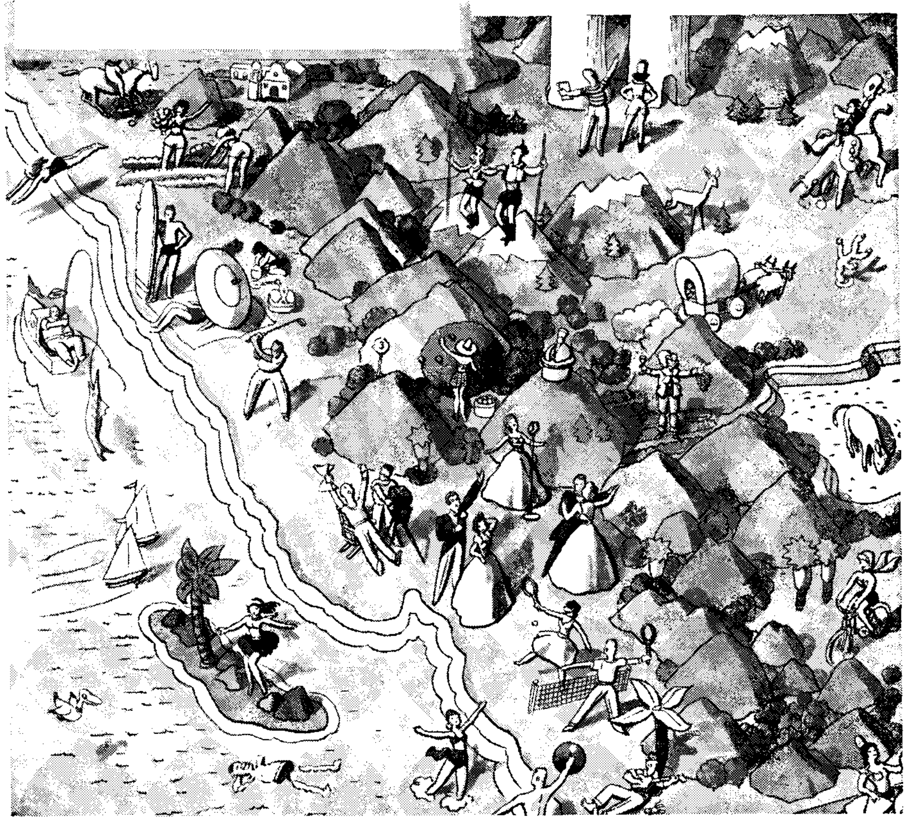

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keeping him in touch with this case. . . .”

“Weren't you aware, Gabriel, that *I represent* full police authority in Shakkarpur?”

“Sure. You'd never let anybody forget that you practically represent God himself around here.”

“Then why did you find it necessary to try to go over my head in this matter?” Hatton tore Gabriel's telegram into strips as he spoke. Gabriel watched him, and a slow smile spread across his plump face.

“I didn't know you wanted to keep the death of Lucy Steel a secret,” Gabriel said. “I didn't know you had any reason for holding out on Delhi.”

The detective's stare bored deep into the eyes of the district officer.

“This isn't a question of ‘holding out on Delhi,’ ” said Hatton. “It's a matter of procedure. My reports go through certain routine channels. They reach Delhi only through the provincial superintendent of police. I'll ask you not to interfere further.”

Gabriel shrugged and sat down. Hatton glared at him. Alvin Brinker cleared his throat and said: “You were going to speak to him about the disposition of the body, Reggie.”

“I was coming to that,” Hatton said. A chuprassy came in and handed him a telegram. He continued speaking as he opened it. “Dr. Forsythe will tell you that it is impossible to keep a corpse in this climate. For reasons of hygiene, some disposition must be made early tomorrow. There is a small European cemetery in the old cantonment. Or if this Miss Steel has any sentimental relatives who would care to receive her ashes, I can order a cremation.”

“I don't know anything about Lucy's relatives,” Gabriel said, “and since I'm ruled off the telegraph wires, I won't have a Chinaman's chance of finding out before tomorrow. But you better cremate anyhow.”

“VERY well,” said the district officer, unfolding the telegram and glancing at it. “I must warn you, however, that the cremation will be done in the Hindu manner at the burning ghats. If you have any objection—” He stopped, staring at the telegram with wide eyes. Slowly he raised his head until he confronted the detective with a searching, puzzled gaze. Two fingers of his left hand touched the ends of his reddish mustache in a bewildered gesture. “How do you explain this, Gabriel?” he demanded, drawing his upper lip taut over his teeth, in an effort to be very much the personification of empire.

“Explain what?” Gabriel held out his hand for the telegram, which Hatton promptly withdrew out of reach.

“This message is from the provincial superintendent of police,” Hatton said. “Let me read it to you: ‘Please permit William S. Gabriel co-operate solution murder Lucy Steel. Delhi requests you give him every assistance.’ ”

Gabriel leaned back in his chair and smiled broadly. “That just goes to show that the provincial superintendent of police has good judgment,” he said.

“How did the superintendent of police learn of the existence of Lucy Steel—to say nothing of her murder?”

“You said yourself that your routine channels take your reports first to the superintendent of police,” Gabriel suggested.

“But I haven't sent my report as yet.”

“No? Why not?”

“That's neither here nor there. How did you get your news past my orders to the telegraph office? Have you a private wireless set, by any chance?”

Gabriel smiled again. It was a plump, cherubic smile that might have meant that he was just as astonished as the district officer—or that he was mightily pleased with himself. He said:

“That's neither here nor there, either. You've practically got orders to hand me the assignment to crack the Lucy Steel case for you. What about it?”

The district officer stopped fingering his mustache, sighed with resignation. “If I must, I must,” he said. “No doubt you know already who killed Miss Steel.”

“Do you?”

“I'm morally certain that it must have been this Fred Oaks person, but I'm quite at a loss for a motive,” said Hatton.

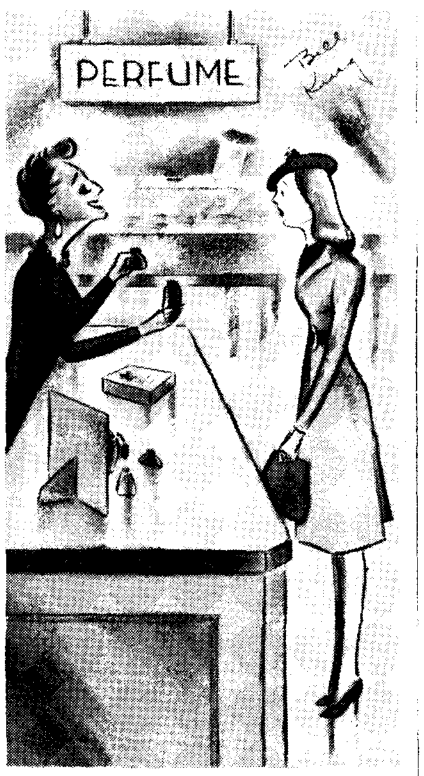
“I've found plenty of motive for Oaks,” Gabriel said, “but I'm just as certain, morally or immorally, that he didn't kill her.”

“What's the motive?” Hatton asked.

“There's no use my telling you, since it's only going to make you more convinced that the wrong man did the job.”

“I insist on knowing everything you've discovered,” Hatton declared. “After all, I'm— Hello, Virginia. What do you want?”

Virginia Hatton had come in silently, and was standing at her brother's side. She was out of breath, and very pale. Her fingers gripped the edge of Hatton's desk tightly, as though she were afraid that they might betray the agitation that she was fighting to keep out of her facial expression.



“This is sure to catch him and this will prove mighty handy when you're tired of him!”

BILL KING

“I'd like to speak to you, Reginald,” she said.

“Later,” Hatton said impatiently. “I'm terribly busy at this moment.”

“This is important, Reg.” The girl's lips were colorless.

“It can't be any more important than what I'm doing. There's been a murder committed, Virginia—”

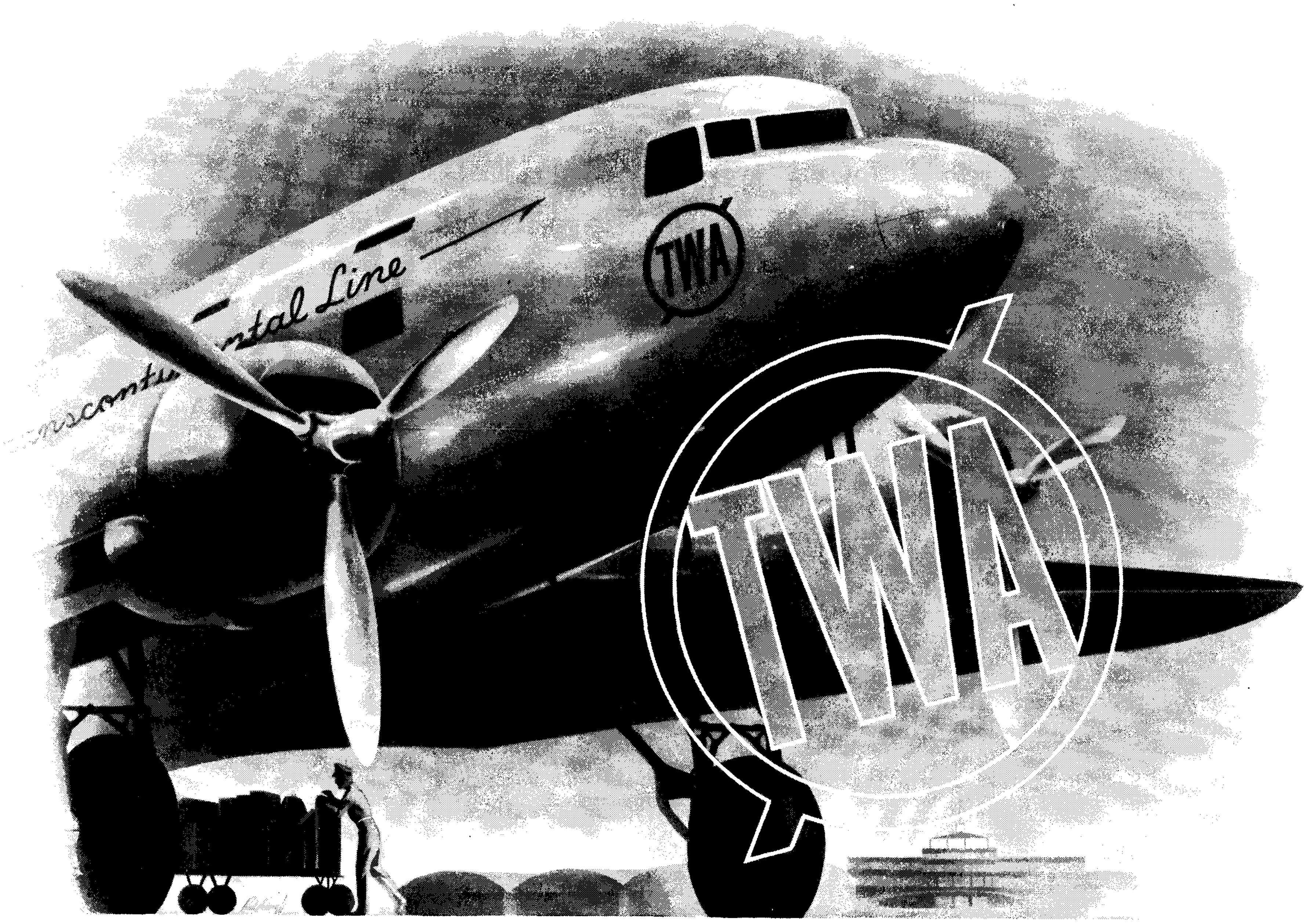
“Yes, I know. That's what I wanted to speak to you about.”

The district officer showed sudden interest. “Do you by any chance know where this scoundrel Oaks is hiding?” he demanded.

“I said I'd like to speak to you—privately,” the girl insisted. “May I?”

“All right, in half a moment,” Hatton said. “Sit down. . . . Now, Gabriel, what about this motive?”

“It's not exactly conclusive,” Gabriel replied. “And, as I said, it's more than likely misleading. But here it is for what



Jones leads a Double Life

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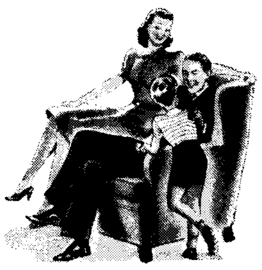

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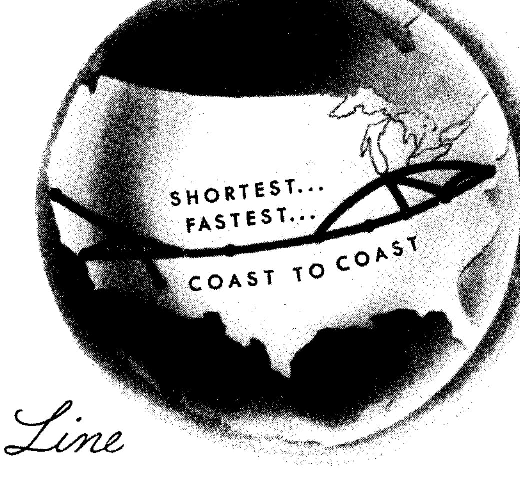

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it's worth." He produced the morocco leather letter case he had found in Lucy Steel's luggage. "As you may have guessed already," he resumed, "I came to India with Lucy Steel. She retained me in San Francisco to locate Fred Oaks. . . ."

"Why?" the district officer interrupted.

"Believe it or not," Gabriel said, "I'm not sure. I didn't know when I left San Francisco, and on the way I was given to understand by Miss Steel that it was none of my business. I suspected in Calcutta that there was a legacy involved. Oaks was the black sheep and the sole heir of a very wealthy family. His father, a sugar millionaire, died the day before I was retained by Miss Steel. He publicly disinherited his son some years before his death. Whether he put Fred back on the gravy train before he died, I don't know. But if he did, Lucy Steel knew about it. Lucy Steel was Fred Oaks' wife."

"Wife?" The question came from Virginia Hatton. It was a small, startled cry that might have escaped her involuntarily. She was sitting forward on the edge of her chair, staring at Gabriel incredulously.

"Sure, wife," said Gabriel. "At least they were married once. I can't say if the marriage was legal or not, or if they were divorced since." He opened the morocco letter case. "But here's a marriage certificate showing that Fred Oaks and Lucy Steel were hitched in New Orleans in 1933."

As he passed the certificate to the district officer, Gabriel stole a glance at Virginia Hatton. The girl still sat on the edge of the chair, as motionless as a statue. In her rigid face only her eyes moved, following the paper in the detective's hand.

"What makes you suggest that this marriage may not have been valid?" Hatton asked.

"There was a previous marriage." Again Gabriel dug into the leather case. "In 1932 Oaks was married in Reno, Nevada, to a woman named Marjory Root. This is a photostatic copy of the records."

"The man has wives to burn," cackled Alvin Brinker.

"Whether the marriage to Marjory Root was ever terminated by divorce, annulment or the death of Miss Root, I don't know," Gabriel went on. "My guess is that it wasn't. Lucy Steel was too much interested in bigamy laws in India, and was too disappointed when I told her a Mohammedan could have up to four wives without breaking any laws. Of course, Fred Oaks wasn't a Mohammedan. Lucy Steel, I'm afraid, came here for the express purpose of putting the bee on Fred Oaks for a million dollars or so, even though I don't know what she had on him except the old wedding yoke."

"A common blackmailer!" said the district officer.

"Not at all common, if you ask me," Gabriel objected. "She had a way about her. She did things in the grand manner."

"In any event, this Oaks person certainly had good reason to kill her—if what you say is true."

"Sure, he had reason. That's what I said before. But I don't think he did it."

"Come now, Gabriel." The district officer was unpleasantly patronizing. "It couldn't have been anyone else. The woman hadn't been in Shakkarpur two hours before she was murdered. She didn't know anybody here except Oaks—or you. And *you* seem to have been given a character by Delhi. It must have been Oaks."

"I still got a hunch he didn't do it," Gabriel insisted. "He's too smart to be caught flat-footed with a corpse in his room. He'd have done it some other way—since there wasn't any hurry, as far as I can see. He'd have shot her some place else, so he could get back and go through her luggage and destroy any evidence she might have against him—like these marriage certificates."

Suddenly Virginia Hatton began to laugh—softly at first, then more loudly. Gabriel, watching her closely, saw no sign of mirth in her tense, pale face. She stopped on a shrill, slightly hysterical note, as suddenly as she had begun.

"I seem to give you a chuckle," said Gabriel.

"It's so silly!" Virginia declared. "You're all being very silly."

"No one has asked your opinion, Virginia!" said the district officer coldly.

"What's silly?" asked Gabriel.

"The idea that a man as completely without inhibitions as Fred Oaks should be intimidated, to the point of murder, by the mere threat of someone revealing that he has a wife or two too many."

"Don't you think Fred Oaks is capable of committing murder, Miss Hatton?" Gabriel pursued.

"Not over such a trifling matter as blackmail; not over an unorthodox number of wives. I can't imagine Fred going to the trouble of killing a woman merely to keep her from denouncing him as a bigamist."

"There may be a million dollars involved," Brinker volunteered. "That makes a difference."

"Not to Fred, it wouldn't. He's not an acquisitive person. He doesn't care any more about money, in the mass, than he does about such abstract concepts as honor, or . . . or love."

"Why did he run away, if he's such a misjudged lamb?" the district officer demanded.

"Because there's only one thing in the world that Fred Oaks does care about, and that's his personal independence."

Well spoken, Bill Gabriel thought. She knows the man's a grade-A chiseler, but she likes him anyhow, and she's going to see that the devil gets his due. She'll polish up the only white spot on a black character . . . like defense counsel telling the jury the man who burned down the orphan asylum is good to his mother. Nice performance. . . .

"Nevertheless," the district officer was saying, "I'm arresting Oaks as soon as I lay my hands on him, which should be very soon. The subahdar has a dozen men looking for him, and he can't hide for long in a place like Shakkarpur. . . . By the way, Virginia, you said you wanted to speak to me?"

The girl sat back in her chair. It was an uneasy movement.

"Yes," she said.

"What's it all about?"

"You're busy, Reg. I'll wait until you're done."

"Is it about this Oaks?"

"I'd rather speak to you alone," the girl insisted.

Of course it's about Oaks, Gabriel said to himself. She knows where he is and she can't make up her mind whether to front for him or to tell her brother. Trouble is, her brother's going to make up her mind for her. I wouldn't give a wooden rupee for Oaks' chances right now. The girl probably never told a first-class lie in her life. . . .

"Let's not have any nonsense, Virginia," Hatton said testily. "Do you know where Oaks is hiding?"

The girl hesitated. She leaned forward again.

"I'd sort of like to speak to Miss Hatton myself," Gabriel interposed. "As long as I'm going to work on this case with you, Mr. Hatton."

"I shouldn't wonder she could be a great help to us," Hatton said, getting up. He walked over to his sister, looked down at her with silent bluster in his glance. She met his accusing glare with

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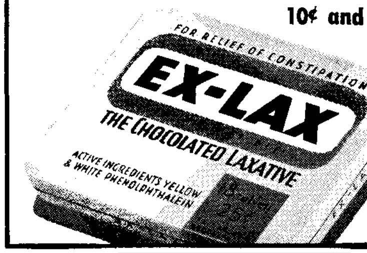
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proud, frank, unflinching eyes. Hatton continued: "She always was a queer duck, she and that twin brother of hers . . . scarcely like Hattons at all, Sir Godfrey always said. A Hatton wouldn't be seen about with a man like Oaks. . . . I say, Brinker, will you see who's making all that row on the steps?"

An altercation was in progress at the veranda entrance. Through the screen door, the red turban of the Sikh doorman could be seen making vehement negative movements. His loud and contemptuous Hindustani all but drowned out the protestations of the man he was addressing.

The bank manager was back in an instant with an explanation.

"It's your chokidar," *he said.*

"Chokidar?" The echo came from Virginia. She arose abruptly.

"The watchman," Brinker went on. "He said he started off for home, but in the excitement of getting an unexpected leave, he forgot his hookah. Since he couldn't envisage a holiday without his favorite pipe, he came back for it, but he couldn't get into his lodge. The door was locked and no one answered his knocking. He wants to know if you wouldn't let him in to get his coconut-shell pipe."

"Strange," said the district officer. "I didn't give the chokidar leave. I wonder . . ." He stopped suddenly, shot a quick glance at his sister. Virginia was still standing, staring at him, her lips pressed tightly together. Hatton nodded over his shoulder to his subahdar of police. "Yusuf," he ordered, "take ten armed men and surround the watchman's lodge. If anyone tries to get out, shoot without warning. I'll be with you in a moment."

"Yes, Sahib." The subahdar started for the door.

"And on your way out, Yusuf, send the watchman in to me," said the district officer with a smug, self-satisfied smile.

THE veranda of the Curring bungalow was dark except for the glowing end of a cigarette in a far corner—a nervous spot of light that grew brighter and dimmer like the luminous pulsations of a firefly. For a long time there was no sound except the impersonal, restless murmur of the sea. Then there came the faint scrape of a shoe on the wooden steps. The figure of a man was silhouetted in the screen panel of the door.

"Come in, Mr. Gabriel," Rhoda Curring called softly.

As soon as the door opened she sprang up, cold with the realization that she had made a mistake. The silhouette did not have the plump outlines of William Gabriel. It was a thin, angular shadow. . . .

"A disagreeable surprise, Mrs. Curring," the man said. "I am not Mr. Gabriel."

The peculiar accent and intonation told Rhoda that the visitor was Ganeshi Lal, but did not reassure her. She did *not like the Hindu pleader. She did* not like any Indians, in fact, and the educated ones were worst of all. Not only did they fail to acknowledge their inferiority to the European, but they actually acted quietly superior at times. It was a mistake to educate these people; dangerous. . . .

"I fancy you've come to bring me word from Mr. Oaks," she said. "Is he safe?"

"He's safe. But that is not exactly what I've come for. . . ."

"Is he . . . Is Mr. Oaks in custody?"

"Not yet, thanks to me."

Rhoda sat down. Ganeshi Lal also sat down, unbidden.

"So you shot her," the Hindu said abruptly.

Rhoda drew in her breath sharply. "Who?" she demanded.

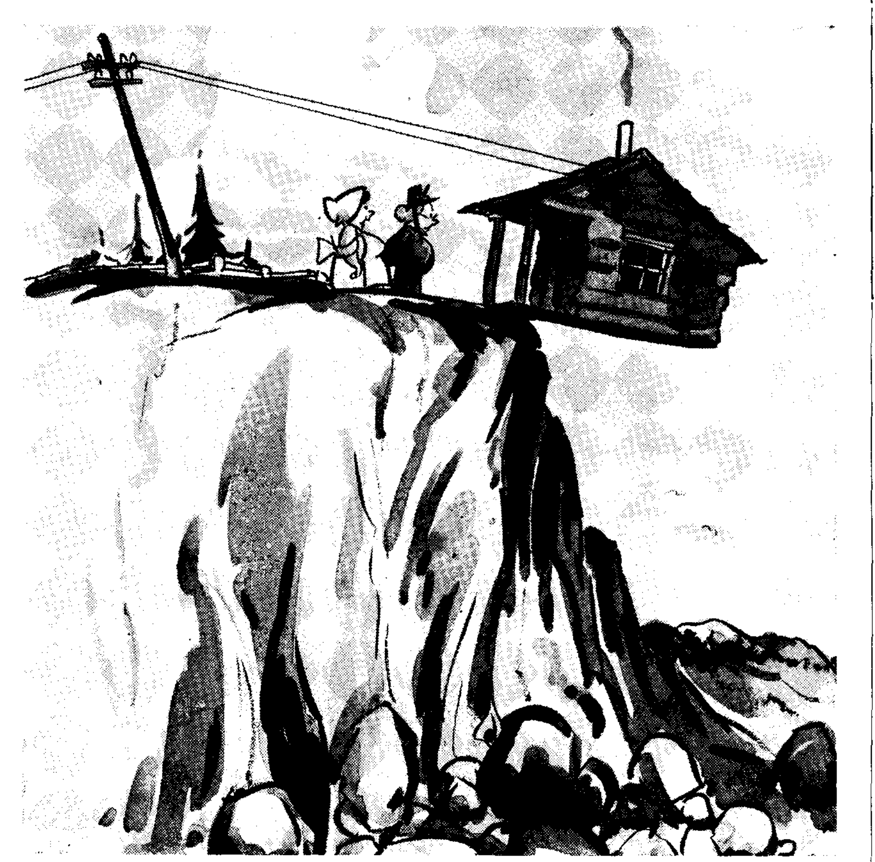
"Come, come," said Ganeshi Lal. "Sooner or later they're going to trace that gun to you."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"You know certainly that an American woman named Lucy Steel was murdered tonight in Fred Oaks' room at Seaside House."

"I did hear something to that effect," Rhoda admitted. "But I haven't been near Seaside House tonight."

"No, of course not." Ganeshi Lal chuckled. "And you don't even know where Fred Oaks' room is . . . or how to unfasten the shutters from the outside, so you could get in without having to pass through the hotel where you might



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REAMER KELLER

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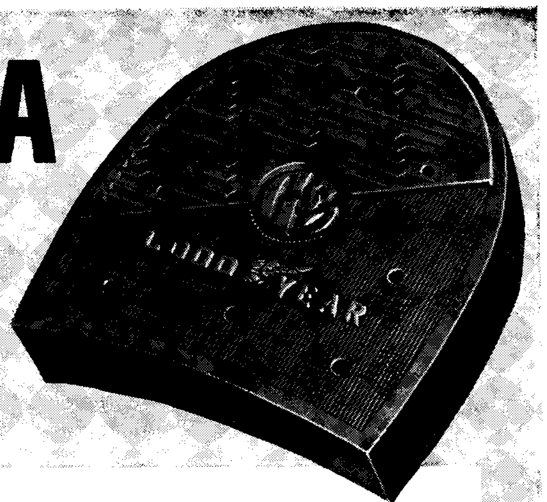

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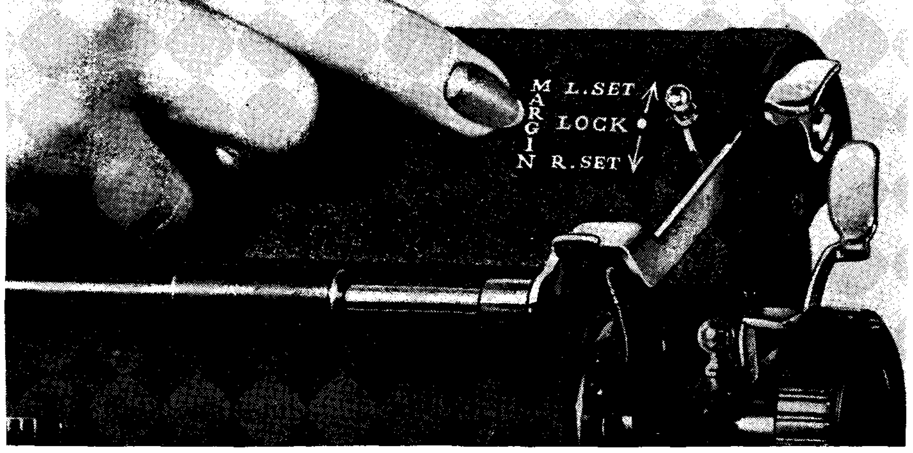

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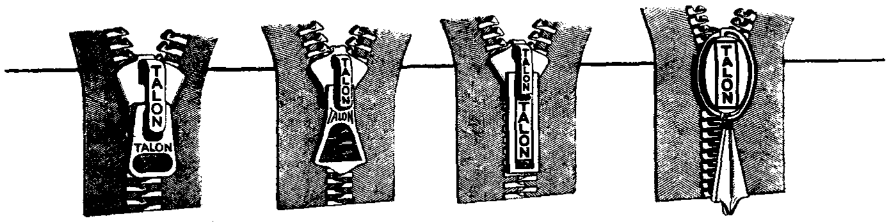

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be seen. You'd never done that before, I suppose?"

"I don't intend to be insulted by you!" Rhoda declared. "What business have you coming here anyhow?"

"I'm Fred Oaks' lawyer," the Hindu said. "I want to know why you shot Lucy Steel."

"But I didn't, I tell you!"

"Of course. Of course. I suppose your story is going to be that you did possess a .32 caliber pistol, but that you lent it to someone . . . or that it was stolen . . . and dropped outside of Fred Oaks' room merely to incriminate you. Because you must know that by this time the gun is in the hands of Hatton, the district officer."

RHODA was silent.

"Well, why did you shoot her?" Lal persisted.

"Now see here!" Exasperation was getting the better of Rhoda. Her voice shrilled. "Suppose I did shoot this woman. What is it to you, you . . . you . . ."

"Nigger," prompted the Hindu. "That's what you were going to call me, wasn't it? That's all you know about India, isn't it?—how to mistreat us who live here. But not for long now, Mrs. Curring. It won't be long before our own land will belong to us again. It won't—"

Rhoda interrupted: "If you've come here to bore me stiff with your windy political oratory, I must ask you to leave. In fact, I shall ask you to leave, regardless. Good night, Mr. Lal."

"I'm not going until I find out the answer to my question. Please understand, Mrs. Curring, that I am completely indifferent about whether you killed Lucy Steel or not. I'm interested only in knowing why."

"Good night, Mr. Lal."

The Hindu did not budge. He said: "Let me reconstruct the crime for you, Mrs. Curring. Let us say it was a *crime passionnel*. You looked through Mr. Oaks' window. You saw a strange woman in his bed. You shot her. It is quite understandable. Women kill for passion in all lands—even in such backward lands as India. That is why we Hindus once invented the jolly old custom of burning widows on the funeral pyres of their deceased mates. We found it discouraged adulterous wives from poisoning suspicious husbands. Very well. You were in a jealous rage—"

"I was nothing of the kind!"

"I advise you to say, 'Yes,' Mrs. Curring." A new note of sinister chilliness had crept into Ganeshi Lal's voice. "Because if you did not kill Lucy Steel out of jealousy, your own life is in grave danger."

"Preposterous!"

"Is it indeed? I have been generous in my readiness to believe that your interest in Fred Oaks is purely romantic, but—"

"Whatever it is doesn't concern you!"

"Yes, it does, Mrs. Curring. These next few days are extremely vital to me personally, probably vital to the whole idea of Swaraj, possibly vital to the history of India. I can't have them nullified by any woman—dead or alive."

"Isn't it rather fanciful to attach so much importance to the late Lucy Steel?" Rhoda asked in her best bored manner.

"You might ask your husband."

"Mr. Curring never saw the woman."

"I'm afraid he did. He spoke to her tonight just after she got off the train. He was at the station when she arrived, and they spoke for perhaps two minutes. . . ."

"That's impossible. My husband spent the day on the plantations."

"You know better than that, Mrs. Curring. You know that your husband spent a good part of the day in conversation with Hajji Ahmed, Shakkarpur's leading Mohammedan citizen."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"Well, I do. Good night, Mrs. Curring."

"Wait, Lal—Mr. Lal. Just a moment. Please!"

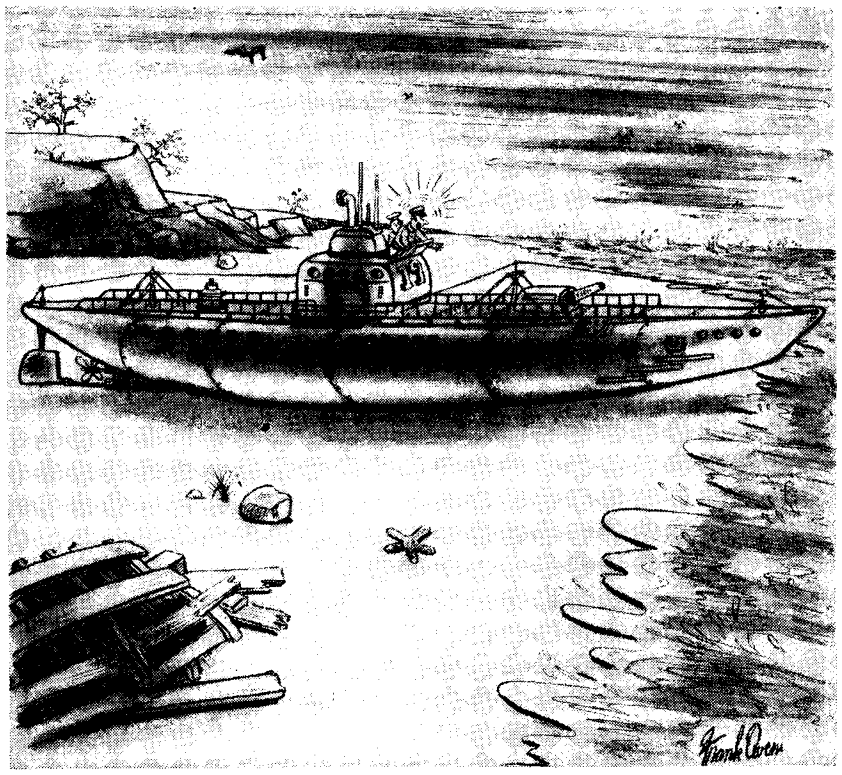
Ganeshi Lal did not bother to reply. He bowed, walked slowly to the door, opened it.

"Mr. Lal!"

The door slammed as the Hindu went down the steps.

Rhoda hurried to the screen, pressed her face against the dusty copper mesh, peered into the night to watch the direction Lal was taking. She strained her eyes, trying to follow his progress along the beach. Her cigarette, burned down to her fingers, reminded her that time was passing. She flung it away, opened the door, ran out after the son of the Brahman.

(To be continued next week)



"No wonder we couldn't submerge! We'll have to wait for the tide!"

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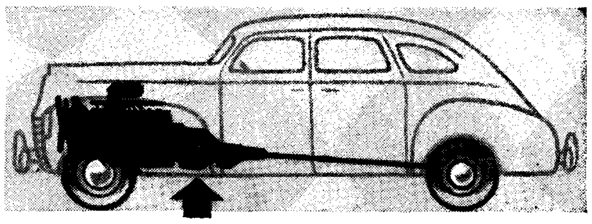

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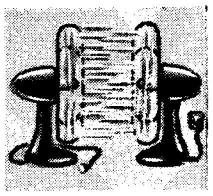

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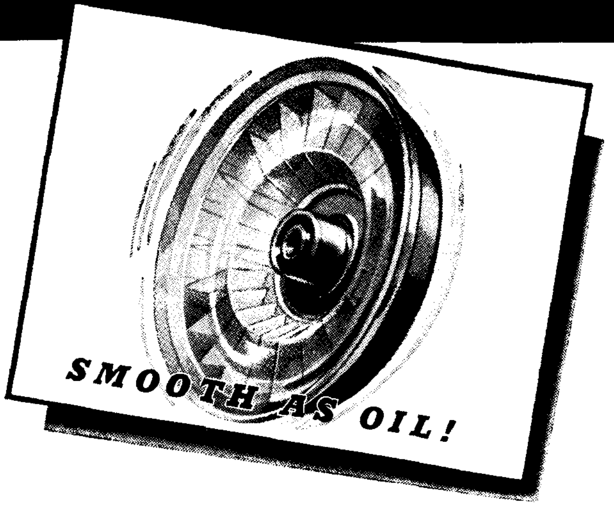

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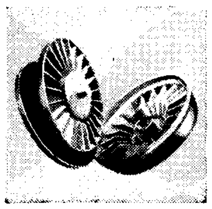

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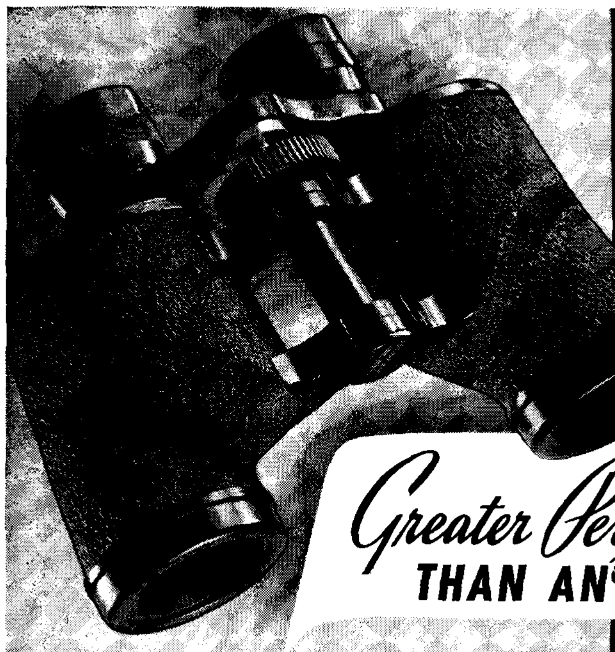

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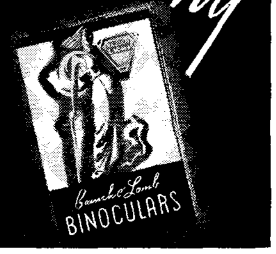

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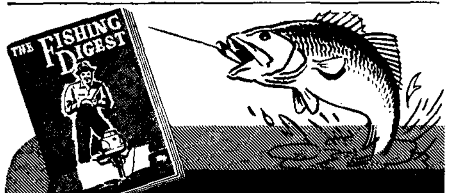

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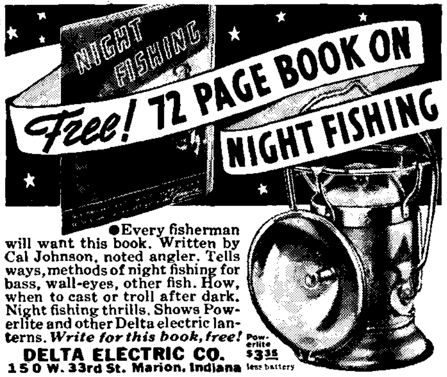
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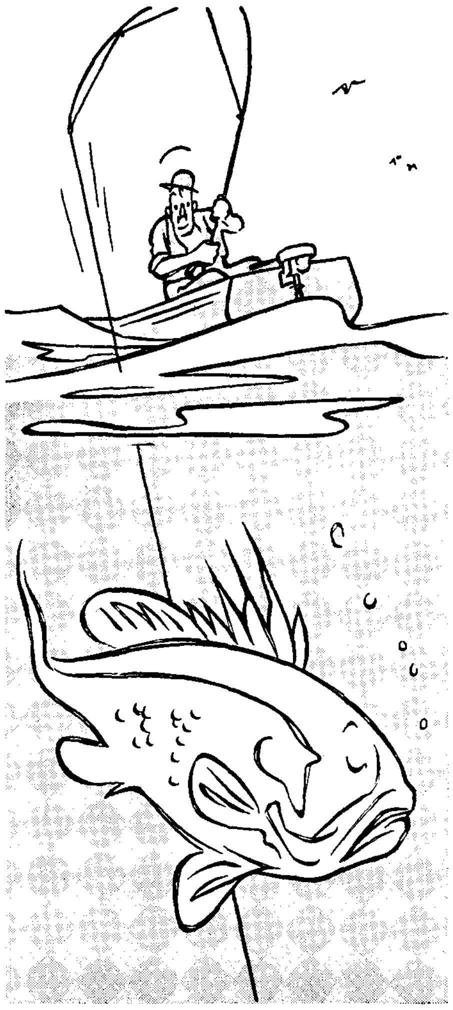

Fishing Can Be Fun

Continued from page 14

switch you're using and you'll never land him," he retorted.

"A light rod will kill them just as dead as a heavy one," I assured him. "Take sailfish. The first one I ever caught I was using a rod not unlike a grilse rod, with about a nine-ounce tip, say ten feet long. My fishing companion was an old hand at the game; and he had the usual heavy rod, short and stiff. He showed me how to free the reel when I felt the tap, told me how long to count before I struck, explained that after the fish was on, I would have to pump him in, heaving back on the rod and then dipping it suddenly while I wound the reel.

"By and by, we hooked two sailfish almost simultaneously. I gave mine the spring of the rod, as if it had been a salmon, and whenever the strain on the tip eased a little I took line. My companion meanwhile was pumping laboriously. Every time he heaved at the fish, the fish heaved at him! I didn't pump my fish at all, but he came alongside, played out, ready for the question, ten minutes before my companion's fish; and mine was eight pounds heavier."

"Probably a sick fish," Lee assured me, so I gave up the argument. A fisherman and his folly are not easily parted. My particular folly is to believe that skill has little or nothing to do with catching fish. One of the most skillful fishermen I ever saw was a young man whom I encountered on a salmon river. His casting was perfect and he fished diligently, but he was for a week completely unsuccessful. Late one afternoon I came down-river, walking the bank, and found him fishing, and he stopped me. He said:

"Mr. Williams, this is the first time I've ever fished for salmon, and there must be something I don't know about it. I haven't had a strike! I know you've been catching at least one fish every day, and sometimes two. Why don't I catch any?"

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A Schult Trailer is so perfectly balanced that any car pulls it easily at normal driving speeds. Quality construction and insulation insure comfortable and healthful living conditions in any climate. 8 Big Value 1940 models. 28 interior arrangements. New easy payment plan. Write for FREE CATALOG and name of nearest dealer. Schult Trailers, Inc., Dept. 2404, Elkhart, Ind. Canada: Beach-Schult, Ltd., Ottawa, Ont. New Zealand: Moore-Schult, Christchurch.

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SCHULT TRAILERS

"JUST RIGHT"

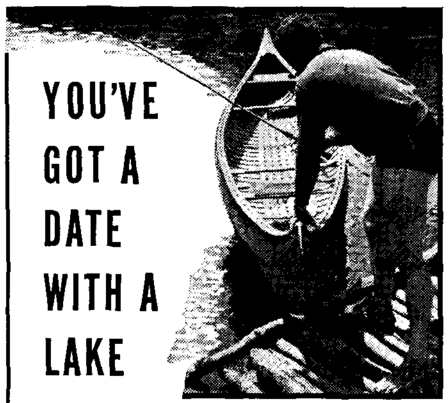
Richardson Rods are priced "just right" and have "just right" flexibility, balance, weight and strength. That's why they're universal favorites with real dyed-in-the-wool fishermen.

Every genuine Richardson Rod is tagged with the "Sign of the Fish" tag which lists its features.

Pick out the rod built specially for the waters you plan to fish.

Write for exciting 1940 Catalog.

RICHARDSON ROD & REEL CO.
3177 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Illinois

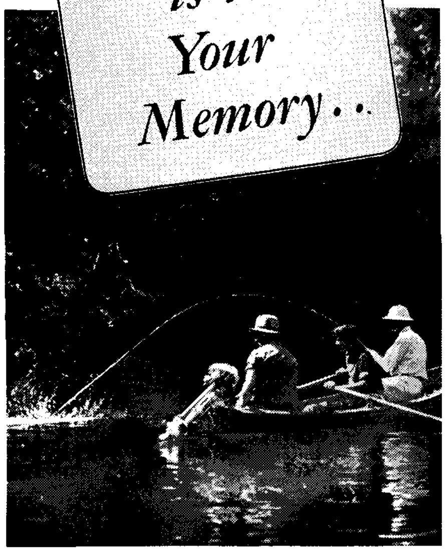


GLIDE like an Indian through all the winding watercourses of the woods. Fish and hunt from an Old Town Canoe, the modernized birchbark. Light and steady, easy to carry, the adventurer's good companion. Built to last, with Old Town's careful craft.

• Write today for our free catalog showing paddling, sailing, sponson and square-stern types. Also rowboats, dinghies, outboards made for speed, safety and economy. Address: Old Town Canoe Company, 634 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

The Best Fishing is in Your Memory..



Enjoy the thrill of tight line and arching rod in Wisconsin's world-famed waters.

and in WISCONSIN

The fishing hole of your childhood days is a great place to dream about. And fishing trips of years ago become more glorious year by year as time mellows the memory and imagination enlarges the catch.

But if you want to catch fish instead of dream about 'em, come to Wisconsin, where world-famous fishing waters are kept well stocked by the world's greatest fish propagation program. Come for muskellunge, king of all fresh water game fish, for brook, rainbow, brown or lake trout, for black bass, walleye and northern pike, and don't overlook the many varieties of pan fish.

YOUR FAMILY WILL LOVE WISCONSIN

By all means bring the family when you come. All of you will love Wisconsin for its grand climate, comfortable accommodations, pleasant hosts. Here you may have just the kind of vacation you prefer at whatever cost your budget indicates.

56,000
SQUARE MILES OF VACATIONLAND
WISCONSIN

Sign and mail the coupon now for the packet of literature that will help you plan and enjoy your Wisconsin trip.

WISCONSIN CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT
RECREATIONAL PUBLICITY DIVISION
ROOM 29, STATE CAPITOL, MADISON, WISCONSIN

Please send me, FREE, your packet of illustrated literature about Wisconsin fishing and vacations.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

RELAX IN WISCONSIN

I told him, honestly: "It's largely a matter of luck; a question of fishing over the fish when they're ready to take."

He was one of those who believed that skill has something to do with catching fish.

He pointed to the pool in front of him where a dozen or fifteen salmon lay within easy reach of a moderate cast. "I've been working on those fish all day," he said. "I made up my mind I'd stick to them until I got one; but they don't pay the slightest attention to my fly. What's the answer?"

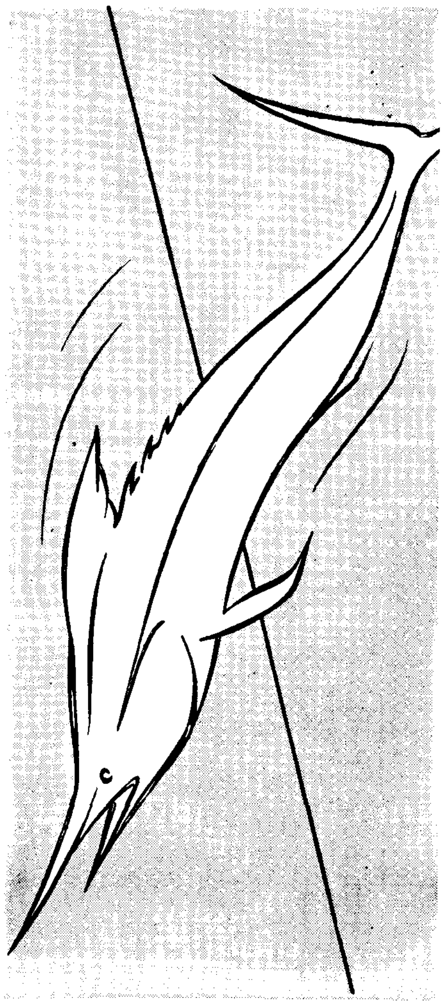
I tried to reassure him, but he was so convinced I had some mysterious secret of success that at last I said: "Maybe you cast too well! Maybe the fish are so busy admiring your casting that they can't bear to spoil the show by taking your fly!"

He looked hurt, and he challenged me to show him what I meant. My guide, with my rod, had gone on down-river, so the young man gave me his. There was a big pink lady on it, and I whipped out a little more line than I could handle adequately—every fisherman does that when he is being watched—and flipped it out over the stream. A wind was blowing in our faces, and the wind backed up the long leader so that the line and the leader came down in a matted net on the water, with the fly floating serenely in the middle of it. It was as bad a cast as any man ever made, and I was about to apologize, when a salmon came calmly to the surface and gulped the fly!

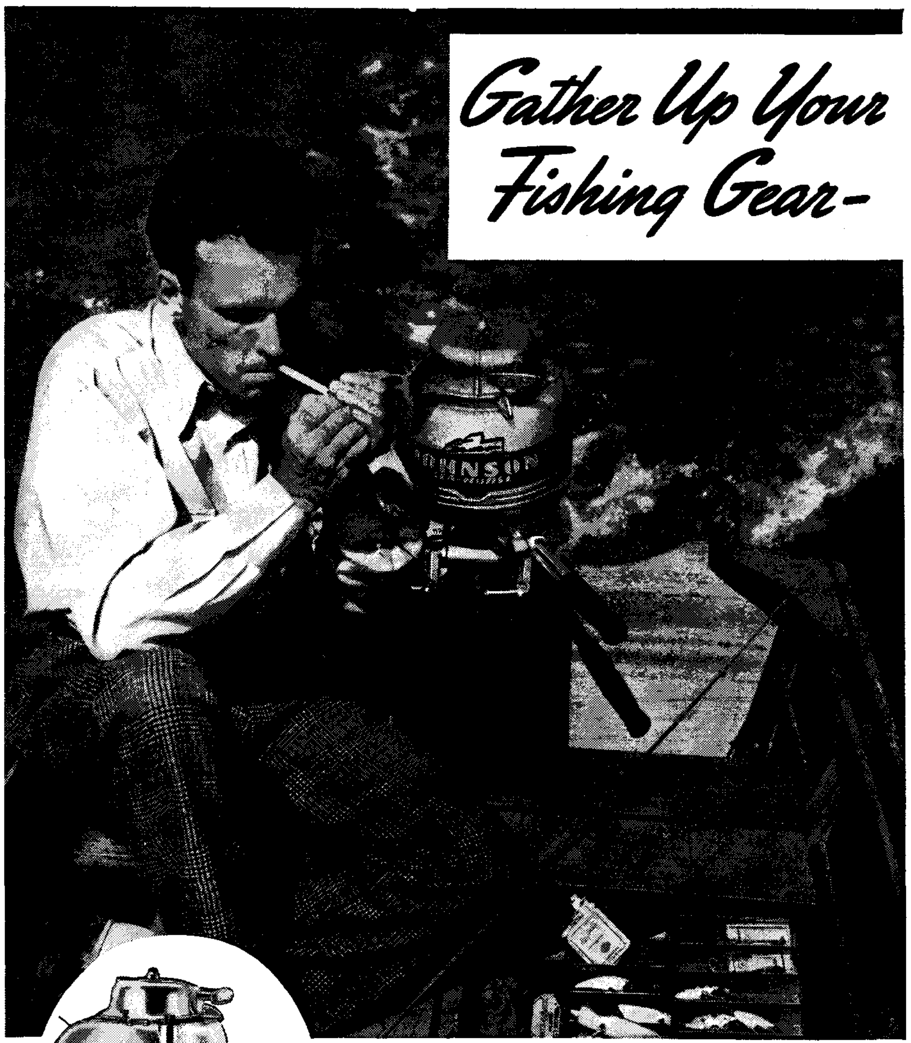
I insisted that the young man take the rod and play the fish to gaff, while I went on down-river and left him to vent his passion on the fish.

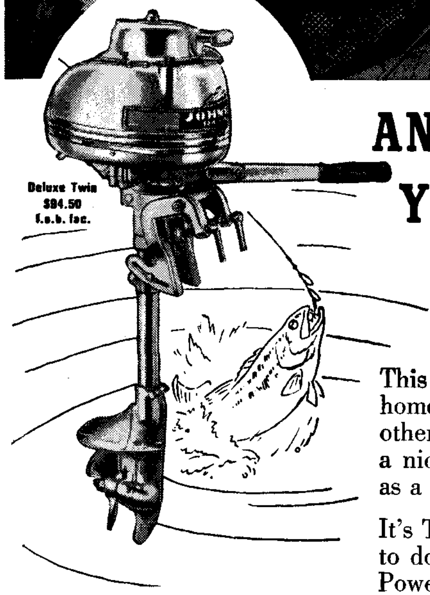
The salmon was ready to take; that was all. Every fisherman knows that when they will they will, and "when they won't they won't." This being true, it follows that there will be long intervals in any fisherman's activities when the fish refuse to co-operate. Such intervals can be dull. It was in one of these intervals that some aboriginal fisherman reassured himself by muttering: "There's more than fish to fishing!"

Then he probably proceeded to amuse himself by seeing how far, or how ac-



Gather Up Your Fishing Gear-





AND DON'T FORGET YOUR *Motor!*

This chap's going calling. If he finds "nobody home" at his first stop, he'll breeze along to another. Pretty soft. He generally comes back with a nice catch. He *always* comes back feeling fit as a fiddle from fishin'!

It's TWICE the fun when you have a Sea-Horse to do the heavy work. It's a *fisherman's* motor. Power, yes! And a thousand things besides which make the Sea-Horse "tops." Dual Carburetion for a steady trolling crawl or flashy pick-up; Propeller Protection Clutch for shallow water operation; Patented Co-Pilot to "take hold" of the motor when you let go (as in the picture above); Ready-Pull Starter; Perfected Alternate Firing for unexcelled smoothness (8000 power impulses per minute instead of 4000); and REVERSE.

●

FOR 1940 eleven great Sea-Horses, including eight Perfected Alternate Firing Twins, two new Bantam Weight Singles with 36% power increase, and a sensational new HI-POWER Alternate Firing Twin! Ask your Johnson Dealer for a demonstration. You'll find his name listed under "Motors, Outboard" in your classified telephone directory. A comparison of horse power (N.O.A. ratings) will show that Johnson prices are *low*. And many Johnson dealers sell on easy time payments.

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$49.50
F.O.B. FACTORY

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OUTBOARD MOTORS

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2. **Built-in Underwater Exhaust!**
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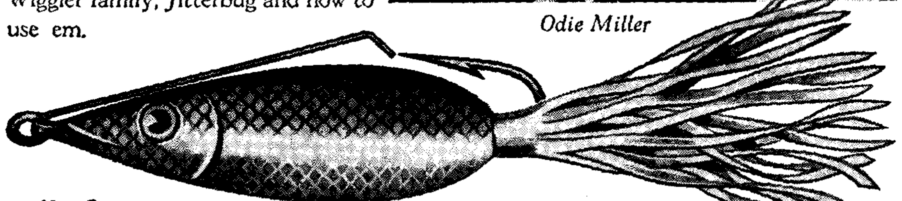
HAWAIIAN WIGGLER
gets bass, not weeds!

Dr. Joseph Schmid, Salem, O., writes: "Dear Fred. The No. 3 Hawaiian got this two-man limit from Mud Lake, Mich., right out of the weeds and lily pads where other baits couldn't go."

Odie Miller, Hower's Lake, O., writes: "Your Hawaiian Wiggler gets bass out of the damndest places! It sure is the best weedless bait I ever used. This three-man limit was caught with Hawaiians at Miller's Lake, O."

Odie Miller

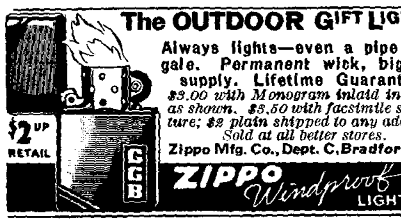
YOU, TOO, can catch more bass! Write for my new catalog telling how, when and where a lot of other casters got big catches. It shows the New Fly Rod Hawaiian, New Hula Popper, New Hula Spinner Fly, all members of the sensational Hawaiian Wiggler family, Jitterbug and how to use em.



No. 3
Hawaiian Wiggler 5/8 Oz. 75c Extra Skirts (20 Tails) 15c

Streamlined to go thru the weeds, a joy to cast, most action you ever saw, 12 brilliant finishes, just the world's best weedless bait! Write for my catalog.

Fred Arbogast, 100 W. North St., Akron, O.



The OUTDOOR GIFT LIGHTER

Always lights—even a pipe in a gale. Permanent wick, big fuel supply. Lifetime Guarantee. *$3.00 with Monogram inlaid in color as shown. $3.50 with facsimile signature; $2 plain shipped to any address. Sold at all better stores.*

$2 UP RETAIL

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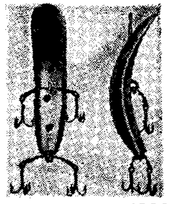
ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER



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We challenge anyone to equal the *life-like swimming action* of the FLATFISH without using our patented features. Exclusive offset hooking. Underwater, surface, trolling models, $1.00. Musky, $1.35. *Fly rod sizes, 75¢.* Write for 1940 catalog, including 4000-word treatise on plug fishing.

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NOW-FISHING'S FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY
LOOK, A PERFECT CAST THE FIRST TIME
JUST WHAT I NEED FOR NIGHT FISHING NO MORE BACKLASHES
NOW I CAN CAST AS GOOD AS DAD
Shakespeare's
WONDEREEL
NO THUMBING
You don't need a THUMB!

For Bait Casting $6.50, $10, $15
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It's a sensation! Every member of the family can now get all the thrills of making long casts and battling big ones. No thumbing—no backlashes! Oldtimers like it for night fishing. Ask your sporting goods dealer and write today for free fishing guide.

SPECIAL OFFER Shakespeare's NEW GLO-LITE MOUSE

☐ NEW GLO-LITE Mouse Bait Glows 5 hrs. if exposed 3 min. to sun or flashlight. 50c postpaid (90c value—limited supply). Send cash or stamps.

FREE CATALOG

☐ 96 pg. Fishing Guide and Catalog. Write today.

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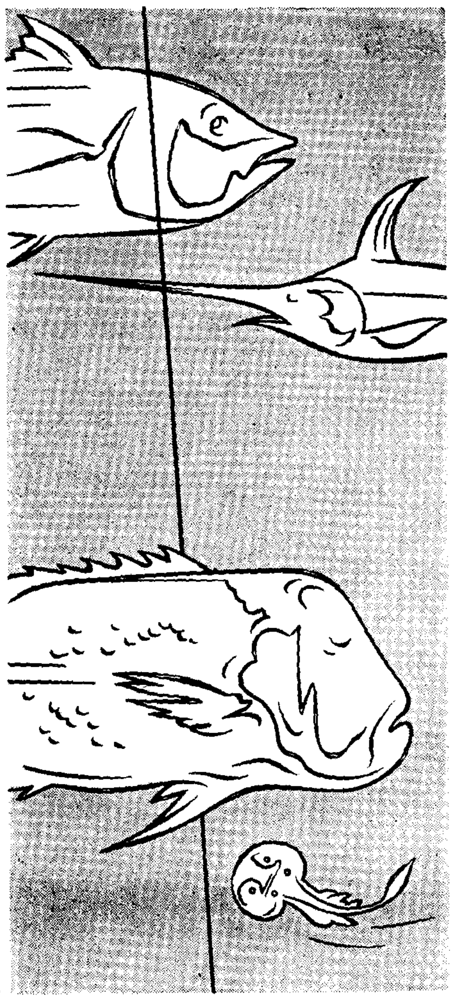


curately, he could cast a fly. Fishing is a vice that would be intolerable, even to its victims, but for the comforting attentions of the tackle makers. The bamboo rod is perhaps the most flattering invention ever devised by man. By its magic it converts a ten-inch trout on the end of your line into a worthy antagonist with whom you feel that you are matching your strength on something like equal terms.

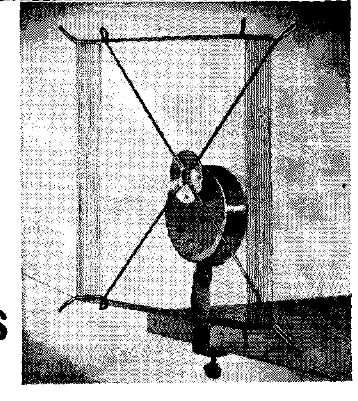
Someone, years ago, made an elaborate series of experiments to determine the actual pulling power of a fish. The experimenter discovered that, when reduced to cold figures, a fish was rarely able to exert a steady pull of more than about one-eighth of its weight. That means that a brook trout weighing a pound can exert a steady pull of about two ounces; but play that same trout on a rod weighing say two and a half ounces, and you will think yourself matched against a monster. With a six-ounce rod and a ten-pound salmon on the end of your line, the sensation is very much the same as that of trying to lead a balky calf; and five minutes' play will leave your wrist aching with fatigue. Yet you will have been fishing off the reel, and salmon reels built for dry-fly fishing are usually so adjusted that a straight pull of three or four ounces will start the line running.

Nothing that swims can exert any great pull. I once participated in an experiment with human fish in a pool at Miami. We anglers were equipped with tarpon tackle. The rods looked like short billiard cues, and the reels would have done good service as windlasses on old-fashioned well curbs. The end of the line was fastened to a belt on the swimmers. The swimmers were all experts, professionals, and all but one of them were men. They were to dive off the side of the pool; and if they succeeded in reaching the other side, they were to be considered winners. The contest was to be recorded in a moving-picture film.

We anglers were mentally prepared for a terrific struggle. We set a heavy drag on our reels, and when the swimmers poised for their dive, we braced ourselves. The swimmers dived, we

AN AUTOMATIC FISHLINE DRYER!

The Ideal Gift!



PRESS A BUTTON—LET IT WIND!

Takes wet line off your reel automatically. Always ready to go—never needs winding! Clamps anywhere, on boat, fence, table, etc. Fits your tackle box, folds up for easy packing, removable spokes. Handles up to 100 yards silk casting line.... *A sensation with fishermen.* Takes all the bother out of line-drying. No walking from tree to tree or hunting nails—just loop your line on the Eclipse Dryer, press a button, and let it zip! Precision-built, of highest-quality rust-proofed metals, in silvery finish. Lightweight, simple, practical—see it at sporting goods stores, or write for free descriptive folder. Eclipse Mfg. Co., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. C, Chicago, Illinois. **Dealers:** Write us.

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Please send Free Folder describing the Eclipse Automatic Fishline Dryer.

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Fish Finding Thermometer

Fully Guaranteed

Bass and Pike seek cool waters ... Trout won't live in water over 76° ... Use this fish finding thermometer for successful fishing ... Rust-proof, plated brass case, pocket clip, eye for attaching sounding line ... Money back guarantee ... At your dealer's or $1.00 post paid ... Dealers wanted.

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NOW A GENUINE EVINRUDE FOR ONLY $29.95

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EVINRUDE "MATE"

Weighs only 10 pounds

Costs only 2c an hr. to run

The lowest price... the biggest value ... in Evinrude history! A smart and capable outboard offering all of Evinrude's famed features—Hooded Power—Co-Pilot steering—finger-tip controls — Underwater Silencing — trouble-proof Centrifugal Pump Cooling — extraordinary starting ease — a complete 1940 Evinrude for only $29.95! Fits any boat ... a great motor for fishermen ... runs all day on a gallon of fuel!

WRITE FOR 1940 CATALOG—FREE!

New catalog describes complete line of nine 1940 models, including sensational new 4-cylinder "Zephyr"—thrillingly smooth 4-cylinder performance with light weight and low cost. Also catalog of 1940 Elto models, with prices starting at $26.50. Write today. Address, **EVINRUDE MOTORS,** 4415 North 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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SLEEP OUTDOORS and like it!
Ta-pat-co with carrying harness
A Sleeping Bag that's a life preserver
Write for free folder
Models $6.60 to $76. Pat. Bug Proof attachments extra.
SLEEP IN Tapatco BAGS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

★ Slip into a Ta-pat-co Bag for a really GOOD night's sleep in the open. It's the complete camper's bed. Pull up the soft covers—zip the waterproofed covering—you're snugly warm and safely dry in any weather. Stretch out—there's plenty of room. No need to be cramped! Sink onto the thick, downy-like mattress! Sleep—and wake wonderfully refreshed. Adaptable for hot nights, too. A Ta-pat-co Bag is light, durable, easy to "pack." Just unroll one anywhere and slip in for sound sleep.

THE AMERICAN PAD & TEXTILE CO.
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WANTED SALESMEN

We are starting our summer campaign and can use 200 more salesmen in various parts of the country to demonstrate and take orders for our "Super" Fyr-Fyter to owners of Power Boats, Summer Cottages, House Trailers, Summer Hotels, Tourist Hotels, Amusement Parks, Automobiles, Buses, Country Clubs, Country Estates, etc. A good opportunity for a permanent business connection. Cash in on the big summer demand for Fyr-Fyter approved extinguishers. Liberal profits. Write for details of our new sales plans.

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STREAMLINED SENSATIONAL
Weezel
FEATHERED MINNOWS
THE WEEZEL
2 ACTIONS IN 1 BAIT!

Proved Favorites of Thousands

Leading Dealers everywhere sell WEEZELS.

CASTING—⅝ oz., 19 colors; interchangeable Spinner and Wiggle Disc; only $1 for 2 baits in one.

FLYRODS—1/20 oz., 15 colors; only 60c each.

MUSKIE-SALT WATER—1 oz., 19 colors; Spinner and Wiggle Disc; only $1.50 for 2 baits in one.

FREE rubber Pork Rind to every reader who requests our free 4-color folder—handy, helpful to any fisherman. Write for this folder and get your FREE Pork Rind.

THE WEEZEL BAIT CO.
Dept. R, Disney St., Oakley, Cincinnati, Ohio

tightened the lines, and the effect was shocking! It is almost true to say that we turned the swimmers over in mid-air!

The man who was operating the moving-picture camera came running to halt the proceedings.

"Wait a minute!" he said. "You've got to give these swimmers a break! Let them get into the water, at least. We want to make this look good!"

Then we relaxed the drags on our reels, and allowed the swimmers to get halfway across the pool, racing at full speed, before we tightened on them. My particular "fish" was a hundred and ninety-pound athlete in perfect condition, but he was unable to break the line, to put any serious strain on the rod, or to pull line off the reel!

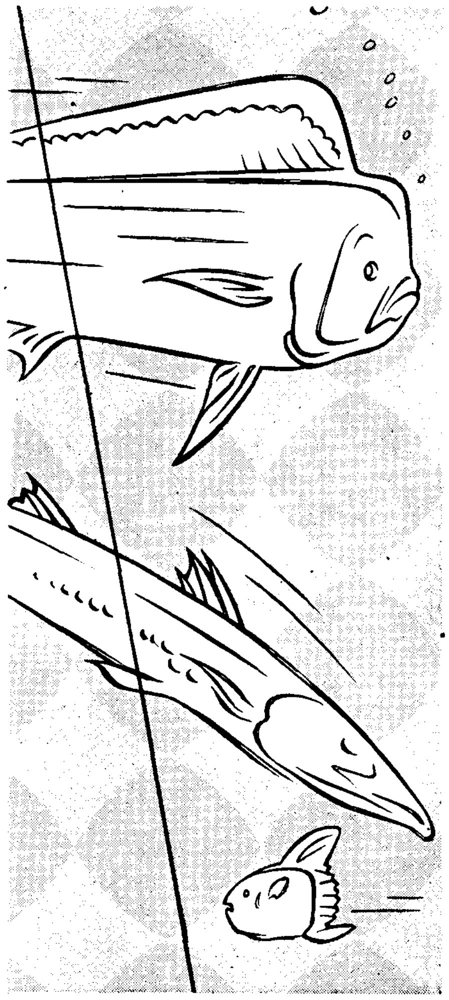
If fishing were like that, there would be no fun, but by reducing the weight of tackle, by using light rods and delicate leaders, it is possible to make the contest seem more equal. The effect of the rod is to magnify the pull of the fish, so far as the fisherman's sensations are concerned, and to such an extent that when he brings his catch to net or gaff, he feels perfectly justified in mopping his brow.

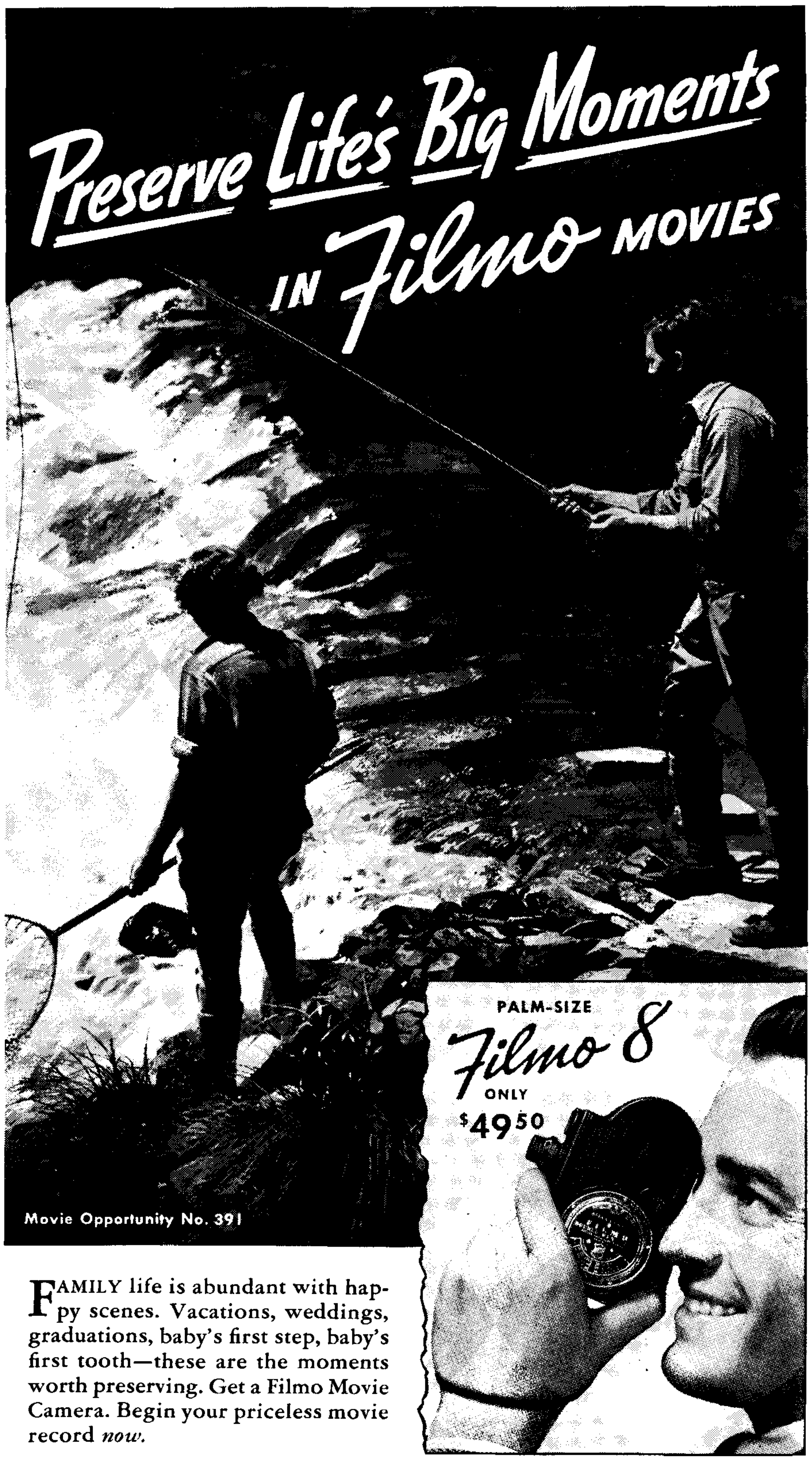
It is his tackle that lays flattering unction to his soul, and an angler with beautiful rods and well-filled tackle box can enjoy himself, whether fish take or not. Rod makers are artists by disposition. I bought my first bamboo rod from the man who made it. He was obviously reluctant to sell it to me, and when I finally pressed the money into his hands and turned toward the door, he checked me plaintively to give me a few words of advice. He told me how to cast, how to avoid breaking a tip, how to make an emergency repair if one were needed.

"It's a good rod," he said, in concluding. "Take care of it. And, Mr. Williams, please don't lend it."

The plaintive part of the story is that this is the only completely unsatisfactory rod I ever owned.

But my most satisfactory rod was also the cheapest. I was using it on that day with Lee to which reference has hereto-





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PALM-SIZE Filmo 8 ONLY $49.50

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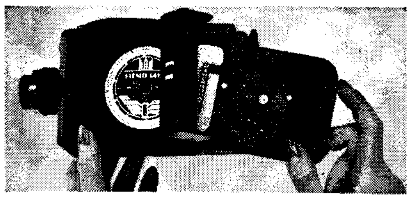
It's Easy! With a Filmo, you get fine movies from the start. For Filmos are made by the makers of Hollywood's professional movie equipment. Just press a button, and *what you see, you get* . . . in color or black-and-white, indoors and out, even in slow motion!



New "Shelloading" 16 mm. Filmo
A movie camera of matchless beauty and precision. "Shelloads" with pre-threaded 16 mm. film magazines. Permits mid-reel changes from color to black-and-white film. With F 2.7 lens, $115. Other models to $1155.

It's Inexpensive! Palm-size Filmo 8 makes newsreel-length scenes at snapshot cost! With four speeds, device for animating cartoons, and provision for adding accessories as your skill grows, Filmo is a basic camera that will meet your present *and future* needs. From only $49.50. Easy terms. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; London. *Established 1907.*

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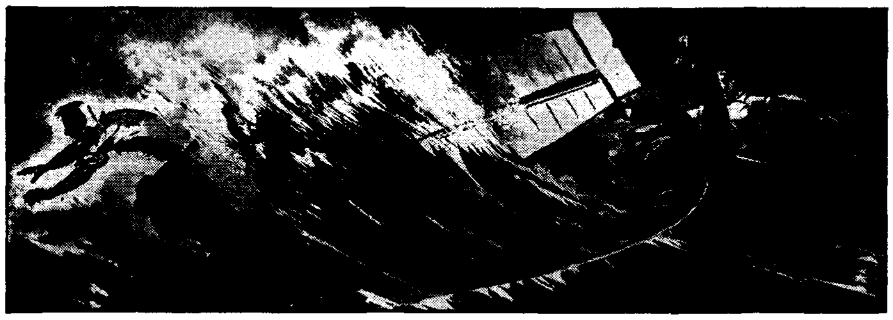
PRECISION-MADE BY
Bell and Howell

"THE HEAVY LINE DRAGGED ME TOWARD ETERNITY!"

A true experience of C. J. LATIMER, *Warren, Ohio*

"ANOTHER FISHERMAN and myself had just finished setting a heavy trot-line in Lake Erie," writes Mr. Latimer, "when a sudden treacherous squall lashed out of nowhere and churned the water into towering waves.

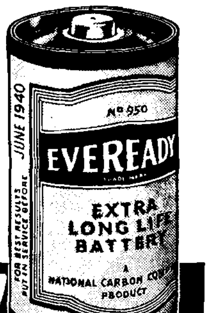


"A WAVE SMACKED us broadside, and over we went! Then I felt a heavy drag on my leg. I was caught in the trot-line and was being pulled to my doom. In the darkness, my companion couldn't untangle me!

"BUT ONE OF OUR PARTY ON shore brought his flashlight into action. Its powerful beam cut the distance and darkness—and in a minute I was free. I shudder to think of what might have happened except for those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries!

(*Signed*) C J Latimer"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.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EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
A NATIONAL CARBON CO. PRODUCT
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

fore been made. I paid ten dollars for it. It is a two-piece rod, six and a half feet long, weighing two and three-quarters ounces. I have used it for twenty years, fishing with worms on a brushy little brook, handling trout up to eighteen inches long that had to be held firmly on the surface away from roots and snags. I have killed a five-pound bass with it, and a nine-pound salmon. It is still as straight and true as the day I got it. I think it would kill a tuna if I had the time and a long enough line.

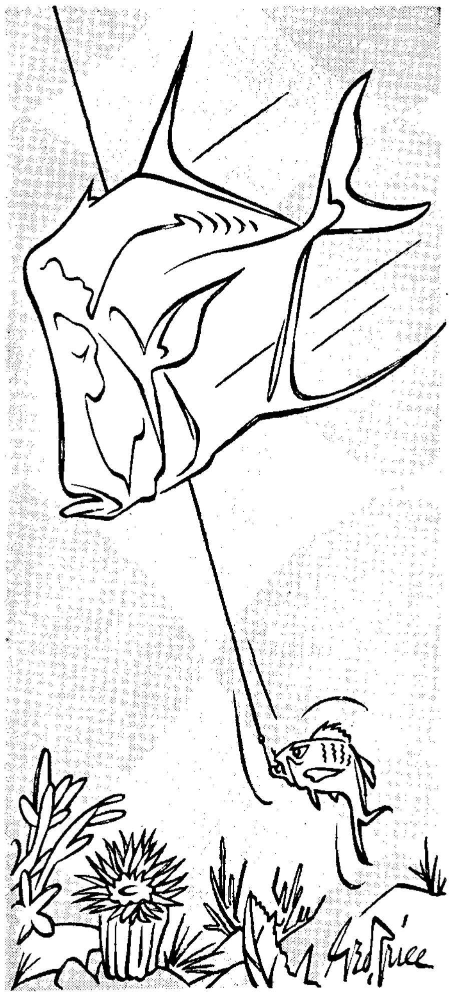
Light tackle will kill a fish as dead as heavy gear, and, unless you haul the fish ashore by brute force, almost as quickly. I once argued this point with a salmon fisherman of the old school who uses a seventeen-foot rod weighing about two pounds. He laughed at my preference for a rod of six or seven ounces.

"Why, man," he said, "I've landed seven salmon, all of them over twenty pounds and one over thirty, in less than two hours! Where would you have been with a rod like yours?"

Well, I don't know; but I have brought a twenty-two-pound salmon to gaff in just over three minutes, fishing from a canoe with a six-ounce rod; and with the same rod I have played out and beached one which weighed twenty-nine pounds in nineteen minutes.

Light tackle will kill a fish as dead as heavy gear; but light tackle or heavy, get the best you can afford. If you are casting with a good rod and with a fine free-running line, laying your fly lightly where you want it, you will be happy whether fish take or not. And after all, you can fish only a few days out of the year, but your tackle you have always with you. It is as much fun to tie a fly as to cast one, and you can love a fine rod fully as much in December as you do in May.

The way to catch fish is to go where they are when they're biting; but go equipped and prepared to give them what they want, served in the way they want it. Then, even if they don't take, you will have done your part. And you will have had a good time; for that is the secret of how to fish and like it.



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20 for 25¢
BLADES
DOUBLE EDGE
FINEST BLADES MONEY CAN BUY ...OR YOUR MONEY BACK!
SINGLE EDGE 15 FOR 25¢

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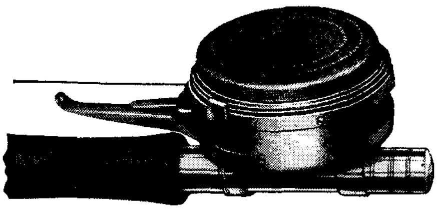
THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



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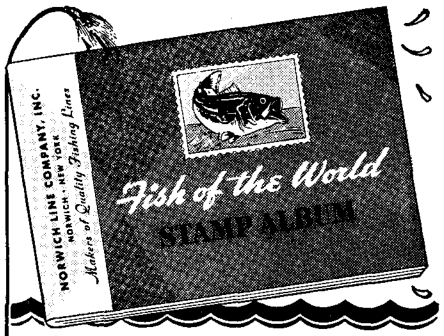

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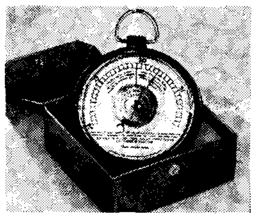

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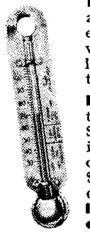

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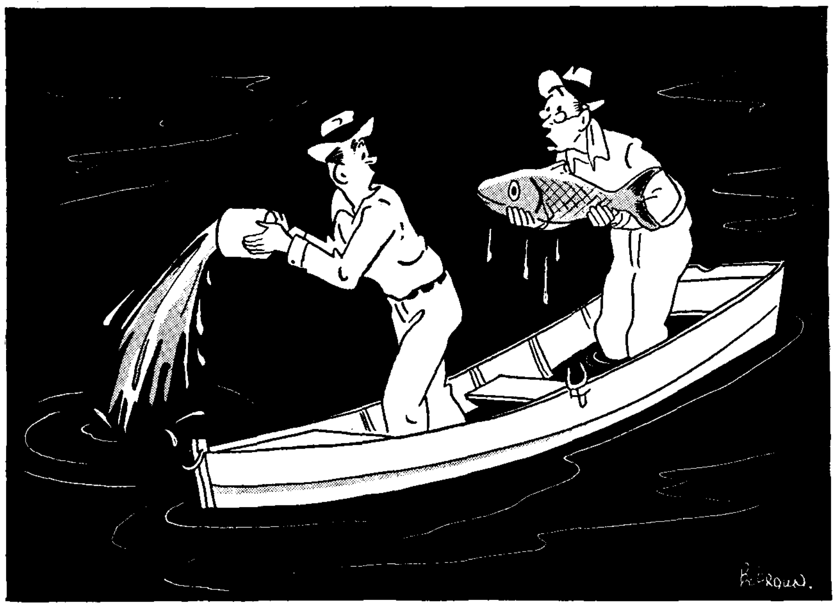

"The hole must be getting bigger. Look what just came through!"

BO BROWN

Trophy

Continued from page 10

own prowess. "Eh, yes, I was in my day as keen a shot as any of my brothers," she told her visitor complacently. "They took me everywhere. But the best shooting in the world is still to be found here in our own Polish forests. You must return to us in the hunting season, kinsman; no doubt this tiresome little affair will be well over by that time."

"No doubt, Princess," he said soberly. "But I hope to see you before that—in fact, as soon as my services are no longer required by our embassy."

Tamara, when the two parted, said with an anxiety that her shyness could not dissemble, "But, Monsieur Stefan, *must* you return to Warsaw? Surely there are no more of your countrymen left there now to aid. Why do you not follow the road straight away to Rumania, while it is still open?"

"Because," he explained, "I must first return this borrowed car, and then arrange by hook or crook to steal another one, so that I may come back and take you away to Rumania with me—you and Cousin Anastasia, of course. You must wait for me. Will you, Tamara?"

They looked at each other, handfast, their eyes eloquent, not daring to come closer; both were very young. The girl said at last, under her breath, "I will wait for you—always, Stefan."

PRINCESS ANASTASIA'S dry cough sounded just behind them. "Go, if you please, up to my room, my dear, and fetch me a pocket handkerchief with which to wave farewell to our bold young Lochinvar out of the West," she said; adding stiffly to him, as Tamara disappeared, "I am afraid, my friend, that I must withdraw my invitation to return to us here. It would be a waste of your time. Having taken the girl into my household, I shall know how to protect her."

"But you don't understand," he blurted, crimsoning. "I'm in love with Tamara, and she with me! What's more," he exclaimed, the intention crystallizing as he spoke, "I intend to marry her as soon as possible, so as to have the right to get her safely out of here."

"Marry? *Tiens,* it is even worse than I thought!" she murmured, not unkindly. "A girl of humble and unknown parentage, without dot— Decidedly I cannot again receive you during your stay in Poland. Perhaps at some future time—? Au revoir, cousin."

He accepted his dismissal willy-nilly, aware as he left of Tamara hurrying down the stairs with the required handkerchief.

SHORTLY after the necessary precautions had been accomplished, the Germans arrived. Not many, only a small single mechanized unit, well in advance of its division, and headed by two automobiles full of gray-clad officers which stopped at the castle gates, peremptorily demanding entrance. The princess sent polite word that she would receive them shortly in person; congratulating herself that all the young women of the vicinity, including Tamara, had been sent away only that morning.

While she was dressing, with the aid of a fumbling, frightened housewoman, a demure voice said behind her, "Shall it be the brown wig today, dear madame, or the blond toupee of ceremony?"

The princess turned with a start. "Tamara! But you were to go with the village girls to the convent."

"From which I have returned only just in time. Surely you did not expect me to leave you here alone at a time of danger?"

A smile played unwillingly about the old woman's lips. She muttered, "Knowing the blood, I should have known better." Aloud, she said acidly, "The Paris wig, by all means. We must make upon our guests a proper impression."

The girl noted with pity how the princess' head and hands were shaking, as she descended the stairs alone, lifting a haughty *lorgnon* at the three German officers below. They were good-looking youths, very neat and blond and Nordic in their close-fitting field uniforms, and one of them stepped forward promptly to lift her hand to his small mustache. "*Eure Hoheit,*" he murmured ceremonially; adding with a broad grin, "You do not know me then, Grosstante Anastasia?"

She went quite giddy with relief: "What, not Maximilian von Schoenberg? Not the grandson of our own poor Natalie? To see you so well-grown and handsome, Maxi, gives me much pleasure. You will, I hope, regard my house as your own?"

"That is our intention, Grosstante," he said, pleased. "I have, in fact, come

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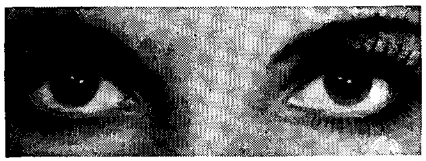

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especially to offer your castle the protection of my presence."

"My valet Fedor will look after you," said the princess. "He will attend you and your friends to the guest pavilion immediately."

"Quite unnecessary, we shall do very well where we are, Grosstante."

"*Tiens,* so many dashing young men in our virginal dovecote—? That would hardly be suitable!" she said, smiling. "You will find the guest pavilion quite comfortable, I trust. We dine at nine o'clock."

Dinner that evening became a quite gala affair. Anastasia preferred young men, and especially young men of her own family, to any other type of company, and went into full regalia, a décolletage of quite alarming extent, replete with diamond sprays and jeweled chains and stomachers. Even Tamara wore that evening her first jewels—a necklace of seed-pearl clusters presented her for the occasion by her patroness. They became her so well that, somewhat to her dismay, she found herself quite the center of attention. The princess, accustomed to dominate her own table with quips and anecdotes and hardy badinage, began to feel some displeasure. But, no wonder, she thought indulgently, that they appreciated so naïvely the shy young graces of Tamara.

"It is well, Grosstante, that you retain at least one example of Polish maidenhood to prove your countrywomen's reputation for beauty!" commented Max, lifting his glass to the embarrassed girl. "My men report that your village consists entirely of antique hags and female children of the teething age."

Looking keenly about the table, the princess saw in each of their immature boys' faces a look she had not noted before—a slight coarsening of the features, a relaxed, subtly brutalized expression. For the first time in her life, perhaps, a sense of fear touched her. When coffee was brought, she rose, making the excuse of her years to retire early, and taking Tamara with her.

On the way upstairs, she said to the girl, "Tomorrow I shall have a bed put in my sitting room for you. Your room is too far down the hall. Lock your door well tonight, my girl."

At intervals the princess, always a heavy sleeper, was roused momentarily by shouts of song, the thump of a piano, the crash of overturned furniture, from the drawing rooms below; and thought, before she quite remembered, that her nephews must be amusing themselves very well that evening. Toward dawn she became aware of Fedor, rattling desperately at her door, and calling, "If the Excellency would but come—Pan Stanislas can do nothing!"

SHE went as she was, in her discreet, spinsterly ruffles, thin shanks bare, scant gray locks bristling gorgonwise from a lace-trimmed nightcap. For a moment, the group gathered at the far end of the hall remained unaware of this apparition. Von Schoenberg had got hold of a billet of firewood, with which he was attempting to batter down a door against which Father Stanislas stood, with arm outstretched, exclaiming, "Baron Max, I beg of you— Please! You forget yourselves, my sons!"

"*Um Himmels willen!* This is no place for a man in skirts. Stand aside, priest," warned the young lieutenant amiably; and brought down his billet on the other's arm, which dropped limp, broken.

Then Princess Anastasia found words. What she said she did not afterward remember, nor did those who heard her; only the impact of her voice, and the quite mad glitter in her eyes. The group scattered and broke before her, one of them dragging von Schoenberg away with an abashed "No, no, Max, let be! The girl will keep."

After that, the two ladies kept to their rooms upstairs. Max, it is true, attempted some slight, sheepish effort at apology. "It was nothing, Grosstante, we merely required the Fräulein to dance with us—you should not have sent away all your little pretty peasant girls." He grinned, but she perceived that it was not a pleasant grin. The lips were too thickly red, the teeth each sharply separate, like fangs. "Such respect has not always been shown employees of this house, one hears—or perhaps you think I do not know who the little Fräulein is? But we shall see, Grosstante, my attentions may prove less objectionable in that quarter than you imagine—like mother, like daughter, *hein?* At least, judging by results, one commends Cousin Victor's taste!"

HE DREW back, thinking she meant to strike him then; but she merely said, tonelessly, "My nephew Victor died too soon. There are, however, other men of my family who will know how to guard from insult a protégée of ours."

"*Ach,* so? Others? Is it possible," he said deliberately, staring at her, "that your so-inefficient Polish government does not even keep its citizens informed of war casualties? But I forget, there is no longer a Polish government; it has fled."

"That," she cried, trembling visibly, "is a lie!"—but she knew from the triumphant malice of his smile that it was not a lie. She said, after a moment, the words coming as if from a great distance, "You spoke of—war casualties?"

Clicking his heels together, he replied with unctuous compassion: "I regret to be obliged to inform you that within the past few days, the names of the three Princes Leczinski, my cousin Wladimir and his two young sons, have all been reported to us as killed in action, but most creditably. That," he explained, "is why I received permission to come on in advance to this place, in order to insure its proper protection, since no doubt I shall inherit this excellent little property, as your own nearest of kin—in fact, your only remaining male kin." He paused, seeing her crumple oddly in upon herself, and had the mercy to ring for a servant to bring brandy.

But the old woman did not accept the brandy. She rose, painfully, to her full height, and took the servant's arm to leave the room. As she passed him she said, with great distinctness, "You are mistaken, von Schoenberg. You are not, God be thanked, my only remaining male kin!"

Tamara ran to her assistance; but the princess passed unheeding, tottering toward a small turret alcove adjoining her room, into whose paneled walls was built a little private oratory. There she sank to her knees on a praying stool.

"She knows now," whispered the girl to Fedor, "of Prince Wladimir's death?"

The valet nodded, his face working. "Of all their deaths—there are no more Princes Leczinski. There is no more Poland," he said; and began to weep.

From between drawn curtains, within call of the motionless figure on the bed, Tamara watched, the next morning, much unwonted stir of activity below their windows; soldiers coming and going, heavy-laden with hams and kegs and other provender, while a great squawking of slaughtered fowl and hogs arose in the background, and later still an excited, uncertain baying of hounds.

The princess asked from the bed, with closed eyes, "Why do they loose the stag hounds, Fedor?"

"In order to round up the park deer, Excellency," he replied, with hanging head.

Her eyes flew open. "At this season? Shoot tame does, with young?"

"They do not intend to shoot them, Excellency, but to corral the deer, and kill them with bludgeons. It is forbidden to waste ammunition," he said.

The princess sat suddenly erect. "Von Schoenberg must be informed of this! Even he could not countenance such an outrage," she muttered. "Go, Fedor, ask the lieutenant-baron to be good enough to wait upon me at once."

She was fully arrayed, when the young man came, in elaborate mourning, even to jet-black wig, and jewelry. Max wore a band of crape on his sleeve.

"To show respect in a house of sorrow," he murmured to Tamara impressively.

"How have you dared?" she whispered furiously.

He made round eyes of reproach. "Dared? Were not the three princes, although enemies, my own half cousins? I am surprised," he added with a sidelong, meaning glance, "to see you wearing white. But how it becomes you, snow princess that you are! Always wear white for me," he murmured ardently, "until I melt you." She drew back from the profanity of his eyes, shivering.

The princess asked briefly if he knew what was occurring in her park.

"Certainly I know," he smiled deprecatingly. "My men are entitled to some little relaxing recreation, after hard service. As sport, this would not interest you or me, the creatures are tame as house dogs; but it provides at least some novelty for the soldiers' cooking pot."

She asked, staring at him, "Do you no longer, then, preserve game on your own estates, von Schoenberg?"

"*Gewiss,* but that is German game," he replied. "We are, however, saving your upper forest here for better sport, later. With your permission," he added, bowing.

She looked at him, unblinking; and after a moment he bowed himself away, in some discomfiture.

LESS than an hour later, however, he was back in a different mood, grim and laconic, accompanied by a squad of armed men, and bringing with him all the terrified womenservants; also Father Stanislas, very pale, his broken arm in a sling, and the valet Fedor.

Tamara jumped to her feet as this group entered the princess' boudoir, without ceremony—she had been sitting behind drawn curtains, her fingers in her ears, not bearing to hear or see the tragedy being enacted in the park below, amid whose trees little bewildered creatures fled to and fro, pursued by slobbering, demoralized dogs. Once and again she heard the sharp crack of a rifle, close at hand; apparently not all the deer were being dispatched by bludgeons.

The princess herself came to meet the intruders out of the little turret chapel beyond, where she had been praying again. The girl noted with amazement that she moved quite erectly now, and that the palsied head and hands were steady as her fixed eyes. "What," she said, "is the meaning of this intrusion, Lieutenant-Baron?"

"*Eure Hoheit,*" he replied stiffly, "is informed that an indefensible act has been committed on her property. Two of my men have just been shot from ambush here, one fatally."

Father Stanislas broke in quickly: "I have told you that it is impossible, my son! Her Excellency has had each house on the whole estate searched, under my

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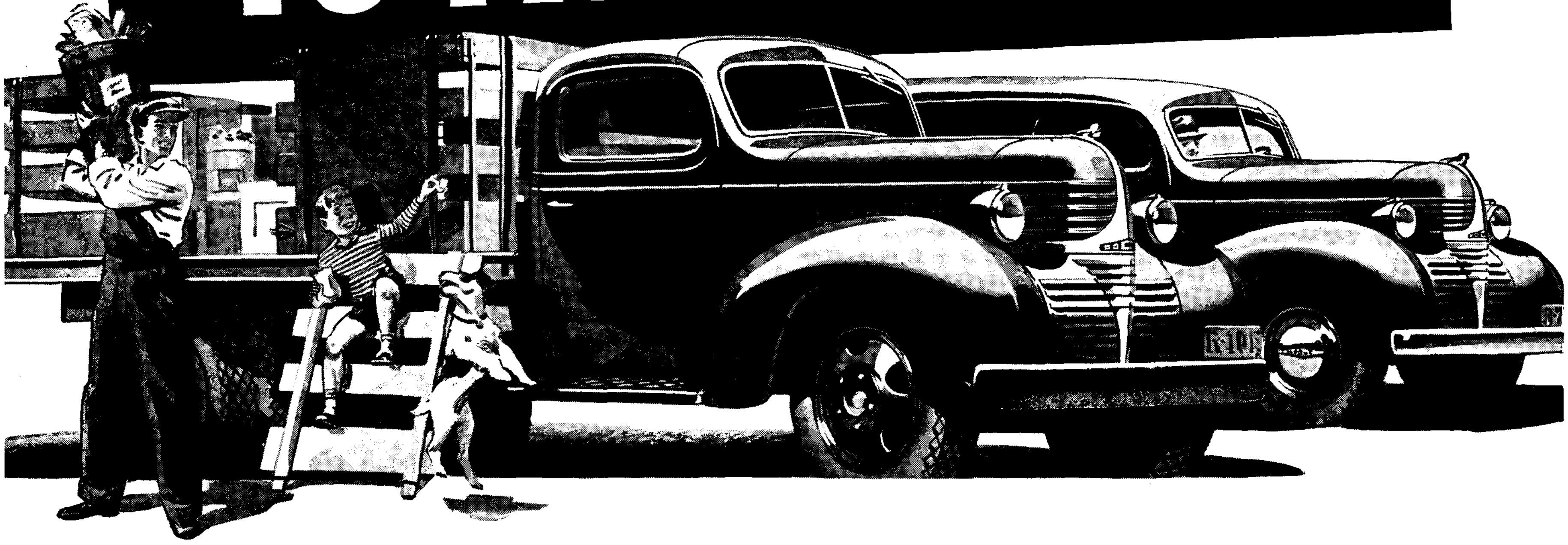

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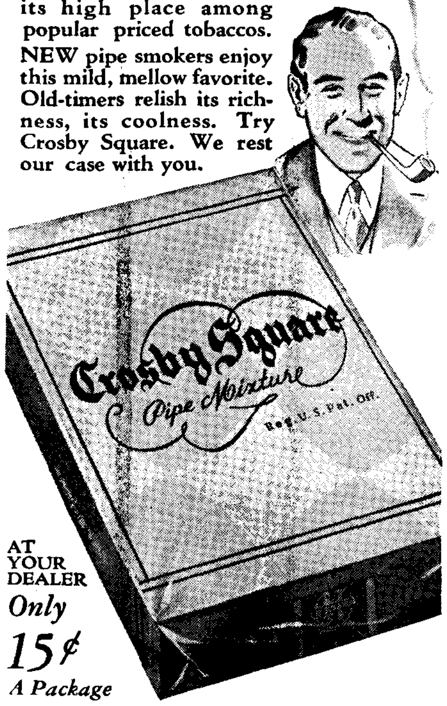

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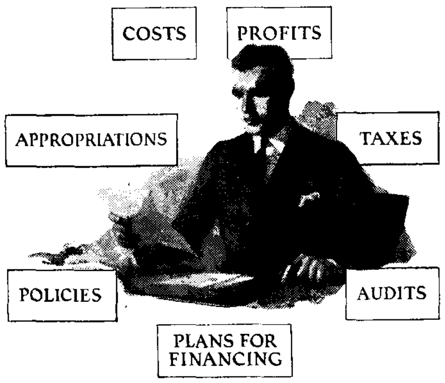

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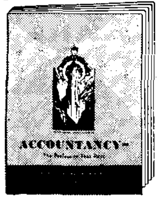

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Name............................Age..............

Present Position..

Address..

supervision, for firearms. Even the castle has been emptied of every conceivable weapon of offense."

"*Ach,* so? The shots, Princess, came from one of your upper windows here. Now we shall know who fired them. There is no escape, the house is completely guarded, we shall make thorough search."

"Do so, by all means," she said, handing him her chatelaine of keys. "Would it not be well," she added, "while your men seek elsewhere, to search yourself through my own rooms?"

Grimly, the young man took her at her word. He jerked open closet doors, he looked into her bath, into the turret alcove. "Do these panels open?"

"Why not see for yourself?" suggested the princess. He jerked them apart, revealing within the little shrine of Our Lady, its usual lace draperies and altar cloth replaced by mourning purple. Somewhat abashed, he closed the panels again.

THE men returned with no contraband weapons and no prisoners.

"Do not, von Schoenberg, continue to make yourself ridiculous," said the princess curtly. "Obviously the culprit is not one of my maids, mere peasants, who tremble at sight of a firearm. Fedor, there, is nearly as old as myself—his hand shakes too much to serve wine properly! You will hardly suspect Father Stanislas, whose right arm is, as you may observe, incapacitated. That leaves only my young companion, who has never handled so much as a pistol in her life. Is it not possible that the shots may have come, not from the castle windows, but from some near-by tree?"

"Possible, but not probable," he said succinctly. "We are not permitted to take chances, Princess. Punishment must be administered. I should regret," he added, staring slowly from one to another, "the necessity of punishing your entire household for the misdeed of one, but—"

"Punishing in what way?"

He made an expressive gesture toward the waiting squad of soldiers. "For snipers, there is only one punishment."

She rose to her feet. "You cannot mean that you would dare to execute—to murder—a number of persons you know to be innocent, because of—"

It was Fedor who interrupted then, staring at her with anguished, imploring gaze. "No, no! Say nothing more. I will speak, I will confess it!"

The princess stared back at her servant, speechless. For once it was his eyes, not hers, that commanded. She fell back into the chair, her hands before her face.

"*Jawohl!*" said von Schoenberg, and barked an order.

The squad of men surrounded Fedor. Father Stanislas went with them, crucifix in hand. Above the shuffle of feet on the stairs, they heard his voice begin the office for the dying, heard him steadily intoning Latin from the courtyard below, interrupted presently by a sharp volley of musketry; one only. No ammunition had been wasted.

Some hours later, Tamara came running into the princess' darkened bedroom to tell her that the intruders appeared to be leaving in haste. "Oh, madame, madame, take heart! Can it mean that after all the English have come, that our forces are driving the Germans back?"

"Help me," said the princess faintly, "to a window, child."

They saw that one of their guests' automobiles was already going full speed down the avenue, containing two of the German officers, while the second car waited at the door of the guest pavilion, apparently for von Schoenberg; who emerged at the moment and started across the courtyard to the castle, followed by his chauffeur.

"Our relative," muttered the old lady, "intends no doubt to pay his farewell respects."

The girl opened the door of the boudoir to him, without lifting her eyes. "Your lashes are like fluttering, frightened bird's feathers—soon I shall smooth them for you with my lips!" he promised softly; and aloud to the princess, bowing from the waist, "Many thanks for hospitality, Grosstante Anastasia. Instructions have now been received to join my command elsewhere."

"In some haste, it appears," said the old lady dryly, "since you depart empty-handed."

"Quite so. But with permission, I do not depart quite empty-handed. It would seem a pity to leave some fine vintage wines one has discovered here entirely to the uncultivated palate of mere females, what?"

The princess said, "I am flattered! Tamara, perhaps you had better bring my jewel box also."

He said angrily: "It pleases you to jest! You have other treasures here, however," he added, fixing his deliberate gaze on the aloof, pale girl, "which interest a man of taste far more than the contents of cellars and jewel boxes. So I do not say farewell, dear ladies, only *auf Wiedersehen.* Very soon I shall be with you again, to celebrate another German victory— And you will help me, *nicht wahr, schoenstes Fräulein,* to make of it a very happy victory?"

When he had gone, the old woman said, "Leave me, please," and Tamara, as she closed the door, saw her go quickly into her oratory again, putting aside the long purple altar cloth as if to take something from behind it.

Out of the hall window she watched, as one paralyzed. Von Schoenberg, waiting beside his car, called an impatient order to his servant, who came hurrying from the castle with a basket full of bottles. At that moment, the sharp crack of a rifle sounded. The man spun round, his bottles crashing, and sprawled flat.

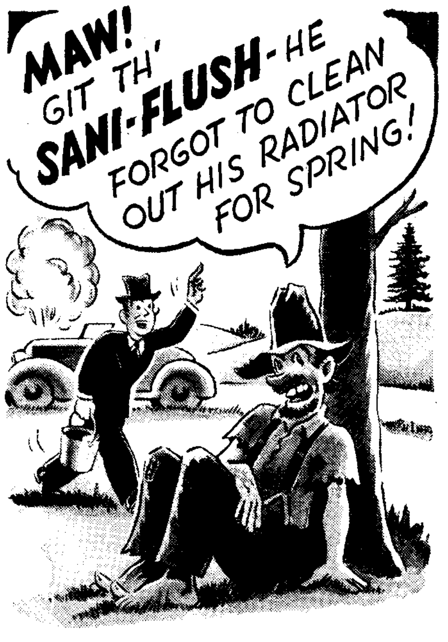
"*Donnerwetter! Was gibt's?*" cried the officer furiously, starting toward the house. Again the rifle cracked, twice; and he also dropped as he ran, the body twitching gradually into stillness.

IT WAS twilight when the haunted peace of that woodland, where now no creature moved, was broken by the sputtering rapid approach of a sidecar motorcycle, bearing on its handle bar a conspicuous American flag. Tamara ran out and into Stephen's arms without a word. They clung together for a space, still speechless; then he put her aside. "Not a moment to waste—I couldn't get through before, every road blocked. But some agreement has been made to let civilian refugees pass out toward Rumania. This is the best I could get hold of by way of transportation. I'll simply have to take one of you out to a safe distance, and return for the other— But," he exclaimed, suddenly staring, "you've got a car! Full of gas, too! How in the name of heaven did you manage that?"

"By—by capture," she said. And taking him by the hand she showed him where the heavy bodies of the Germans had been dragged to a place of concealment behind some shrubbery. Then she began to weep. "Oh, Stefan, Stefan, our poor princess! She's quite gone. She does not even realize what she has done!"

But the old lady seemed to him rather less mad than usual, although very much feebler—become indeed quite gentled, and surprisingly amenable to the idea of flight. "It is pleasant in the Carpathians at this season," she said. "Our Hungarian friends there will be delighted to receive us. We must take plenty of evening frocks, Tamara."

When the girl had run upstairs to pack a few necessities, she added confiden-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tially to the American, "It will be wiser, more conventional, you understand, if you are married first by my chaplain, Father Stanislas, in case I am unable to remain with you."

"Married?" The young man, though startled, was quick to take advantage of his opportunity. "Nothing would make me happier, Cousin Anastasia! But I thought—"

"Circumstances have now altered. While it is true that I took the girl from a foundling asylum, I lied to you about her parentage."

"I understand. There were certain rumors in Warsaw," he said gently.

HER head went up. "There are always rumors in Warsaw; you will do well to ignore them, monsieur. They are even saying now that General-Prince Wladimir, the head of our house, also his two young sons—" she paused, bewildered. Elliott nodded, without speaking. "That of course is a cruel lie. However, in times of war it may be as well to make sure of another Leczinski heir, both Wladimir's sons being still unmarried."

"I understand," he said again, flushing. "But if you mean me, Princess, aren't you afraid the relationship might be too distant—"

"The relationship of Tamara's children," she interrupted succinctly, "will not be distant. I had intended to do what was possible for the girl's future, leave to her my jewels, some little income. But to bequeath to her outright even so small a family estate as this—Appearances must be considered."

Appearances, thought the young man, with the world tumbling about their ears!

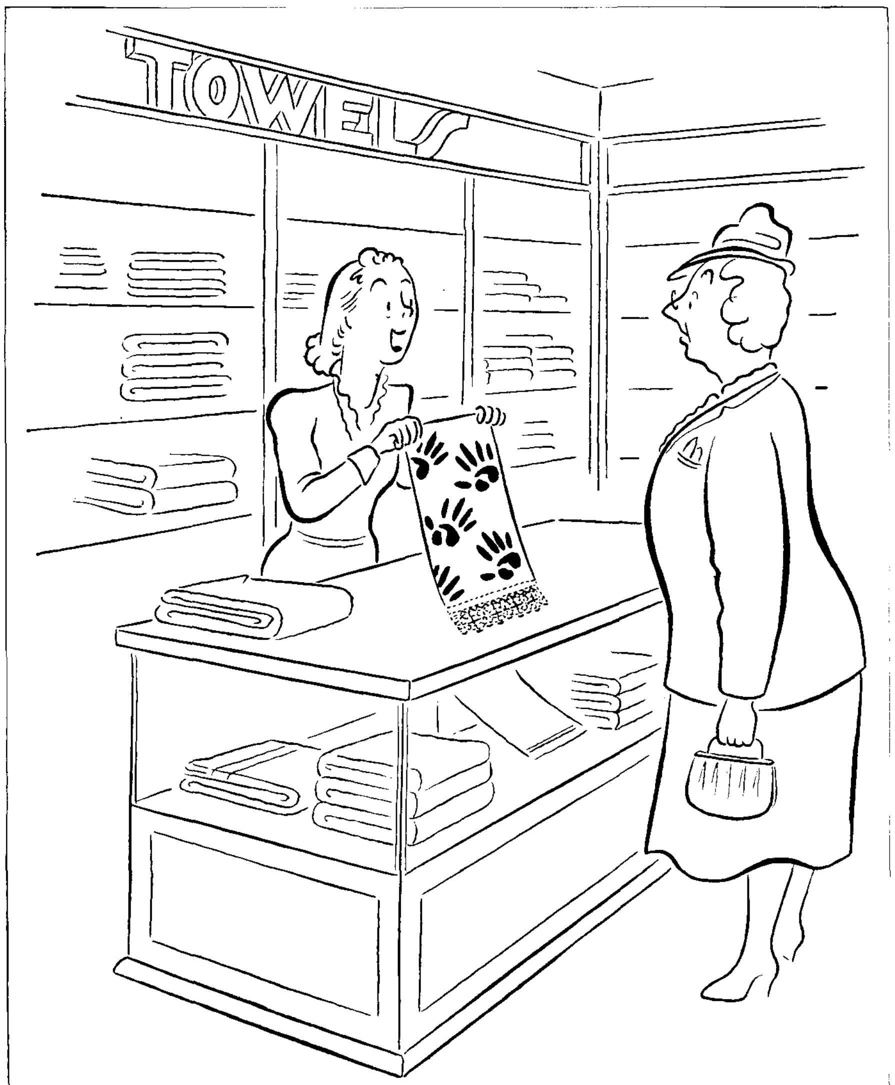
"So, you comprehend why I wish now to make sure of this marriage for Tamara—that her husband might become my heir-at-law would right, do you see, a grievous wrong. My dead nephew, Victor, will be greatly pleased. Tamara's mother was a good girl, and a modest one; only it was not, of course, suitable that a Prince Leczinski acknowledge as wife a little governess out of our own nursery— But come, come, we have no time to waste here!"

It was an odd little hurried wedding, none too legal, the American suspected, without banns or license, performed by an unwilling Catholic priest, before a small alcove altar. But there would be the rest of their lives together, please God, in which to prove its validity.

So they started with Princess Anastasia on a strange wedding journey, to the rumble of distant cannon, leaving behind them the pall of cloud, lit with sultry flashes, that hung unlifting over Warsaw. But first, despite the need for haste, the old sportswoman insisted upon making with her new heir a tottering round of the upper gallery where her own hunting trophies were displayed—a stuffed bear that served as lamp, an elephant's ear that had become a fire screen, a tiger-skin rug.

"When you come into possession here," she admonished him, "I trust you to see personally that these souvenirs are well treated for moth. Fedor is a little past his work now; like myself, he grows forgetful. Eh, yes, I was in my day as keen a shot as any, no game too difficult for my brothers and me, too inaccessible. Yet still the best shooting on the Continent is to be found right here in our own Polish forests."

She added regretfully, with a macabre little passing glitter of the eye: "It is a pity you have not seen the finest of my trophies, such a handsome specimen, the thick yellow pelt of hair, the sharp tusks, the small, stiff brush of mustache! I wished to have it mounted and placed in that one remaining space above the mantel. But Father Stanislas was very tiresome about it, he would not let me," she complained petulantly. "He said that there was not time."



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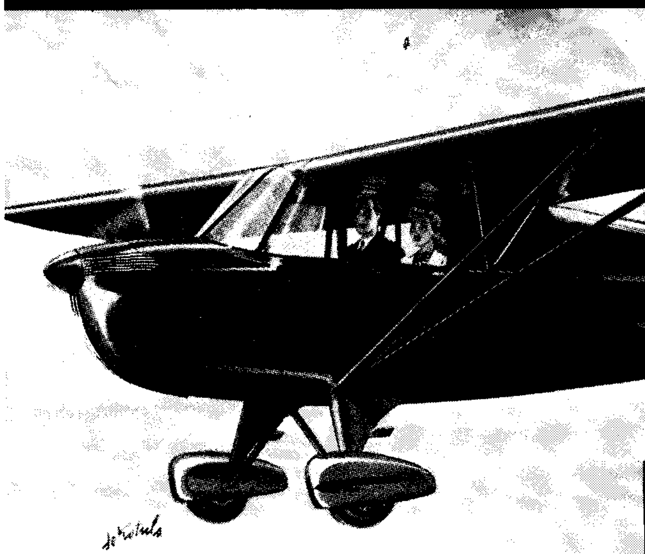

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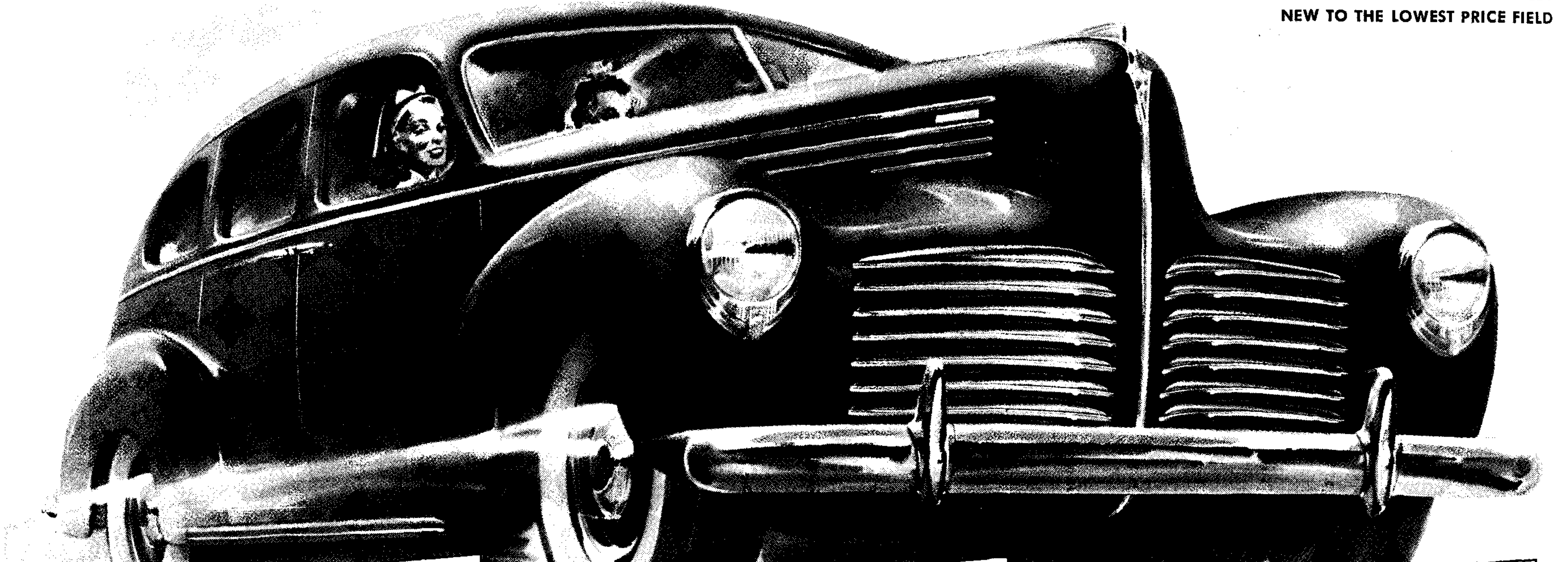

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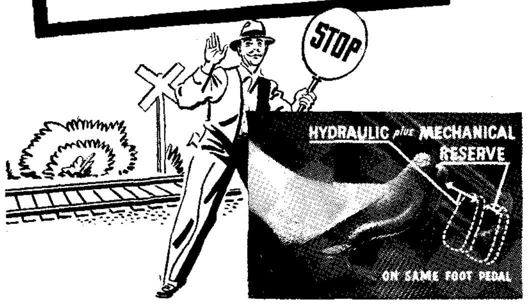

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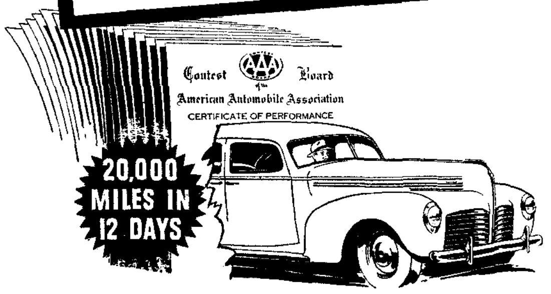

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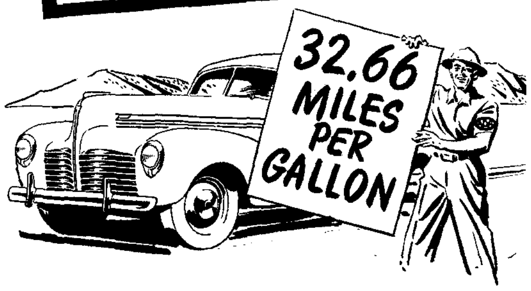

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Car shown at top is Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $763, delivered in Detroit (white sidewall tires extra)*

Oil for Europe's Burning

Continued from page 21

that the Rumanian wells produce. After the boys from San Antonio and Dallas are through with the wells, Hitler's drillers will have to work from six to eighteen months getting them back into shape again. The Germans may not be able to spare the time. Down in Syria old General Weygand is mobilizing a colonial army of Anzacs, Aussies and British and French regulars and colonials that makes the army of Lawrence of Arabia look like a troop of Boy Scouts. The purpose of this army is ostensibly a "defensive" one right now. When and if Hitler attacks Rumania it becomes an offensive army. Down around Salonika, French and British officers for weeks have been canvassing the terrain, bringing their maps up to date, going from town to town and house to house arranging for billets for troops and men, and buying supplies.

The Greeks admit they must permit the Weygand army to move through Salonika to meet the Germans. The Bulgarians, in their choice between siding with Germany and siding with the Allies, will side with Britain and France unless at the last moment King Boris decides Germany has the winning hand. While the Greeks and the Bulgarians do not like the idea of being used as a battlefield, there is little they can do about it. In a choice between friendship with Britain and France or with Germany in wartime, there is no doubt Germany loses. The Bulgarians and the Greeks don't mind doing business with the Reich in peacetime, but during war Germany cannot pay her way and these days you can't tell whether the white stuff in the mountains and on the hills is really snow or a blanket of British five-pound notes fresh from Threadneedle Street.

It is difficult to say whether Weygand or the seven gentlemen from Texas will play the more important part in the expected Balkan springtime pageant. The Texans need only forty-eight hours to put the Rumanian wells out of commission. General Weygand needs longer than that to move his army from Syria by sea and by land to the prospective battlefield of Ploesti.

Germany's Sources of Oil

A nice clean job of sabotage by the Texans will mean that Germany will have to depend entirely upon Russia, her own stored resources and synthetic production of carburants to keep the Reich military machine moving. Despite British and French estimates that Germany needs twenty million tons of petroleum yearly, an American engineer who knows more about European oil sources, supplies and production than any man alive told me Germany needs only six to seven million tons for wartime purposes.

This means that Rumania's 6,200,000 tons would more than meet all the Reich's requirements when added to the oil obtained by the absorption of Czechoslovakia and Poland. In addition Germany, with abundant coal supplies, can produce one third of her petrol requirements through hydrogenation of coal. This gasoline, however, is unfit for use in airplane engines.

From her oil wells Germany produced approximately 500,000 tons of petroleum in 1939. The total output actually was 734,330 tons. The difference came from the "acquired" wells in Austria, Slovakia and German Poland. These produced at the rate of 2,370 barrels daily.

"But I don't want to go for a walk!"

HOWARD BAER

Hitler therefore can count on about 800,000 tons of natural oil from the wells at his disposal. But that is a mere squirt in his carburetors. To help make the amount needed to fight what the British call an "all-out war," Germany must sacrifice huge quantities of coal for synthetic gasoline production.

This is an important consideration in evaluating Germany's war strength. By diluting coal for gasoline production by hydrogenation the Reich loses an exportable surplus. Coal is as good as gold for the purchase, in the Balkans and elsewhere, of such important commodities as fats, meats and metals.

Although the German general staff cannot figure on more than 3,300,000 tons of engine fuel of all categories from all possible home sources, that's just about half what the country requires to fight a war with any chance of winning.

If the war breaks out in all its prognosticated fury on land, sea and in the air before Germany taps new oil resources, then the Reich must begin almost at once to draw upon stored reserves. These reserves total from three and a half million to roughly seventeen million metric tons. This stock would last from six to eighteen months in intensive fighting.

American oil engineers, who are in the best possible position to know, told me that it is more likely Germany has only six months' and not eighteen months' supply in storage. Their argument is that Germany has not had sufficient iron and steel, over the past three years of intensive rearmament, to spare for the construction of tanks for more than about three or at the most four million tons.

Germany has only two sources of petroleum open to her beyond her frontiers—Rumania and Russia. The single-tracked Russian railroads, already inadequate and congested with troops and supplies for the Finnish front and in preparation for operations in Bessarabia and on the Caucasus front, cannot move oil to Germany even if Russia has the oil to spare.

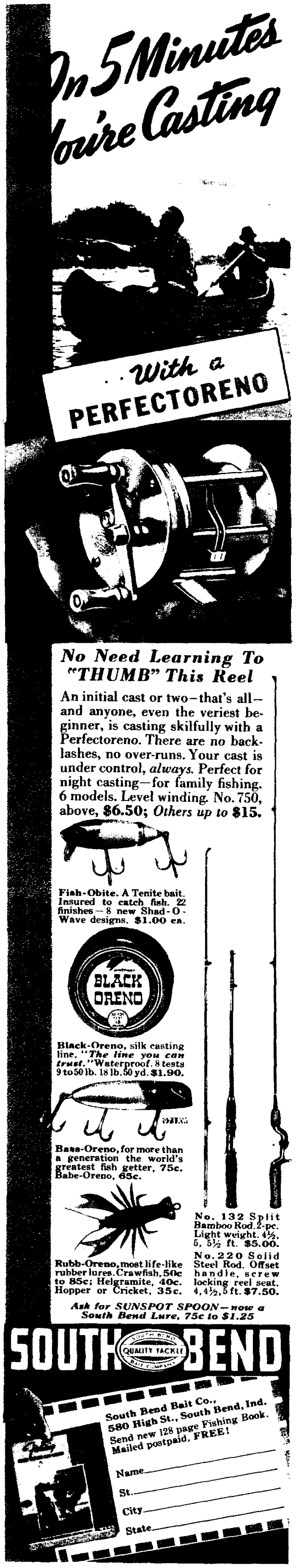
Despite Soviet boasts that the U. S. S. R.'s petroleum production and refinement has surpassed all previous records, engineers who have been in Russia say that the country's production is behind even last year's schedule. In support of this they point out that since the war Russia has stopped exporting petroleum completely.

The Petcocks are Plugged

The worst winter Europe has experienced in nearly a century has complicated Hitler's supply problem. He could not have foreseen that the Danube would freeze weeks before it usually does and that it would stay frozen nearly a month longer than usual. The two single-tracked railroad lines that run through German and Russian Poland into Rumania were frozen tight throughout November until the end of February. The passes of the Carpathians, normally passable in midwinter, were practically impassable throughout those months.

Because of this Hitler received from Rumania only about 13,000 tons of oil each month instead of the 130,000 tons monthly due to Germany under a recently negotiated quota agreement with Rumania. No oil moved in the big, flat Danube barges from Constantsa on the Black Sea to the Reich.

Hitler could not have foreseen either the effectiveness or the completeness of the British sea blockade. In the past,



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seventy per cent of the petroleum Germany bought from Rumania used to come to her by tankers through the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmara and the Dardanelles—the petcocks of the eastern Mediterranean.

Britain and France have plugged these petcocks as effectively as they control the entrance to the Red Sea at Suez and the gate to the Atlantic at Gibraltar. Of all contraband, oil is the most important right now. No tankers pass through the straits unless the British are sure they are headed for British or French ports or the ports of reliable neutrals.

Hitler's only chance to replenish his oil supplies is to grab Rumania. He will have to move fast, however, to beat the boys from Dallas and San Antonio. But maybe Hitler doesn't know about the Texans. If he did, he might give up the whole idea.

As far as Rumanian resistance to a German drive is concerned it is generally conceded the armies of King Carol couldn't hold the Germans more than three or four weeks. Military experts in these parts—and they are thicker now than touts at the Kentucky Derby—think it is possible that Rumania, unable to resist and deserted by her pals of the Balkan entente, might not even bother fighting the Germans. Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey have all told Rumania that if she fights she will have to fight alone, but you never know in the Balkans just what who told whom, and that may be just so much eyewash. With Germany in Rumania all Balkan nations are threatened.

If Germany moves fast enough and particularly if Rumania makes no more than a "token resistance"—that is, fights just hard enough to convince England and France that she went down with flags flying and had not sold out to the Reich—then Hitler may grab off the oil fields before Weygand can drag his troops across the Mediterranean and up to Salonika to stop the Nazis. England has guaranteed Rumania's integrity.

A German invasion of Rumania, however, would be just what Weygand is waiting for. No matter how fast or how slowly it comes, or when it occurs, the Allies want just that to happen. More than one British diplomat has told me that England wants nothing more than to open up the Eastern Front so as to "get at those blokes."

The Allies, in other words, are like the slugger in the boxing ring against a clever boxer. The boxer tries to pile up points and loaf away the rounds while the slugger keeps muttering, "Come on and fight, you bum." With Germany in Rumania the war would really begin—with foreigners doing at least a small portion of the actual fighting for the French and the British. Australian, New Zealand and Bulgarian, Rumanian, Greek and perhaps Turkish blood would stain the quick springtime fields of southeastern Europe.

The Peasant Suffers Most

Later the Eastern Front could be widened in an Allied attempt to cripple the Russian oil pipe lines that run from Baku and Makhach-Kala on the Caspian Sea to Batum and Rostov on the Black Sea. Eighty per cent of Russia's oil supplies are pumped in the rough rhombus formed between these Transcaucasian pipe lines. Deprived of petroleum, Russia would collapse like a stuck balloon, for in the Soviet not only does the navy, army and air force depend on petroleum; the tractors of her highly geared agricultural machinery and her Diesel locomotive engines need a continuous supply.

War in the Caucasus however, from what I have been able to gather in these parts, appears more remote than war in the fields of Rumania and Bulgaria.

But whatever happens, wherever the spark might eventually be applied by one side or the other in the titanic struggle over the sticky black lifeblood of internal combustion engines, it's the Balkan peasant who suffers most. The war would be fought on his acres. Even now, before a single shot has been fired in the Balkans, both the peasant and the urban populations of this heterogeneous block of neutrals, semineutrals and vassals of England and France have begun to feel the pinch of war.

There are meatless days in Yugoslavia, Rumania and Greece. Everywhere gasoline is rationed by the gillful. Food is scarce. Butter, eggs and milk have become luxuries. Coffee is largely unobtainable. The peasant hasn't enough kerosene for his lamp and what he gets he must buy at forty per cent above normal prices and his income has either been cut because of increased taxes or remains where it was.

Maybe this will give you an idea of the measure of poverty in this international poorhouse known as the Balkans. A Yugoslav peasant earns an average cash income of twenty-seven dollars per year—not per month but per year. The yearly average for a Bulgarian—the plutocrat of Balkan peasants—is fifty to sixty-five dollars; for the Greek about thirty-five dollars and the Rumanian approximately thirty dollars. There are no statistics on the Turks.

Since the last war American agencies like the Near East Foundation have labored successfully to improve the lot of these peasants. It was easy to make progress in a part of the world where life was lived at bedrock. The Americans taught the peasant mothers how to keep their babies alive even in such rudimentary living quarters as in windowless, one-roomed huts made of field stone and straw, where man, wife, five children, chickens and maybe a donkey lived together. Usually, though, there was not a donkey. Only one out of every three peasants in the Balkans has his own draft animal.

The Americans taught the Bulgarians how to hatch chickens out of machines and, for the first time in their lives, those peasants ate eggs regularly because they had begun now to have a small surplus to keep instead of selling them all. The farmers learned how to rotate crops. They learned that they can get as much as one third more wheat per acre by disinfecting the wheat seeds before planting. They learned how to build toilet facilities that would prevent pollution of their wells. They learned that mosquitoes carry malaria.

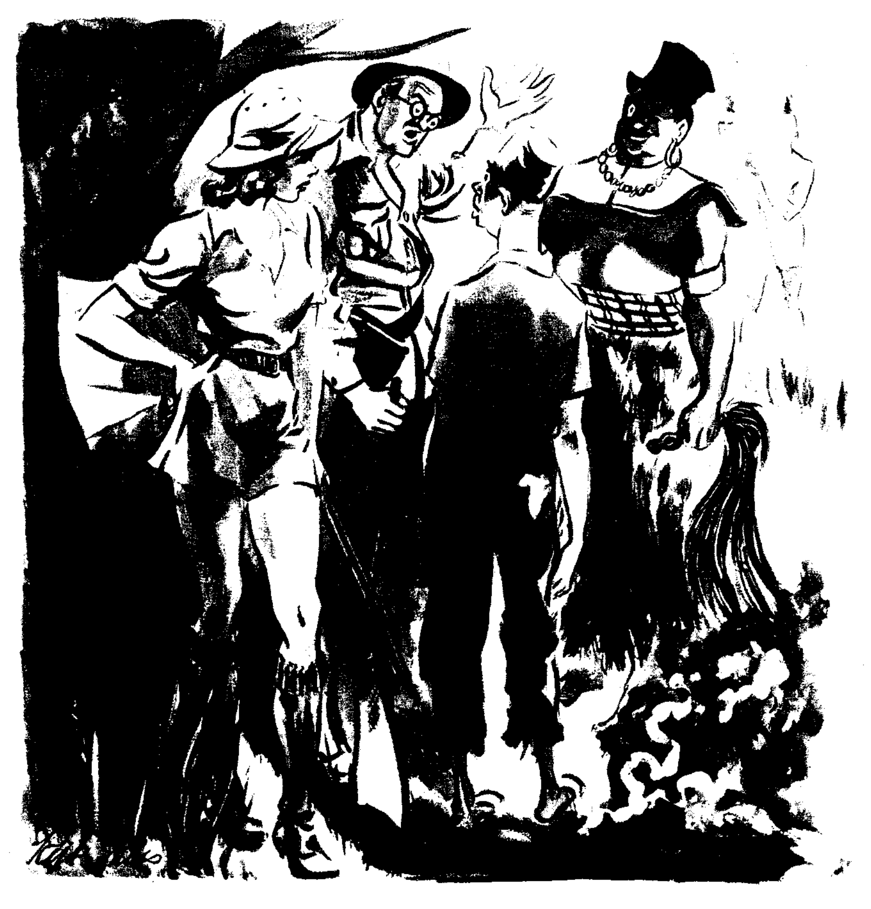
For the first time since Athens was the cynosure of European culture this part of the world had begun to live again. In Yugoslavia they had gone so far as to build model peasants' huts of concrete—with a toilet for every nine huts. And that in this part of the world is progress.

In Terms of Frontiers and Prestige

But now the instruction classes of the American fieldworkers are unattended. The compost heaps in the backs of the huts are not properly drained and tended, and over the land there has settled a pall of despair. Every man fit to fight is in the army or about to go into the army, and he has no more desire to fight anybody than you have to punch Joe Louis on the schnozzle.

For the peasant has learned that his seared brown acres are just as dry and just as tired as those of his neighbor. He has lost in the hundreds of years since the Peloponnesian Wars all yen to own his neighbors' soil. Now the peasant thinks in terms of bread and wine and contentment. That is why an old Bulgarian peasant told King Boris, "Watch out, Your Majesty. We sided with Germany in the last war because we thought Germany was going to win. We lost Macedonia and the Dobruja hoping we would get back Thrace. Watch out now that we don't lose Bulgaria this time trying to get back the Dobruja."

But politicians still think in terms of frontiers and prestige. And Hitler needs his oil. There is nothing the peasant can do about it. Maybe the boys from Dallas have the best solution.



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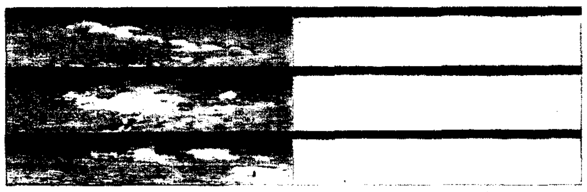

LOW-GRADE PAINT	DUTCH BOY
"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.	*Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as low-grade paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

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Confessions of a PRIVATE SECRETARY

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(from a letter by A. C., Fort Dodge, Iowa)

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I HATE TO CLEAN UP AFTER A PARTY BUT NOW I USE KLEENEX AND IT'S REALLY EASY TO BRIGHTEN ASH TRAYS AND MOP UP "SPILLS".

(from a letter by L. S., Santa Monica, Calif.)

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(from a letter by J. S., Hollywood, Calif.)

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(from a letter by H. J. T., New York, N. Y.)

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Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste and mess... now *both* 500-sheet and 200-sheet Kleenex come in the Serv-a-Tissue box. Keep one in every room in your home, one in your office, another in your car.

Don't put a Cold in your Pocket...USE KLEENEX!

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 23

regulations. Then he reached the city limits and rolled out onto the main highway. The speed limit was posted as forty-five miles, but Rick took not the slightest chance. He drove at thirty.

Midnight. A clear, moon-drenched midnight. The countryside slept, and was tranquil. But Rick didn't relax. He was alert and determined.

There was a fork in the road and he slowed down, focusing his headlamps on the sign. His eye found what it sought: a simple arrow pointing left, and a few words printed over it:

KARNAK—38 mi.

He took the left road. He held to his even pace. Twelve miles from Karnak he pulled over to the side of the road and stopped. From a holster under his left arm he took an ugly revolver and broke it. Five chambers, each containing a cartridge. He nodded, and returned the gun to its holster.

He drove on again.

FRENZY GILLINGS was striving to promote matrimony. Clad in his most elegant Sunday raiment and exuding oratorical logic, he paced up and down the living room of Fauna Jones' modest home.

His audience of two—Miss Jones and Mr. Herring—listened with mixed emotions. Fauna suspected Frenzy; Joe Herring craved marriage at any price.

Actually, the fair Fauna's fickle heart beat faster for Joe Herring than for anybody else. Much as she yearned for New York, she was willing to pass that up if—but only if—Mr. Herring were assured of the groundkeeper's job at the Karnak Hunt Club. Then he'd have a salary more than adequate for Karnak, a cozy cottage, a definite social prestige and an assured future.

As for Joe Herring, self-sacrifice had become a trifle annoying. He had made his beau geste, and forcibly engaged Fauna to Frenzy Gillings, but the prospect of losing her forevermore held no allure. So he listened, watching the effect of Frenzy's words on her, and hoping against hope that she would not hold out too stalwartly against Frenzy's logic.

"You say you spoken to Mistuh Gregg?" inquired Fauna.

"Anyhow ten times."

"What he say 'bout Joe gittin' that job?"

"He say it's in the bag, 'ceptin' on'y no man cain't be considered if'n he ain't wed."

"S'posin' Joe promises to git ma'ied right away after?"

"Tha's no good. He ain't legible less'n he's a'ready got hisse'f a wife."

"Hmmmm! You wouldn't be cravin' to git rid of me, would you, Frenzy?"

"No, ma'am. I think you is the mos' adorablest gal in the United States an' so forth, but shuh! Fauna, you know dawg-gone good an' well you got a hankerin' fo' Joe, an' a opportunity like this never strikes twice in the same place."

"Joe's fist would," prophesied Fauna calmly, "if it turned out you was foolin' us-all."

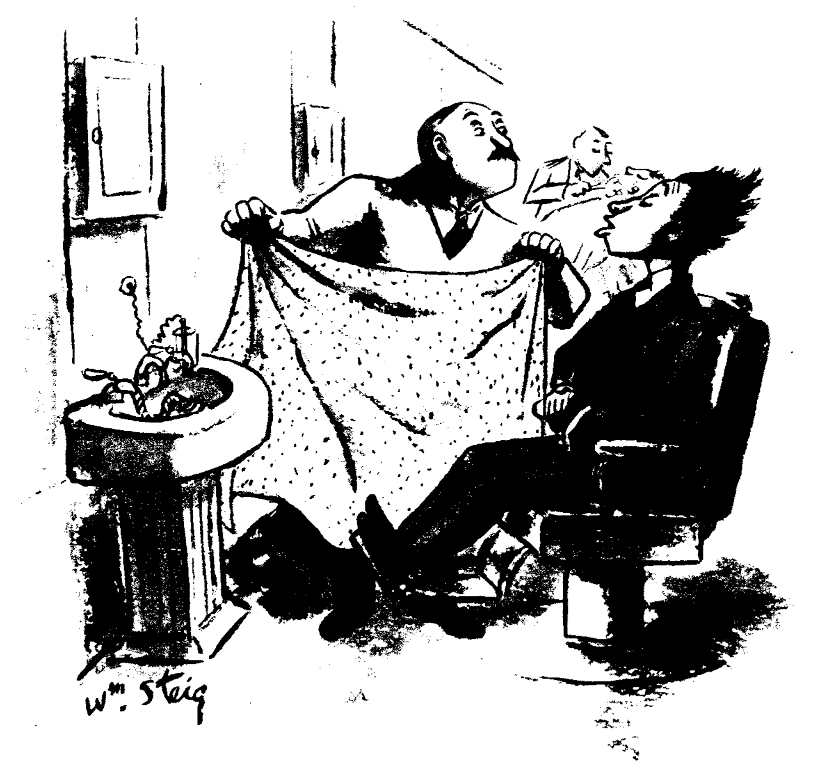
Frenzy smiled, though without overwhelming exuberance. He had weighed the question carefully, and this course seemed only the lesser of two evils.

He had, as a matter of fact, again approached Gregg Stuart on the subject of the groundkeeper's job. Mr. Stuart had been, to express it mildly, indifferent. Too busy with all this trial business, reflected Frenzy; most likely he wouldn't do nothin' nohow.

But Mr. Gillings was desperate. Even acute physical danger seemed preferable to the actuality of being married to Fauna Jones. And, thought Frenzy, once he'd left Karnak, he could look back on the whole episode with a grin, enjoying hugely the recollection of his own astuteness.

Frenzy's paramount emotion was distaste for Joe Herring. Mr. Herring had once slapped him down and dragged him around, to the permanent detriment of a white flannel suit. For such indignity Frenzy had nothing but resentment, and it was his purpose to escape Fauna himself, to marry Joe off to her, and then—from the safety of New York—do a bit of gloating by mail.

He continued to argue, and eventually his logic prevailed. Highly elated, he accompanied the prospective bride



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and bridegroom to a little church on the fringe of Four Holes Swamp, interrupted the services, and suggested that the happy couple should be immediately united. The congregation concurred heartily, and the ceremony was performed. Fauna felt moderately happy and slightly disappointed; Joe Herring was momentarily beatific. But, after church was over and they were out in the road together, the massive Mr. Herring took a hint from his wife and cast a threat at Frenzy.

"Gimme ear, Two-Bits," he said grimly. "Ise a ma'ied man now, an' I take life se'ious. Has you been foolin' me—an' if'n this heah job don't come thoo—you better start runnin' so fast the soles of yo' foots will look like a picket fence."

Frenzy waved airily. "Don't you worry none, Brother Herring. You has as good as got what you deserve."

HE LEFT them then and meandered back toward the club. His triumph was almost complete. It only remained for him to prevail upon Mr. Gregg to get him out of town before Joe Herring discovered that he had acquired a wife, but no job. Frenzy was gleeful at the thought. "Tha's a sweet revenge," he contemplated. "Besides, when Fauna learns such, she ain't gwine be no adorin' wife. I reckon it'll learn bofe of 'em that they cain't push Frenzy Gillings around."

And so Frenzy strode happily through the night, filled with pride in his triumph and only slightly concerned about the future. The Stuart house, when he reached it, was dark. It was silhouetted against a silver moon and seemed unutterably tranquil. Ev'ybody asleep, reflected Frenzy....

Gregg Stuart smiled as he slept. Today—Sunday—had been the finest day of his life, marred only by the tragic face of the exquisite Toby Fuller. He was still smiling when his door opened and a frightened black figure in a nightshirt crept into the room and shook him. The voice of Frenzy Gillings was freighted with fear. He said, hoarsely, "Mistuh Gregg . . . Mistuh Gregg. . . . Wake up!"

Gregg blinked, rubbed his eyes and sat up straight. He said, "What is it? What's the matter?"

The moonlight filtered into the room and showed the whites of Frenzy's frightened eyes. "Somebody snoopin' 'round under the trees yonder, Mistuh Gregg. White gemmun. Ise skeered."

Gregg was wide awake in an instant. He slipped into his shoes and shirt and trousers. Then he tiptoed to the window and followed the direction of the colored man's trembling finger. "Out yonder, Mistuh Gregg. Snoopin' evil-like."

GREGG'S gray eyes were no longer soft. He was thinking fast and accurately. He saw a man detach himself from the shadows and pass quickly through a moonlit clearing between bushes which in the spring would be a riot of azaleas. Gregg nodded, his fears confirmed, his thoughts crystal clear.

"Rick Norton," he said to himself.

He understood well enough. Toby's newspaper interview had worked too well. She had promised to tell much, but as yet she had told nothing.

It was all very simple and logical and fantastic. Gregg knew that Rick's purpose was to keep Toby from testifying. And Toby was in Gregg's room, sleeping. Gregg knew that Rick Norton was familiar with this house. The man probably thought that Toby was in this room; that he could get to her and make his escape. The situation seemed to call for a good deal more than watchful waiting.

Gregg said tensely: "Sheriff Crawford's number is 314, Frenzy. Call him. Talk quietly. Tell him what's happening here, and that he'd better come at once."

"Y-y-yassuh, Mistuh Gregg. I sho will. . . ." Frenzy's teeth were chattering. "Wh-what you aimin' to do, Mistuh Gregg?"

"I'm going outside—"

"Nossuh. You cain't do that, suh. He'll—"

"Do as I say. And quick."

Gregg moved softly down the back stairs and through the white-tiled kitchen. He was tense, but not nervous. He moved through the kitchen door into the shadows of a live-oak grove. He flattened himself against the trunk of a venerable tree and watched. He saw Rick move nearer to the house, still watchful, still wary. But it made Gregg's next move simpler; he circled, went deeper into the shadows, and approached Norton from the rear.

His tall, lithe figure moved noiselessly. He knew that Rick must be armed, and he himself had no gun. So long as Rick did not actually move to enter the house, Gregg had no intention of starting something. Temporarily he was content to watch, to be sure that Toby was not in any immediate danger.

He saw Rick move from under a great oak tree and poise himself as though about to break for the house. Gregg eased closer. He measured his distance, trusting the element of surprise to work in his favor. Rick was closer to the house now, wary and vigilant, but looking ahead—not back.

Gregg sprang. Rick heard him and whirled. He had a gun in his hand as he turned, but the attack was too swift and unexpected and Gregg was on him.

Both men were tall; both were powerful. Gregg grabbed the hand that held the gun, wrapped his right arm about Rick's waist and put the top of his head underneath Rick's chin.

Rick was strong and lithe. His body resisted the bending pressure Gregg was applying, then he resorted to a wrestler's trick. He ceased resisting and dropped back on the grass. Gregg fell on top of him, but Rick's foot caught him in the stomach and the impact sent Gregg sprawling to one side.

He knew that Rick was reaching for the gun, which had been dropped. He twisted on the ground and scarcely felt the bullet as it plowed through the fleshy part of his arm. He heard a scream from Frenzy and thought he saw the black man come running toward them.

He grappled with Norton again. They struggled desperately. It wasn't a pretty battle, nor a clean one.

Rick kicked. His foot crashed into Gregg's stomach, bringing agony. Gregg relaxed as the pain shot through him. He gasped for breath.

And then a fierce black figure hurtled through the air and landed on Rick Norton. Frenzy fought silently, too, and without great skill; but the diversion was all Gregg needed.

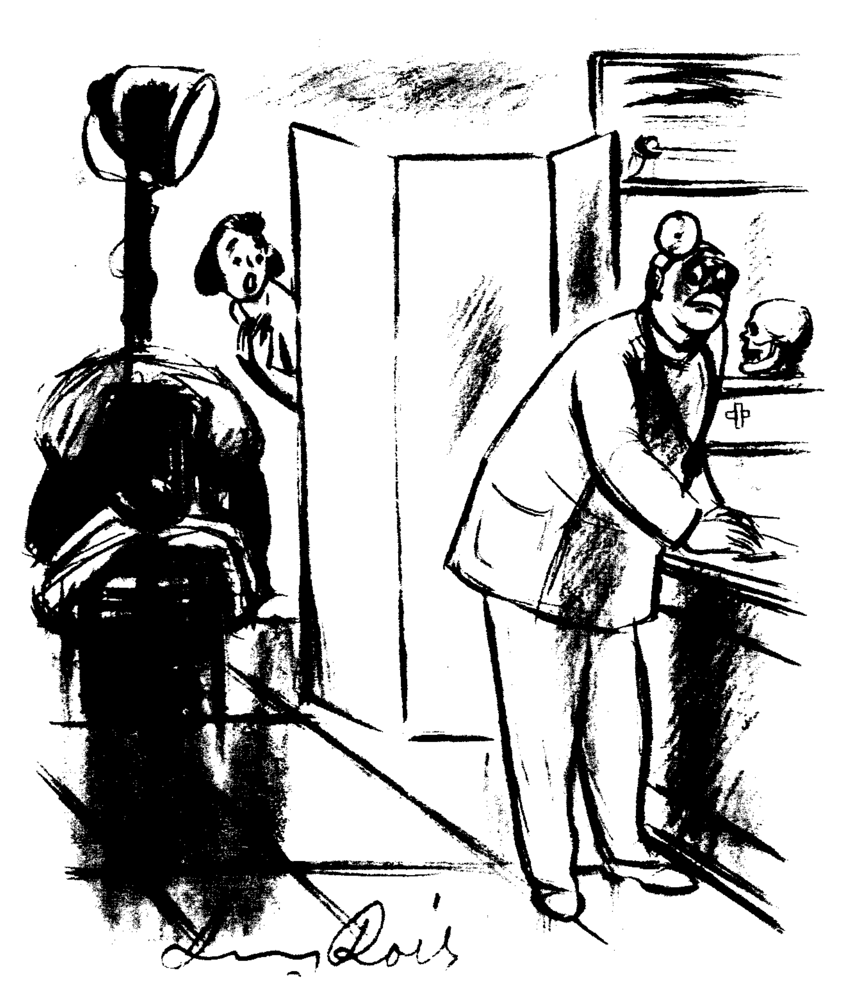
He was in again, and he was more than holding his own when twin headlamps cut a path of brilliance through the night. Gregg heard Frenzy yell, and then came the welcome sound of Ed Crawford's slow drawl:

"Up, feller . . . and keep 'em there."

TOBY FULLER took the stand and the spectators stared. Sue Manning said, "She's a knockout." and Spike Warren nodded. Then Sue looked at the tall, blond girl more closely and said, "I'm awfully sorry for her."

In the courtroom this morning there was a tense expectancy. Even Judge Mayberry, for all his judicial robes and dignity, exhibited a personal concern. Hard-boiled newspapermen forgot to be hard-boiled. Attention was divided between Toby and the tall, grim young man who sat impassively between two self-important deputies. Rick Norton was handcuffed.

Once, as they administered the oath, Toby glanced at her husband. She gave him a pitiful, pleading little smile, but



"Couldn't you just ask me a question, and then I'll look and tell you?"

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So remember, when specifying paint it's a good idea to know how much white lead it contains. And it's a pretty safe rule to say: the higher the lead content, *the better the paint!* You can't, for example, get a more durable paint than one containing one hundred per cent white lead. This is the kind good painters mix from lead-in-oil. In many localities it is also now being sold in prepared ready-to-use form —in white and colors.

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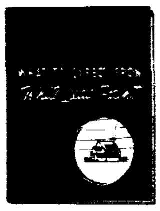

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his eyes were arctic. He showed no emotion, no concern, no fear.

Toby was a defense witness, and Jason Marsh proceeded with his direct examination in a soothing voice.

"Your name?" he asked quietly.

"Toby Fuller." She flushed. "It was Toby Fuller."

"What is it now?"

"Martin. I suppose it's Martin. For that's the name I was married under."

"Married? To whom?"

"To him." She nodded at Rick Norton. "We were married under an assumed name."

"To the man who is known to this court as Rick Norton?"

Her eyes sought Rick again, pleading for him to understand that she was doing something she must do.

"Yes. . . ."

Jason let that ride for a moment, ignoring the stir of interest among the spectators and jurymen.

"What is your profession, Miss Fuller?"

"Model."

"Your home?"

"New York City."

"When did you first come to Karnak?"

"A few days before Thanksgiving."

"With whom?"

"Mr. Stuart and Miss Harrison."

"You had known Miss Harrison for some time?"

"Yes. . . . We had been very close friends. She was art director at a studio on Fifty-first Street. I was one of the models."

Jason was considerate: "I shall try to make this ordeal as little trying as possible, Miss Fuller. I'll dispense with all unnecessary questions"—he looked around—"unless the solicitor objects. . . ."

Lee Winthrop nodded genially. He knew which way the wind was blowing and he radiated cordiality. "Proceed in your own way, Mr. Marsh. The state desires only to see that justice is done."

"Thank you." There was just a hint of irony in Jason's voice, but that disappeared when he turned back to Toby. "You have just returned to Karnak, Miss Fuller. May I ask whether you understand this case: That Miss Harrison is on trial for the alleged murder of Madge Andrews on the night of November twenty-eighth?"

"Yes. I know."

JASON spoke to Judge Mayberry: "I am asking the indulgence of the court, Your Honor. I'm proceeding in slightly irregular fashion because I believe the state concurs in my purpose to arrive as quickly as possible at the essentials."

"You may proceed, Mr. Marsh."

"Miss Harrison has pleaded not guilty, Miss Fuller."

Toby's voice was low but clear: "She had nothing to do with it."

"You're sure of that?"

"Yes. That's why I came back. So I could prove it."

"You were at the Karnak Hunt Club the night Madge Andrews was killed?"

"Yes."

"It has been mentioned that shortly before the body was discovered you disappeared from a dance they were having. Will you be good enough to explain that?"

Her eyes were desperate. She said, "I had planned to leave. I was eloping that night—with Rick Norton."

"Eloping? He was your sweetheart?"

"I was in love with him." Her eyes quested across the room and sought Rick's, begging for a single spark of warmth. "I still love him," she said.

Sue Manning muttered, "She's magnificent," and this time Spike Warren had no caustic comeback. He, too, was more impressed than he cared to admit.

"Did Lynn Harrison know that you intended to elope with Rick Norton?"

"No."

"Why not—if she was your best friend?"

"Rick asked me not to tell her. He said she would argue me out of it."

"What reasons did he give?"

She wasn't looking at Rick now. She spoke slowly, as though with great effort: "I thought Lynn wouldn't like the idea of my marrying Rick. She had just the same as said so more than once. When Rick showed up in Karnak and asked me to run away with him, I asked him why he was afraid of Lynn's opposition. I—I didn't know then that there was anything really wrong with him. . . .

"He told me a very plausible story. He said that several years before, when he was young, he had owed a gambling debt and that he had raised a check. He said he had been sent to prison for it, and had served one year. He claimed it was just one of those crazy kid things that don't really mean you're a criminal, but he said that was the reason Lynn would oppose our marriage—because he had a prison record."

"Did he tell you that he was an escaped convict?"

"No!" Her voice was sharp. "Nothing like that. He just made up this other story . . . and I believed it. It seemed so reasonable. He said Lynn would try to stop us, he said he was deeply in love with me, he said if I'd marry him it would be his—his salvation. That's why, when we did go off together, it seemed all right for him to use an assumed name. He argued that if we were going to start life together, and have a decent chance, we'd have to have a new name. One that didn't have any prison record tied to it."

"Will you tell us, in your own way, Miss Fuller, what happened at the club on the night of November twenty-eighth?"

"Rick had a car. He was to come for me around midnight. He said he'd park at a certain place and I was to meet him there. Early that evening I had packed a suitcase and put it under my bed in the room I shared with Lynn. I left the dance and met him. He said he'd go up to my room, get the suitcase, put it in the car and signal me. He asked me to stay where I was."

"Why?"

"He said he was afraid that someone might walk in on him. I was especially to watch out for Lynn, in case she came by, because that would mean that she was going to her room. Naturally, he didn't want to be seen. But all he told me was that he didn't want anything to interfere with our marriage."

"Did you see Miss Harrison?"

"Yes. She came walking from the lodge toward the Stuart house with Mrs. Andrews."

"What were they doing?"

"Talking."

"Did they seem friendly?"

"Yes. Mrs. Andrews was smiling."

"How did Rick act when he rejoined you?"

"He was excited and nervous. He drove at terrific speed. I thought it was just because we were running away to get married."

"What happened after that?"

"We drove almost all night. As we got farther away from Karnak, Rick seemed less tense. He was . . ." her voice broke. "He was very sweet. We were married the next morning . . . in some little town. . . ."

"And then . . . ?"

"We went to Baltimore. I was happy —happier than I've ever been in my life—until . . ."

"Until what, Miss Fuller?"

"Until I began reading the papers." She was staring down at the toe of one foot. Her hands were twisting nervously in her lap. She said, "I read about Mrs. Andrews' death and the fact that Lynn had been arrested for it. I knew she couldn't have done it. I told Rick I was going to get in touch with the police, and tell them . . ." Again there was that break in her voice. "He wasn't the same Rick then."

"Meaning . . . ?"

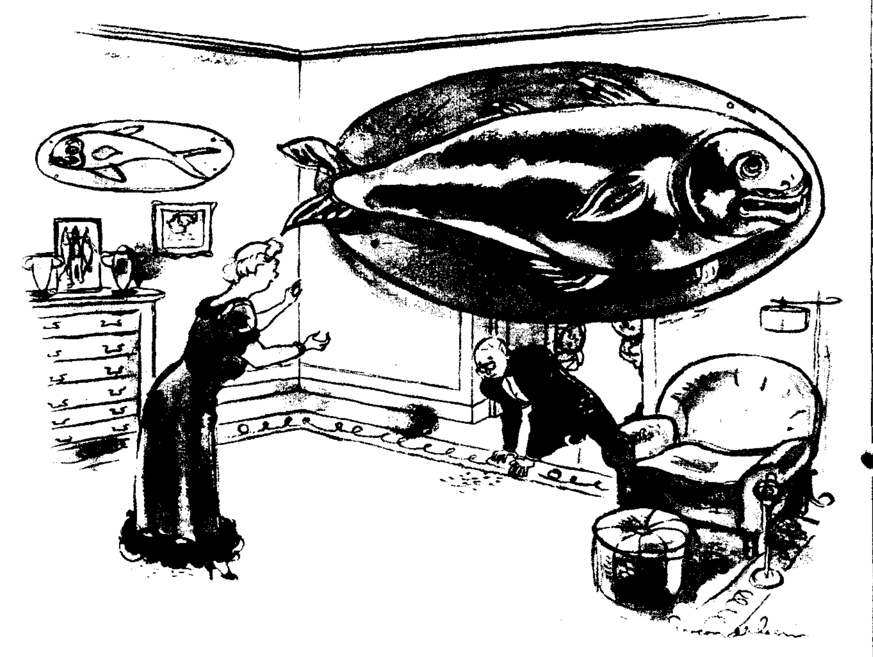
"I began to see things I'd never seen before. He—he frightened me. We had a scene—and I knew then that he had killed Madge Andrews."

"You knew?"

SHE brushed her hand across her eyes, as though to shut out the memory of a nightmare. "Yes, I knew. There was other news being printed then: about Rick and his real reason for being in prison, about the holdup on Long Island the night before we left for Karnak. That was when I learned about Lynn having the Andrewses' jewels, and I understood for the first time why Rick insisted that *he* must get the suitcase out of my room the night we eloped. That was so he could also get the jewels which he knew Lynn had. And later, when I learned about the kidnaping . . ."

"Why didn't you leave him immediately?"

"I read everything the papers printed, and I was worried about the boy he had kidnaped—just as Lynn was worried. I



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was afraid if I did anything, it would mean that the boy would be killed."

"So you stayed with him. . . ."

"Yes. I wanted to find out everything. . . ."

"Did you succeed?"

"Yes. Saturday night I told the district attorney and the sheriff and that detective—Mr. Graham—where the Bailey boy was being held."

With amazing informality Ed Crawford stood up in court and made a statement: "That's right, Your Honor. She sho did. And we just heard today that they got the boy back all safe and sound."

"When did you decide to run away from your husband?"

"After I read about Mr. Bailey testifying. I knew then I'd better act quick if I was going to do any good for the boy."

"Did you have any trouble getting away?"

Her cheeks flushed and she said softly, "No."

"How did you work it?"

"I—I pretended that I was so much in love with Rick that nothing mattered. I was—I was very affectionate. . . ."

"But you didn't really feel that way?"

She raised her head defiantly. "Yes, I did. I was in love with him. It was easy to be affectionate with him. . . . I wanted to be. It was easier to forget then what he was. And I didn't want him caught. I thought he'd read my interview with the reporters and get away." She was looking at Rick, talking at Rick. His face was like granite. "But I knew what I had to do . . . and I've done it."

"Did your husband ever confess to you about the other offenses he is supposed to have committed?"

"Yes. . . . I won his confidence. That's how he told me where the Bailey boy was hidden. He was—very sweet with me when he thought that I cared so much. . . ."

"You are certain, Miss Fuller, that Lynn Harrison did not kill Mrs. Andrews?"

"She was talking to me when it happened."

"You said something like that before. What makes you so certain?"

Toby explained slowly: "I was all keyed up while I was talking to Lynn that night. I was listening for every sound—waiting for Rick's signal. And while she was talking to me, I heard a shot."

"You didn't notice it then?"

"No. It didn't mean anything. Only afterward, when I began to learn things . . . I remembered it."

"And you heard that shot while Lynn Harrison was standing there talking to you? At the very time when Rick was—or presumably was—in the room with Mrs. Andrews?"

"Yes. . . ."

Sue Manning said, in awe: "It really can't be written, Spike. We haven't enough words—you and I."

Jason Marsh unwrapped a package. He held a gun in his hands. He asked, gently, "Have you ever seen this revolver before, Miss Fuller?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"That is Rick's gun."

"How did it get here?"

"I brought it."

Jason said, "I offer it in evidence, Your Honor. It is my belief that a ballistics test will prove that the bullet that killed Mrs. Andrews was fired from that gun."

The girl was suffering, but she was magnificent. A wave of sympathy swept the courtroom, and Lee Winthrop—astute opportunist, read the signs. He crossed the room, whispered to Wally Andrews, and the fascinated spectators saw Wally nod affirmation. Lee Winthrop approached the bench and said sonorously: "Your Honor . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Solicitor?"

"The purpose of the office I so proudly hold is to see that justice is done. I have never sought—and never intend to seek—the conviction of the innocent."

He drew a deep breath, and his voice cascaded forth:

"May I suggest to the court that the only reasonable inference that may be drawn from the testimony we have heard—and from the evidence proffered by this beautiful and unfortunate young lady in particular—is that Lynn Harrison, the defendant in this case, is innocent of the offense with which she has been charged. May I ask, because of that, that she be spared further unhappiness, by having you, the court, direct a verdict of *Not Guilty*."

Mrs. Stuart was there, and the Marshals and Toby. Judge Mayberry was there, too, in the bright, sunny living room of the Stuart cottage. His voice was gentle and friendly as he looked gravely at the young couple before him. He said: "And so, I now pronounce you man and wife."

Lynn turned to face her husband. He seemed taller than usual, and more attractive. He bent over and kissed her lightly and said, "I'm mighty happy. And you?"

Her eyes were bright. She said, "What do you think?" and he answered, "I'll tell you later."

Outside the day was crisp and cool and brilliant. Gregg's car was in the driveway, the tonneau loaded with his baggage and Lynn's. They tore their eyes away from each other and turned to receive the congratulations of the few who had witnessed the simple ceremony. Mrs. Stuart kissed her son and her son's wife, the others shook hands and said gay things. Toby came forward last, and she was smiling.

"Good luck," she said, putting her hand in Gregg's. "You've earned it."

"Thanks, Toby . . ." he started. He wanted to say something else, but there was so little he could say.

Toby was remaining in Karnak with Mrs. Stuart. A rare friendship had developed between these two: a friendship based on the sympathetic understanding of two women who knew all that there was to know about life.

Toby had announced her decision quietly and without ostentation. "Yeh," she said, "I'm staying. I can't go away while Rick is here."

You couldn't argue a point like that; you couldn't even let her know that you were suffering for, and with, her. You couldn't let her know that you understood just how she felt each time she visited the county jail and came back with her mouth twisted at the corners and that hurt look in her eyes. You couldn't admit that you knew Rick had refused to see her, and that his messages to her were brief and brutal. You couldn't even tell her that you admired the loyalty and the courage that impelled her to stay in Karnak until Rick should be tried—and certainly convicted . . . hoping against hope that she might bring to him a single moment of happiness; that she might receive, perhaps, a faint sign of forgiveness.

That was Toby today: a gallant woman, carrying her grief inside, smiling so that she would not blight the gaiety of others. She said light things to Gregg and to Lynn, she promised to make a nuisance of herself after they got settled in New York. But her eyes—you couldn't look at her eyes and not want to cry.

Lynn tried not to think of that. And she tried not to think of the brief little note she had received only that morning from Wally Andrews: "You know how I feel about this, and how sorry I am. I'm sure you understand, and will forgive what I now know was an injustice. Please, Lynn—grasp all the happiness you can find. You deserve it."

Fauna slipped into the room and whispered to Mrs. Stuart. The guests trooped into the dining room for a wedding breakfast. Having something to do made things a little easier. The conversation was less shadowed by the events of the too-recent past. They were gayer and happier . . . all except a small, dark individual who stood uncertainly in the hallway and hesitated to emerge from the house.

Frenzy Gillings was overwhelmed with apprehension. Revenge, he reflected, was an elegant thing—but only when there was no aftermath.

First of all, Mr. Gillings was bitterly disappointed. He gleefully had welcomed the news that Miss Lynn and Mistuh Gregg were gittin' wedlocked in Karnak, and that they would then drive to New York. That meant—for him—flight from Karnak, and Joe Herring, under the protection of his boss. But only last night had he heard the sad tidings that Gregg intended to do his own driving, that he had no intention of taking a chauffeur along on his honeymoon trip. Frenzy was given a railroad ticket—and instructions about meeting the bridal couple in New York. And that did not, in any way, fit in with Frenzy's idea of what constituted personal safety.

The massive and muscular Joe Herring had heaped insults and indignities upon Frenzy Gillings; he had made Mr. Gillings' life miserable . . . and had almost precipitated Frenzy into the sea of matrimony.

Frenzy's fast thinking had saved him. It had succeeded in tying up the despised Mr. Herring and the undesired Fauna Jones. So far so good . . . and Frenzy had planned to flee from Karnak and indulge in a first-rate gloat at the thought of Joe's discomfiture when he should find himself without the job that Frenzy had promised.

But today Frenzy was not going and all during the ceremony he had sighted through the back window toward a huge oak tree under which Joe Herring was loitering. Undoubtedly, Joe had learned that the groundkeeper's job was not to be his, and he planned to wreak havoc on the physiology of Mr. Gillings.

There was more stuff to be put into the car. Frenzy postponed the mission as long as he could. And then, with a prayer on his lips, he went out, filled with pessimism. There was just the off chance that Joe wouldn't see him; that the big man might postpone the mayhem that Frenzy feared was inevitable.

But Mr. Gillings' scant hopes were doomed to disappointment. He stowed the packages in the car and turned to re-enter the house. He heard a gruff voice: "Hey, you."

"Angel Gabriel," murmured Frenzy. "Heah's me!"

Joe Herring stretched out two powerful hands. Frenzy's brain instructed him to flee, but his feet didn't obey. In that awful instant of impending doom, Mr. Gillings cursed his own cleverness.

And then the bombshell burst. Mr. Herring spoke, but his voice contained nothing of enmity. He said, "Brother—I sho got to thank you."

Frenzy blinked. "S-s-s-says which?" he inquired.

"Ise suttinly grateful to you, Brother Gillings."

"On—on account of what?"

"Mistuh Gregg done tol' me . . . he tol' me I gotten that groun'keeper's job."

"Mistuh Gregg . . . tol' you . . . ?"

"Yassuh. Just befo' he got wed. Me an' Fauna is mighty happy, Frenzy. Us craves you should know how much we depreciate ev'ything you done."

Frenzy said something and fled. For a few seconds he knew only a great thankfulness that he hadn't been even partially dismembered. Then a resentment swept over him. Instead of putting Joe Herring in an uncomfortable spot, he had given him a wife he wanted and a job he coveted. Frenzy stood in the doorway between dining room and kitchen and beckoned to his boss. Gregg came out and asked, "What is it, Frenzy?"

" 'Tain't really truly true, is it, Mistuh Gregg?"

"What?"

" 'Bout Joe Herring gittin' that job as groundkeeper?"

Gregg Stuart smiled and dropped a friendly hand on Frenzy's arm. "Of course it's true, Frenzy. Didn't you ask me to use my influence for him?"

"Did I? Sho nuff?"

"You certainly did. And I went to town on it after that battle the other night. You probably saved my life, Frenzy. So I was more than delighted to make you happy by convincing the board that Joe was the right man for the job." Gregg looked down at the mournful countenance of the smaller man. "What's the matter, Frenzy—aren't you pleased?"

Frenzy was thinking, "So *I* done it. *I* gotten him the job. . . ." He conscripted a sickly grin and plastered it on his face. He said, "Yassuh, Ise pleased, Mistuh Gregg. Ise pleased with ev'ything 'cept findin' out that I ain't so smart as I thought I was."

The wedding breakfast ended, and goodbys were said. Lynn turned last to Toby. The girls clung to each other, then tried to smile. They were thinking the same thing, but what Toby said was, "Make the most of it, Lynn," and Lynn promised, "I will."

And then they were gone, rolling down the driveway under the great oaks, moving smoothly through the town of Karnak and thence northward on the broad concrete highway.

They drove most of the afternoon. They talked a good deal, being careful to avoid the recent tragedy; to look into the future only. They were serious and gay by turns. But they were more gay than serious because they were young and terribly in love with each other.

They came to a fine, modern, young Southern city: a city of broad, tree-lined avenues and busy shops. There was a big hotel—a fine, stalwart, attractive hotel, and Gregg said:

"Shall we stop here?"

"If you wish. . . ."

"Tired?"

"I could be."

The doorman helped them out of the car and called two boys to help with their luggage. Gregg walked up to the desk with Lynn, both trying to look casual. He whispered, "Chin up, sweetheart. They mustn't suspect we're newlyweds."

"I'll be brave," she smiled. "And bored."

Gregg asked for a small suite. Lynn loitered at the newsstand as though nothing in the world intrigued her quite as much as souvenirs of the city. Then they followed the bellboys into the elevator.

Gregg squeezed her arm and whispered, "How'm I doin'?"

"You're magnificent."

"You think they guessed?"

"Not a chance."

But as the cage shot upward, the room clerk grinned and beckoned to his assistant.

He said, "Bride and groom."

"How do you know?" asked the assistant.

"He's got it on his mind. Look how he signed the register."

There it was, in Gregg's firm, round handwriting:

MR. AND MRS. GREGG STUART AND WIFE.

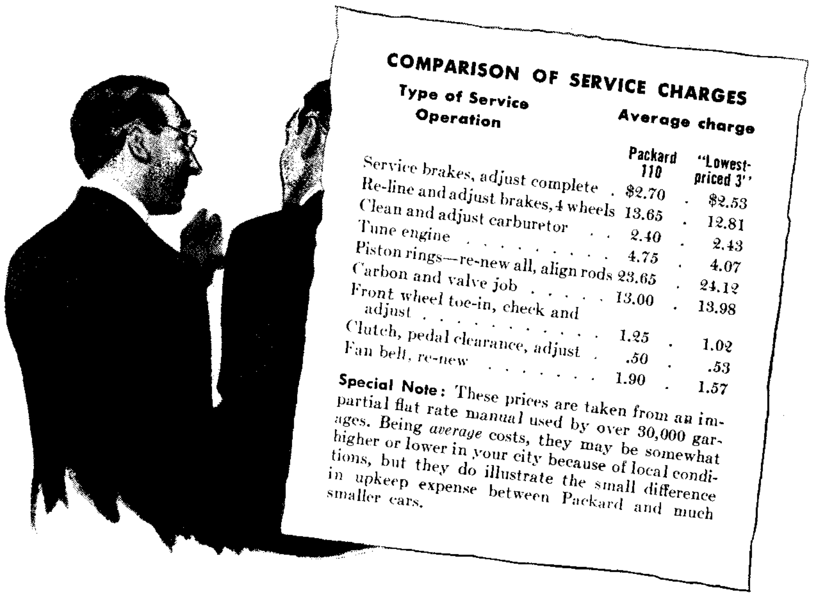
THE END

"The fourth Packard owner got me"

1. A lot of my friends bought Packards this year, and one of the first was Ed Byrne. So at lunch the other day, I said "Ed, I've got to buy a new car and . . . " "Buy a Packard," he broke in without letting me finish. "I looked them all over and there's nothing that even comes *close* in value." He rattled off a lot of figures to prove it before I had to leave.

2. Dr. Yates came to look at Jimmy's sore throat one day, and I noticed *he* had a new Packard. "Doctor," I said, "you must use your Packard a lot and I'd like to ask you this question—how is it on upkeep?" He laughed. "Mine has gone 10,000 miles and, except for routine lubrication and check-up, it hasn't been in the shop yet." And with that he was gone.

3. I got home one day to find Esther Work there. My wife, giving me a meaning look, asked Esther about their new Packard. Esther's face lit up. "Honestly, I want to tell you that I've never *known* such comfort—it rides like a dream. And it's the easiest car to handle that we have ever owned, by all odds, I'm simply *crazy* about it."



COMPARISON OF SERVICE CHARGES

Type of Service Operation	Average charge Packard 110	Average charge "Lowest-priced 3"
Service brakes, adjust complete	$2.70	$2.53
Re-line and adjust brakes, 4 wheels	13.65	12.81
Clean and adjust carburetor	2.40	2.43
Tune engine	4.75	4.07
Piston rings—re-new all, align rods	23.65	24.12
Carbon and valve job	13.00	13.98
Front wheel toe-in, check and adjust	1.25	1.02
Clutch, pedal clearance, adjust	.50	.53
Fan belt, re-new	1.90	1.57

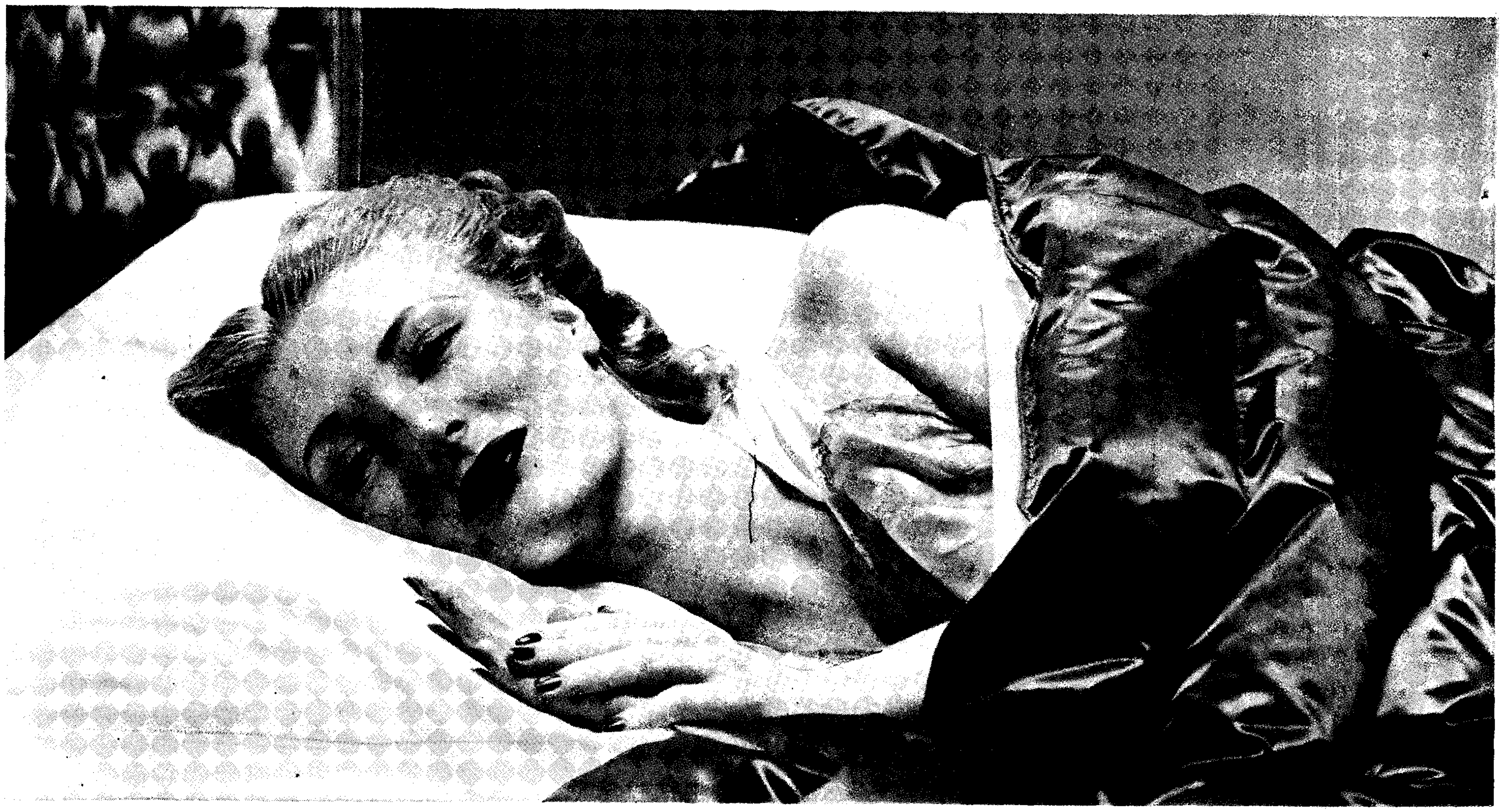
Special Note: These prices are taken from an impartial flat rate manual used by over 30,000 garages. Being *average* costs, they may be somewhat higher or lower in your city because of local conditions, but they do illustrate the small difference in upkeep expense between Packard and much smaller cars.

4. Finally, I said to Walt Glenn, a statistician: "I *know* your Packard is a fine car. I *know* it performs like greased lightning. *But, does it cost much to run?*" "No," he said. "It's easy on gas and oil. And take a look at this clipping the dealer gave me. Shows Packard service charges are in line with those of even *small* cars." **P.S.** *MY new Packard is simply great!*

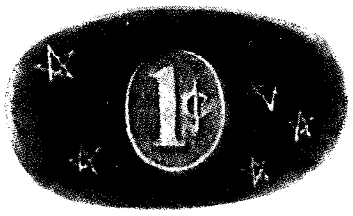
PACKARD $867

AND UP. *Packard 110, $867 and up, Packard 120, $1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160, $1524 and up. Packard Custom Super-8 180, $2228 to $6300. Prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes extra.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

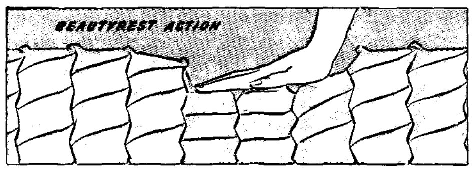


"Luxury comfort" for *A PENNY A NIGHT* on the New Beautyrest—deepest ever made!

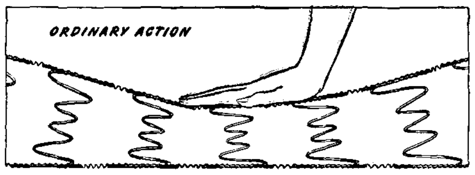


WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR first cat's stretch on your new Beautyrest . . . life will suddenly seem very cozy. How wonderful it feels just to lie there . . . relaxed like a baby . . . as this great mattress cradles you! You'll yawn unashamedly . . . and soon drift off in heavenly comfort on the best mattress Simmons ever made!

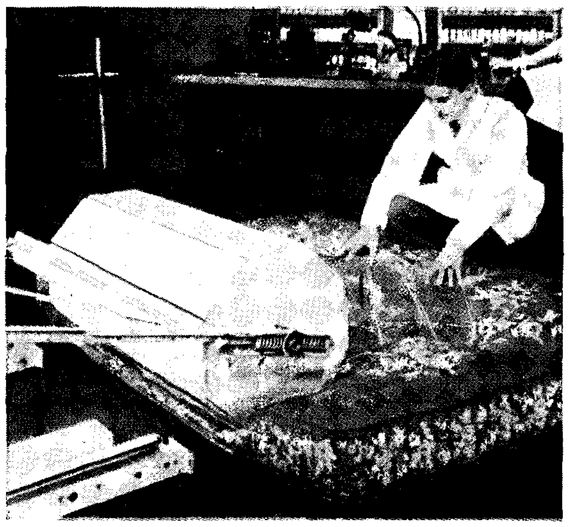
MAKE THIS COMPARISON



Beautyrest action. Inside the New Beautyrest are 837 finely tempered springs. Each spring is *separate* from the others—*not tied together*. Each yields *independently* to the slightest touch. Heavier parts of *your body can't pull springs away from the lighter* parts. You get proper, buoyant support every minute of the night!



Ordinary action. Ordinary springs are tied together by wire in chain-gang fashion. When you press down *on one spring, those around it go down, too—forming* a slope. This type of mattress cannot give you *supreme* comfort. *We know.* Because we make not only the luxurious Beautyrest, but also the "ordinary action" type of mattress.



Lasts 3 times longer! In a test made by the United States Testing Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J., 10 different types of mattresses were mauled night and day by a 200-lb. roller. The New Beautyrest won the test easily—lasting 3 times longer than any other mattress. It is the only mattress regularly *checked, and endorsed by this fact-finding laboratory. That's* why we guarantee the New Beautyrest for 10 years' service —though, under normal use, it should last even longer.

Sag-proof edges! The New Beautyrest has patented, sag-proof edges. So you get "mid-mattress" comfort clear to the edges of the bed.

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with the New Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

NEW DEEPER BEAUTYREST

MADE ONLY BY

SIMMONS COMPANY

CHICAGO

Less Turning! You don't have to turn your New Beautyrest nearly so often. After the first few months, 4 or 5 turnings a year are plenty.

Beautyrest stays fresh and sanitary inside, too—thanks to the 8 ventilators that expel stale air.

A penny a night! The New Beautyrest costs $39.50 (time payments easily arranged). This price comes down to about a penny a night, based on our 10-year guarantee. Yes, only a penny a night for the "luxury comfort" of Beautyrest! A penny a night . . . a penny a night . . . a penny a night! See this great new Beautyrest at your furniture or department store today!

PLEASE READ: If you are shown other mattresses supposed to be "just as good" as Beautyrest, remember no other mattress in the world can give you ALL its advantages. Always look for this label.

THE NEW
Beautyrest
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
SIMMONS COMPANY

Deadly Visitor

Continued from page 12

see the street from this apartment."

"Give us his words."

"He said, 'You ain't ready yet, so I'll wait in the car.'"

"What kind of voice?"

"He had a husky voice."

"It wasn't Hopel's?"

"No. I'd never heard the voice before, but I'm sure I'd know it again."

We went to headquarters. The police were busy there. They had a long list of Miss Mallin's acquaintances, which they had got from Mr. and Mrs. Challers, and Hopel, and Miss Dover, and from other music students. They were bringing the men in one by one. As each man gave his alibi, a plain-clothes cop was sent out to check it.

"WHAT do you think of it, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"I got no thoughts. A guy called for the girl, she went with him and the guy knocked her off. Cops think that means she knew the guy. I don't know if she did, or just had an appointment with him. We got no witnesses that seen the car, or seen her get into it. We don't know why she got killed. If we find the guy, we'll find out all them things, but I don't think we'll find him."

I went back there next day. The police had Miss Dover at headquarters. She wasn't arrested; she was merely a witness. We all went upstairs. The big room where they held the police line-ups had been marked out in chalk squares and each square had a number. There was a screen in one corner. They gave Miss Dover a chair behind the screen, where she couldn't see anything, and a lot of men came in. Some of them were men I had seen the police questioning the day before, and some I knew to be plain-clothes cops, and some of them I didn't know. Hopel was one of them. A man went and stood in each square. Then the man in the first square said:

"You ain't ready yet, so I'll wait in the car."

Then the man in the second square said it, and each said it in turn. Then the men changed their places so they stood in different squares, and they all said it again. They did it three times. Then Hopel and the other men went out, and we went behind the screen.

"Well, what?" O'Malley asked Miss Dover.

She seemed greatly shaken. "I heard it!" she said. "It was the same voice!" She had written it down. "It was the sixth voice, the first time; and then it was the fifteenth, and the last time it was the twelfth."

She'd picked three times the same man. It wasn't one of the men with whom the dead girl had been acquainted. It was a man I didn't know.

"Who is this suspect, O'Malley?" I questioned.

"What suspect?" he demanded. "We got no suspect. We done this identification the way we always do indentifications—by mixing in cops and other guys with the ones we thought might be guilty. Well, the guy the girl picked out was one of the cops."

We went downstairs. O'Malley appeared discouraged.

"We got nothing," he said, unhappily, "and we keep getting more and more of it. I guess we better go back and start this case over."

We went and saw Mr. and Mrs. Challers.

"Say, listen!" O'Malley said to Challers, "a guy killed your niece and we don't know a thing about him except that his voice was husky. You think over everybody you know that has a husky voice. We don't know why he killed her, and we can't find no reason anybody should want to kill a girl like she was. Maybe you are the reason. You're her guardian, and maybe somebody was trying to get square with you for something. Think over whoever could have had anything against your niece, or against you, or against your wife. Write all their names down and send them to me at headquarters."

"I'll do that," Challers promised him.

We looked at the dead girl. She was small and delicate and, I thought, in a way might have been beautiful. A wire had been twisted tightly around her neck. The police had the wire.

O'Malley said, "We'll go look where they found her."

We drove to East River Drive. A cop was on post at the right place. No evidence had been found there. A car had been driven part way off the drive and the front tires had left prints in the soft turf. The police had taken molds of the prints, but aside from the make, they didn't mean anything. They had no distinguishing marks.

"Nothing new here, O'Malley," I remarked.

"No, nothing. She got killed in the car. The guy threw her out here. We figured that anyway. He'd planned to knock her off, because he had the wire with him. That isn't the kind of wire that'd be in a car. He was nervous and drove off the pavement. I'll tell you what: You and I'll drive up and down the road here, and you feel like a guy that wants to throw something away and see where you'd throw it."

"You think he threw something away?"

"We're just trying to find out."

WE DROVE up and down. A dozen times I saw places where I would have thrown something, and we got out and examined them. We didn't find anything. The thirteenth time, we found a short piece of wire that looked like the wire Miss Mallin had been strangled with. Small scraps of paper were scattered in the grass, and O'Malley picked them all up. It was a queer collection. There were bits of newspaper, and wrappings from gum and candy bars, and some of the smallest fragments had writing on them, but the bits were so small they had only separate letters.

We went back to headquarters, and I didn't see him the next day, but he came to see me the following evening.

"How goes it?" I asked him.

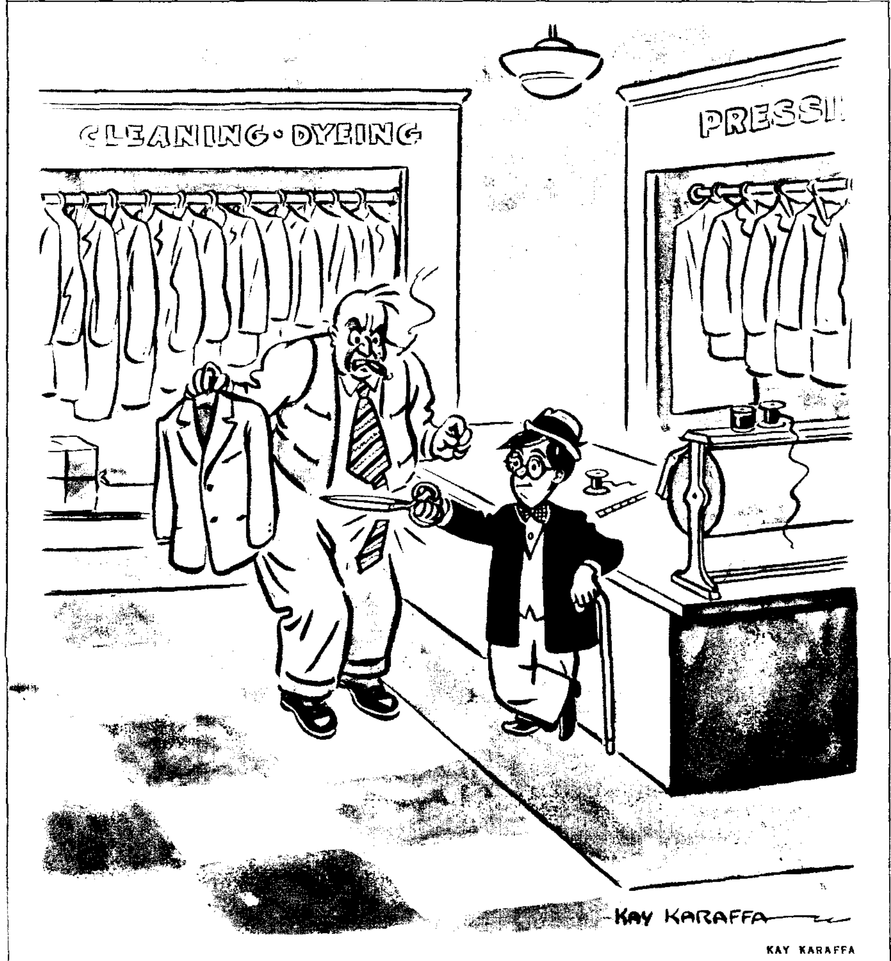
"We're still stuck in the mud, but we might pull our feet out of it. The laboratory says that piece of wire come off the same wire as the one the girl got choked with. It was cut with the same wire cutters. It was probably this way: The guy had more than one piece in his car, so one would be always easy to reach. Well, we don't know what car, though. I showed 'em them papers. They say there ain't enough of 'em to tell whose was the handwriting. So many are gone that they don't fit together. Still, it could be they mean something. One piece has an 's' and another a 't' and we got two with figures. On one is a '8' and on one is a '7'. It could be an address. That house the kid lived in has a seven in its number and is on an eighty street. Now I'll show you something."

He took a list of names out of his pocket. He didn't show it to me, however. My phone started ringing and O'Malley answered it and listened.

"Boy! we're out of the mud!"

He ran out of the place and I went along with him. He had a police car and we broke speed laws going to the Bronx. There were cops on the corners. We

USEFUL EUSTACE



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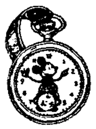

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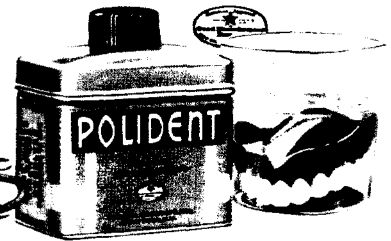

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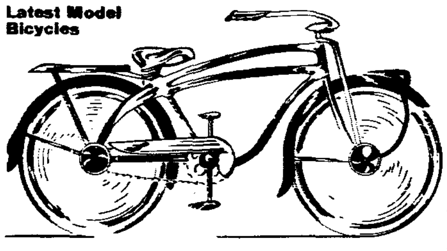

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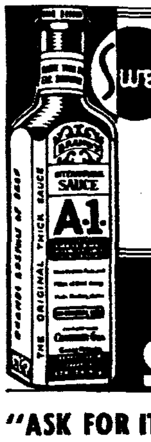

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stopped at a garage, and more cops were inside it. Then we went up a stairs and some cops went with us, and they knocked on a door. They kept pounding on it, and a big young man opened it. I'd never seen him before.

"What's this for?" he shouted blusteringly.

His voice was husky. We all crowded in and a couple of cops grabbed him.

"I don't get it," I said.

"Well, wait," said O'Malley.

He opened a closet door and we found Challers inside.

"Now you get it," O'Malley told me. . . . "This guy Challers," he said, an hour later, at the station house, "was the dead kid's guardian. He'd married her aunt. The dead kid had money left her and Challers had charge of it. Challers had one time a good business but it went bad on him and, since then, he never could get a start again and had no money; so for years him and his wife lived on Miss Mallin's money, without even Mrs. Challers knowing they was doing that.

"They lived on the same scale they'd always lived, and Challers went every day to his office, and things looked all right. Then Miss Mallin got engaged to this guy Hopel and Challers knew that when they got married he'd have to turn the girl's money over to her, and he'd spent a big part of it. Well, he seen one way out: If Miss Mallin died, Mrs. Challers would inherit the money because she was the girl's only relative."

"I see," I said.

"Sure. This husky-voice fellow that done the killing is named Kimming. He was a tough kid that grew up in the town where Challers lived, and Challers knew him. Kimming's got a police record. He was sent up one time from his home town for holdups, and when he got out he didn't go back there, and Challers hadn't seen him. A while ago, Challers was in New York, and he met Kimming by accident."

"I see," I repeated.

"Yeah. Whatever goes on in a guy's head before he thinks murder had been going on in Challers'. He'd lived all his life in that one town; he was respected; people looked up to him and thought he was wealthy. Well, he'd been going to lose all that, but now he seen a way to save him. He sounded out Kimming about doing a murder for money and found Kimming would do one, and they fixed up a plan."

"WHAT plan?" questioned.

"Well, Challers wrote down Miss Mallin's address and phone number and give 'em to Kimming; and later he sent Kimming a picture of her, so he'd know her, because Kimming hadn't seen her in quite a few years. Then Kimming called her up. He said the guy she was engaged to, Hopel, was in a lot of danger; he said he couldn't tell her who he was himself, because he'd be in danger too, if anybody knew he was telling her; and he said he'd pick her up with his car and tell her what the danger was.

"Miss Mallin was a romantic kind of kid, and she fell for it, and didn't even tell Miss Dover. Kimming pretty near made one mistake, because he either didn't know Miss Dover lived with Miss Mallin, or he thought she wasn't home, but Miss Dover didn't see him but only heard his voice. He made another mistake, after he'd knocked the girl off, when he tore up her address that Challers had give him and her picture and threw 'em away with the extra wire he had in the car. You and I didn't find the pieces of the picture."

"A difficult case!" I commented. "There was nothing to connect Kimming with the girl, because the one time he'd seen her in years was the night he killed her, and you couldn't connect Challers with Kimming because they had met by chance. How did you do it?"

"Why, we had luck, and it's better to be a lucky cop than to be a smart one. The first thing a killer does after a murder is to get rid of the evidence. You and I looked all along the drive to find out if he threw away anything, and we found the wire; so I picked up everything else around there to see if he had got rid of anything else at the same time. We found a few pieces of what looked like an address, but they wasn't enough to mean anything.

"Then luck come into it. I'd asked Challers to send me a list of whoever might have a grudge against him, or his wife, or the girl, and when he done that he put down whatever addresses he had for them, and I seen on his list a seven and an eight that was made the same way as the seven and eight on them two little bits of paper we'd picked up. It might not mean anything. We'd inquired about Challers and he was a respected man, and by repute he was well off, and I couldn't see he'd have a motive.

"Still, I had to find out. Of course, he hadn't knocked off the girl himself; him and his wife was in Connecticut when the girl got killed. The idea was, had he engineered the murder? So how to find out? It looked like we couldn't do that, without first we had the killer. Well, we didn't have the killer, but we had part of him."

"PART of him?" I inquired, bewildered.

"Sure. His voice. A cop had the same voice. That Miss Dover is a smart girl and she said she would know the killer's voice if she heard it again because it was distinctive; and we give her a test and she picked out a cop. She was so sure it was the right voice we could hardly convince her. Only us cops knew she had identified a voice; Challers didn't know it. Well, if Miss Dover thought that was the killer's voice, probably Challers would think so, too."

"Remarkable!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah? Why? Guys' voices belong to 'em like their noses do. I had the cop call up Challers and tell him, 'I got to see you.' I told him not to make any appointment to meet Challers, or to answer any questions, and no matter what Challers said, to keep on repeating them same words, 'I got to see you.' If Challers was innocent, he'd report a mysterious call to the police; if he wasn't, he'd surely do something. He was at a hotel, so we could have his phone calls watched, and we had the whole neighborhood full of plain-clothes cops to keep watching him.

"Tonight he give an excuse to his wife, and he went out and the cops went with him. I couldn't go along because Challers knew me, but they phoned me when he took a subway, and I went to your place, because that was nearer, and I waited to hear where he went. Challers went to the garage where Kimming worked and, by hurrying, you and I got there before they made the arrest. When we had Challers and Kimming face to face at the station house, we got the truth out of 'em.

"It don't matter if later they deny their confessions, because now we've got the goods on 'em. Cops found wire at the garage the same kind as Kimming used, and they took all the wire cutters, and the laboratory will prove one of them cutters cut the wire that killed the girl; and they found a car there the fro[illegible] tires of which fit the prints they got at the drive."

"Great business!" I told him. "You'll get credit for having taken advantage of every circumstance of the case in order to solve it."

"Say, where do I get that credit? After a crook's caught people want to hear only what the crook done; they don't care what the cop done that caught him."

Men Going Home

Continued from page 38

Goin' Home song. And with a crew o' voices drivin' it out the radio it sounded pretty good."

"Goin' home," repeated Calamity. "A man oughtn't to be singin' about home afore he can see the home port over the lee bow. It's bad luck."

"Oh, I dunno," said Hector. "I'd rather have myself a cheerful song than nothin' but desperate looks from whoever has the wheel like he'll be surprised if we ain't wrecked afore we make port."

"It's bad luck," insisted Calamity. "You wait and see."

It stayed fine weather all that day, with the wind holding fresh and fair. But the sun went down with a smell of snow on the back of the breeze, and by midnight the snow was driving down before an increasing wind.

All that night, all next day the snow held, and the next night and day after that. "No great harm, the snow," commented the Skipper, "if only it'd hold up long enough for me to take a sight."

The Skipper was thinking of Sable Island which should be somewhere out ahead, and not too far ahead by now. The vessel's course should just about take her past the north side of the Island; but what with tides changing direction and strength, maybe he should be going to the south'ard of the Island.

THE Skipper was young for his age—sixty years. The gray was only beginning to show in his thick black hair. He lay half kneeling and half sprawled across the after corner of the cabin house and watched Roy, who had the wheel again. A promising young hand, Roy. Some day he would be a skipper too. "A lot o' vessels been wrecked on Sable Island, Skipper," said Roy.

"Plenty," said the Skipper. "Hundreds. And not a living soul comin' away from some of them to tell what happened.

"Two bars of sand make out from Sable Island," continued the Skipper. "One to the no'theast and one to the no'west. The bad one of the two is the No'theast Bar. It makes out from the Island like a stretched-out horn from a young moon. There's times when you can be miles away and see the surf breaking over the No'theast Bar. A good time then to stand away from it. Strong tides swirl all about it."

"S'posin' a vessel is hove onto the bar?" said Roy.

"She'll stay there," said the Skipper. "And all hands with her."

THAT was the third night of the snow. The Skipper was peering under the main boom from the corner of the cabin. He couldn't see anything through the falling snow.

Hector Penny was on for'ard watch again. Hector wasn't trying to see anything either. There was no seeing anything through that snow by day, let be by night. Hector was leaning over the windlass with one ear pointed ahead when he heard the sound at last of what he was fearing to hear—the roar of surf. He waited to make sure. Then, "Breakers ahead! Dead ahead!" he shouted.

The Skipper straightened up from the corner of the cabin house, stepped to beside Roy at the wheel.

"Breakers on our lee bow!" came from Hector.

"Jibe her!" said the Skipper. He wasn't two feet from Roy; he did not have to raise his voice; it was almost a whisper in Roy's ear when he said it. He had a name for never getting excited.

"No time to trim in sheets. Jibe her!" said the Skipper.

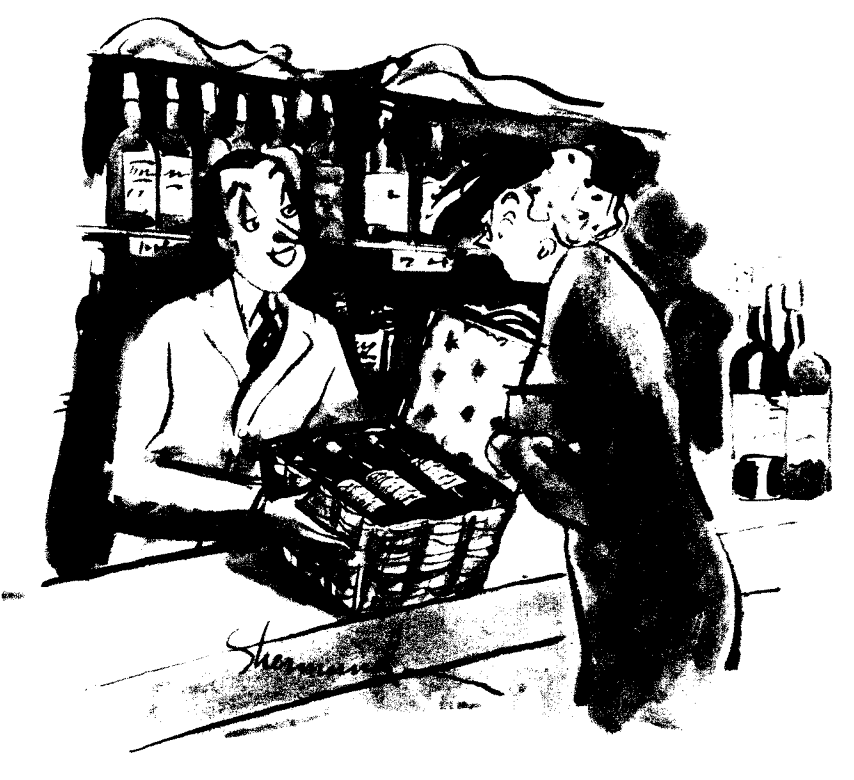
"Jibe her!" repeated Roy softly, and gave her the wheel.

They both waited with no great fear of what would follow. Off she would go on the other tack, and head away then from the white water under her lee.

Roy gave her the wheel. He let her have it with everything standing. And when he did, her foremast carried away.

"A weak spot in that spar. I oughta found it out afore this," murmured the Skipper. A moment later, the supporting forward stays being gone, the mainmast went over the side. The men below were already on deck, most of them in their underwear.

It was let go the anchor now, and pay



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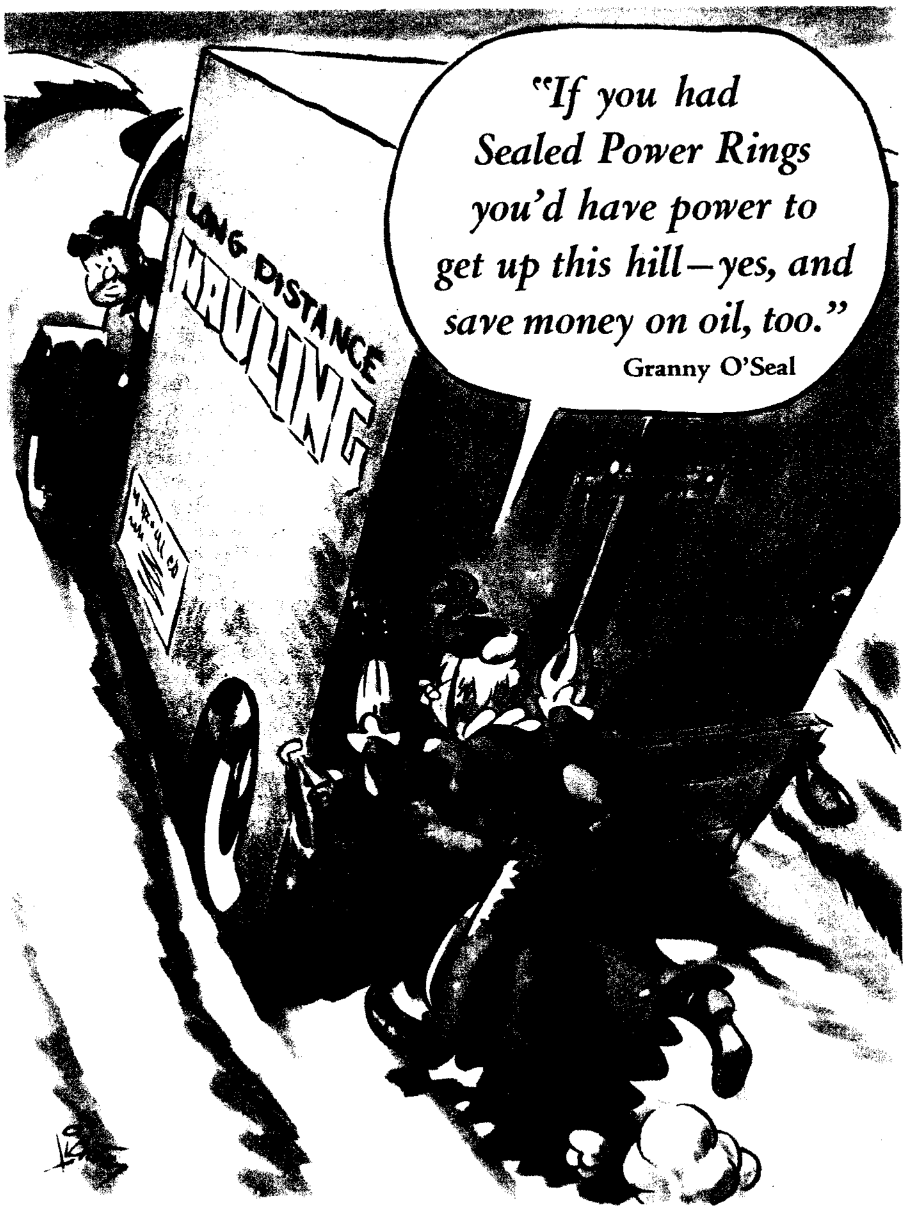
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out the big hawser. Plenty of hawser, was the Skipper's order.

The question now, a life and death question, was: Would she drag her anchor?

They expected her to drag it for a while, and drag it she did, but before all the hawser was out she fetched up.

All was well—for a time anyway.

It was a roar of surf dead ahead and a roar to their entire lee side. There was safe water to wind'ard, but where was the sail now to drive her into the wind?

A strong tide was swirling toward the bar. The vessel might be driven onto the bar. She might. The Skipper debated—with himself only though—the matter of taking to the dories. But it was no night for men in dories to have to row around that long, stretched-out bar and hunt for a safe landing. There would be surf breaking all around, and what kind of fishermen were they to be hurrying to leave a vessel and she with a big trip o' fish under her hatches?

So far the vessel was holding herself clear of the white water. The thing now was to clear away the wreckage.

The foremast had broken off halfway to the masthead. The mainmast had broken off close to the deck. Only a few feet of the bowsprit was left. There was a sea running—no high sea, but sea enough to keep the jagged ends of the broken spars driving into the side of the vessel.

"Cut the spars clear and let 'em go to hell. We'll save what we can of her canvas and her sailing gear," said the Skipper.

The crew went at the job of clearing away the wreckage without waiting for daylight. They used knives on the hempen halyards and sheets, axes on the steel stays. They were all a much tangled mess, but with splicing they could be made to serve again.

By daylight they went at the job of splicing. The hempen gear was no trouble. Splicing steel stays on a snowy day in winter was hard work, but they went to it with a rush. They ran the spliced stays from what was left of the foremast to the stump of the bowsprit and the butt of the mainmast. They heaved the stays taut on the windlass. There was a backbreaking job—heaving away on the windlass with hand power only, until those steel stays were taut enough to be of service.

They waited now for the wind to haul to set the jib and storm trysail to what was left of the foremast.

The snow passed, but the wind held to the same quarter, striving mightily all the while to set the vessel onto the bar. The tides, too, for twelve hours in twenty-four were doing their best to help push the vessel onto the bar. There were times when they could spit over the vessel's stern and almost into the edge of the white water, but the long scope of the stout hawser was standing by them—the anchor held.

FOR six days and nights they lay there, watching the white surf break high by day, listening to the roar of it by night.

On the seventh day the wind hauled. The Skipper ordered the anchor hove up. Next it was bend the jib and storm trysail to the stump of the foremast, and let her head come around.

The vessel scuttled away from the bar like a pleased lady.

The wind had hauled into the west, a proper wind to drive them clear of the bar, but an adverse wind for a passage home. The vessel did her best, but with no after sail to drive her into the wind, she might as well have been hove to.

There was a week of sliding off to leeward before the wind backed into the northeast.

A fair wind now. It was put her before it now and see what she would make of it. She made out pretty well, even through the thick o' snow that came with the second day of the new wind. It was a wet snow. Her deck, her rails, her jury rigging lay deep in snow before the day was out. The vessel had troubles enough already without trying to make headway and a weight of snow trying to put her scupper-deep in the sea. The crew turned to at shoveling the snow over the side.

The snow lent a brighter look to the horizon ahead. And then the wind had to haul ahead again—into the northwest once more. It was a stiff northwester, and the third day of it brought more snow. It came driving before the hard, cold wind in the form of frozen grains that cut into men's faces like bits of steel.

The northwester grew into a blizzard. The wind made and made till the Skipper ordered the sail taken off the vessel before it would be blown off. So they let her run before it under bare poles and a prayer that she wouldn't be driven across the Atlantic before it let up.

The northwester grew into one of those North Atlantic cyclones before it was done. A high-running sea came with it, of course. A sea carried away the dories, smashed them and swished them over the lee rail in broken bits. Other high seas broke aboard and froze where they broke. The ice lay thick all over her—on deck, on rails and high up on her jury rig. Men had to be careful on the iced-up deck or after the dories they would go.

The crew were turned to on the job of clearing the ice off her. Hector Penny was knocking off ice forward when Calamity emerged from below with a kettle of boiling water to free the fo'c'sle hatchway of ice. He distributed his hot water where it would do him the most good, stood on the top step of the fo'c'sle ladder and surveyed the scene. Fore and aft the men were alternately knocking off ice, flapping their arms and patting their ears to keep them from freezing.

"Didn't I say that song was unlucky?" said Calamity.

"S'posin' you did? How's it unlucky yet?" said Hector.

"It's three weeks since we left the fishin' grounds. Vessels that left the grounds the same day we did got home two weeks ago, I'll bet you. They reported us leavin', acourse. We're prob'ly given up for lost afore this."

"But we ain't lost, are we?" said Hector.

"Not yet, but you wait and see."

Hector poised an ice pick like a javelin thrower and pointed it at Calamity. "Get to hell below to your snug galley fire afore I spear yuh!" yelled Hector.

THE back of the cyclone broke, the sun came out, and the Skipper took a sight. Roy Gilman ventured to ask him where they were.

The Skipper was a poor hand at lying, so when he had nothing cheerful to report he believed in saying nothing—or as little as he could.

"We're quite a ways offshore yet," said the Skipper.

"That means all o' halfway to Europe." So Calamity interpreted what the Skipper said to the fo'c'sle gang when Roy brought the word below.

"What a joy you must be to your wife when you're home," said Hector.

"I got no wife," said Calamity.

A week after the cyclone the vessel was making what headway she could of it to the west'ard under her two little headsails when a steamer hove in sight. She was two miles to the south of them and easterly bound. She altered direction and came for them.

"You must've met up with that cyclone," hailed a voice.

"We got a look at it passin'," said the Skipper.

"And a good look, I say. Take you off, shall I?" There was a note to the man's voice, as if he thought they were a helpless lot, and the Skipper never did like to be pitied.

"Who? Us? What's wrong with us?" he hailed back.

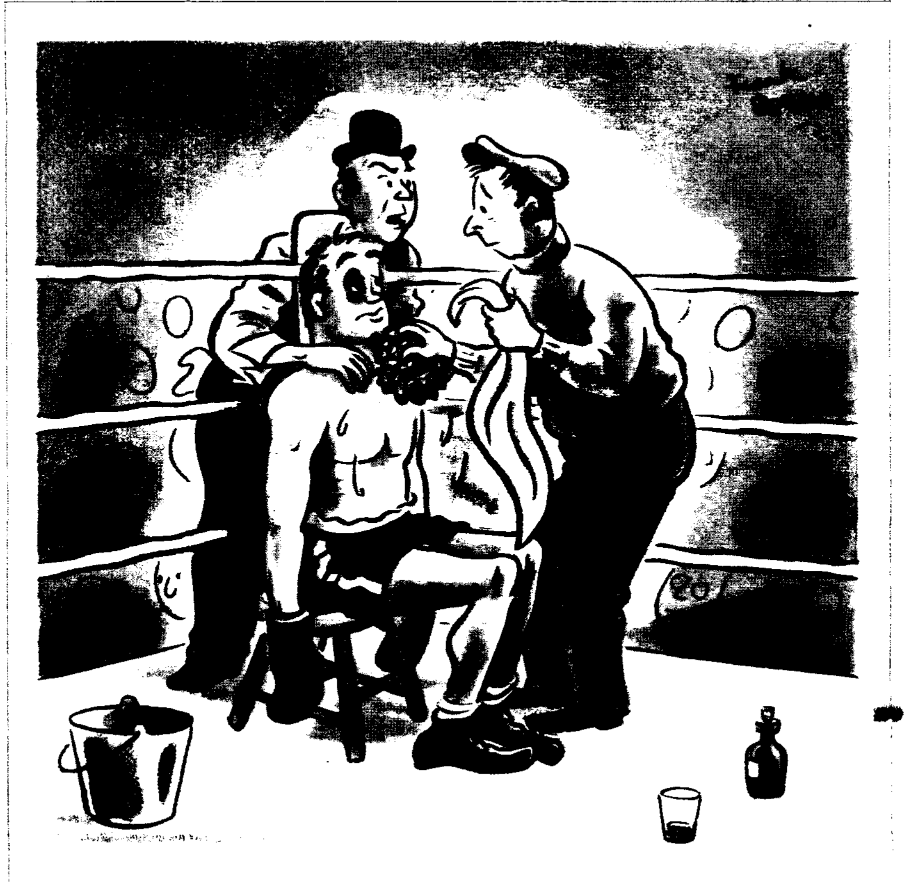
"You don't want to be taken off?"

"You mean abandon our vessel? And she with eighty thousand o' fish under her hatches? Hell, no, thanks."

The steamer resumed her easterly way.

Two other easterly-bound steamers hove in sight.

One paid no attention; the other



"The quick energy from the battler's breakfast has kinda worn off by now!"

FRANK BEAVEN

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OLDSMOBILE was born for action! You can tell, just to look at it. There's youth and smartness, eagerness to go, in every line. Its list of features is modern to the minute—includes everything a quality car should have. And say! . . . Wait till you drive this Olds! Then you'll really know *color.* Olds offers getaway, smoothness, handling ease beyond your fondest dreams . . . ability to go with the "goingest" and to "take it" with the toughest. Give yourself a treat. Ask your Oldsmobile dealer for a trial drive—*now!*

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"How does she do it on his salary?"

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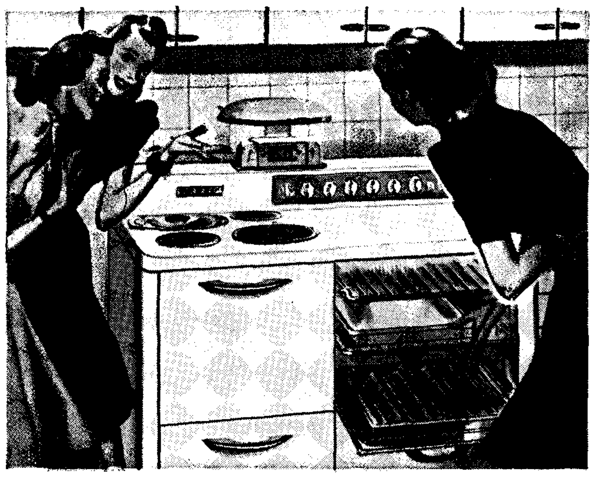
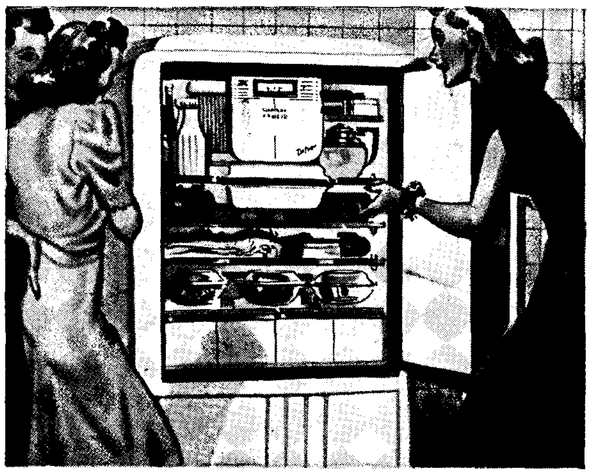
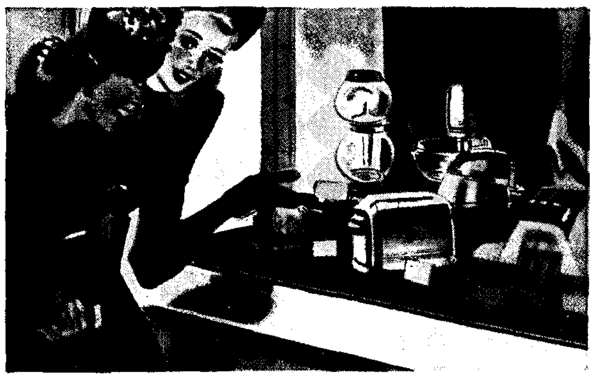


2. "Oh!" says Jane, leading me into the kitchen. "Here's your answer. Helen has a lot of good sense about the fun of living electrically and of letting her G-E appliances do the hard work. They save her hours of time . . . take years off her age, and make housework child's play."



3. "With a G-E Refrigerator, she can buy in quantity, save leftovers—and economize. Her G-E Electric Sink does all the dishes and even disposes of garbage. The G-E Range is the secret of her heavenly food. She has most every G-E appliance—Toaster, Roaster, Mixer, Coffee Maker."

4. "Helen applies the savings that one appliance helps make towards the purchase of another—what her refrigerator helped her to save in food bills, went for a washing machine. She says it's easy for anyone to have G-E appliances. Her G-E Dealer showed her how she could afford to do it."



5. Your General Electric Dealer will be happy to start you on the way to complete electrical living. He will tell you how to make sound investments in electrical appliances and how to get the most from present low electrical rates.

How many of these G-E time-savers do you use?

REFRIGERATOR • RANGE • ELECTRIC SINK • WASHER
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THRICE BLESSED indeed is the bride—or the beloved mother—who receives a gift of a G-E appliance. These magic, modern servants save strength—save work—and add to precious hours of freedom.

Wise women know this. That's why they are so eager to live the complete electrical way, with everything that General Electric makes for the home. And now is the time to do it. General Electric's prices on individual appliances, are lower than ever and simple monthly payment plans make them available to those living on modest incomes. Electricity, too, is very cheap. The more you use the less it costs per unit.

General Electric appliances represent the utmost in engineering, designing and manufacturing skill. Your nearest General Electric dealer will help you plan to take full advantage of modern electrical living.

You'll always be glad you bought a G-E

GENERAL ELECTRIC

slowed down as she drew near. When she was off their bow a voice hailed: "Take you off?"

"Another good Samaritan with funny notions," murmured the Skipper. "Where you bound?" he called out loud.

"To Liverpool."

"Liverpool? No, I don't think so—that's no climate for a crew o' men this time o' year. What we need is to be thawed out. Now if you was bound for one o' them nice warm Mediterranean ports—"

The steamer and the vessel were moving past each other. The Skipper waved goodby to the steamer, and she went her way.

The Skipper then took a look at his vessel. A good look, like a man who hadn't taken real notice of her before—at her iced-up deck and rails, at her busted foremast and jury rig. He said thoughtfully: "We maybe oughtn'ta blame 'em. She prob'ly does look a mite forlorn to a steamer crew."

The vessel plugged her crippled way along.

One day, after taking a sight, the Skipper passed the word that they were back abreast to Sable Island, to the south'ard of it. Things were looking pretty good that day. She was homebound with a living gale of wind at her stern. Hector and Roy came below from their watch and chirped cheerfully of her progress.

Calamity poked his head up the deck ladder to see the reason for their cheerfulness. The sea all around was white as milk, and the vessel was leaping before the gale. Fair leaping she was, for all her short sail.

Calamity ducked back below. The first gang were at lunch, and the Skipper was there of course. "S'posing she broaches runnin' afore the gale like that?" said Calamity to the Skipper.

"Maybe you think she oughta be hove to," said the Skipper. "It's a fair wind and she's got eighty thousand o' fish below decks and she's got to get to market sometime."

"She'll broach and fill, I bet you," said Calamity. "I'll never ship for a winter offshore fishin' trip again."

To which that patient man, the Skipper, said: "There'll be nobody shanghaiing you aboard this one for our next trip to sea."

"If she ever has a next trip."

"Ha!" said the patient Skipper, and raised his plate. He set it down softly.

"You oughta hove it at him," said Hector.

The vessel made great time before the gale. She had to, of course, if nothing happened her.

Nothing happened her, and before that breeze died out she raised Eastern Point Light.

WITH Gloucester so close at hand, some of the crew began cleaning up. Calamity, the thoughtful bachelor, kept a housewife's kit in a little black bag. Hector rummaged through the bag, hauled out a pair of scissors. "Calamity is some damn' use after all aboard a vessel," said Hector, and he and Roy began clipping off each other's five weeks' growth of beard.

An outbound fisherman passed them at the harbor entrance. A voice hailed: "You were reported lost. What happened you?"

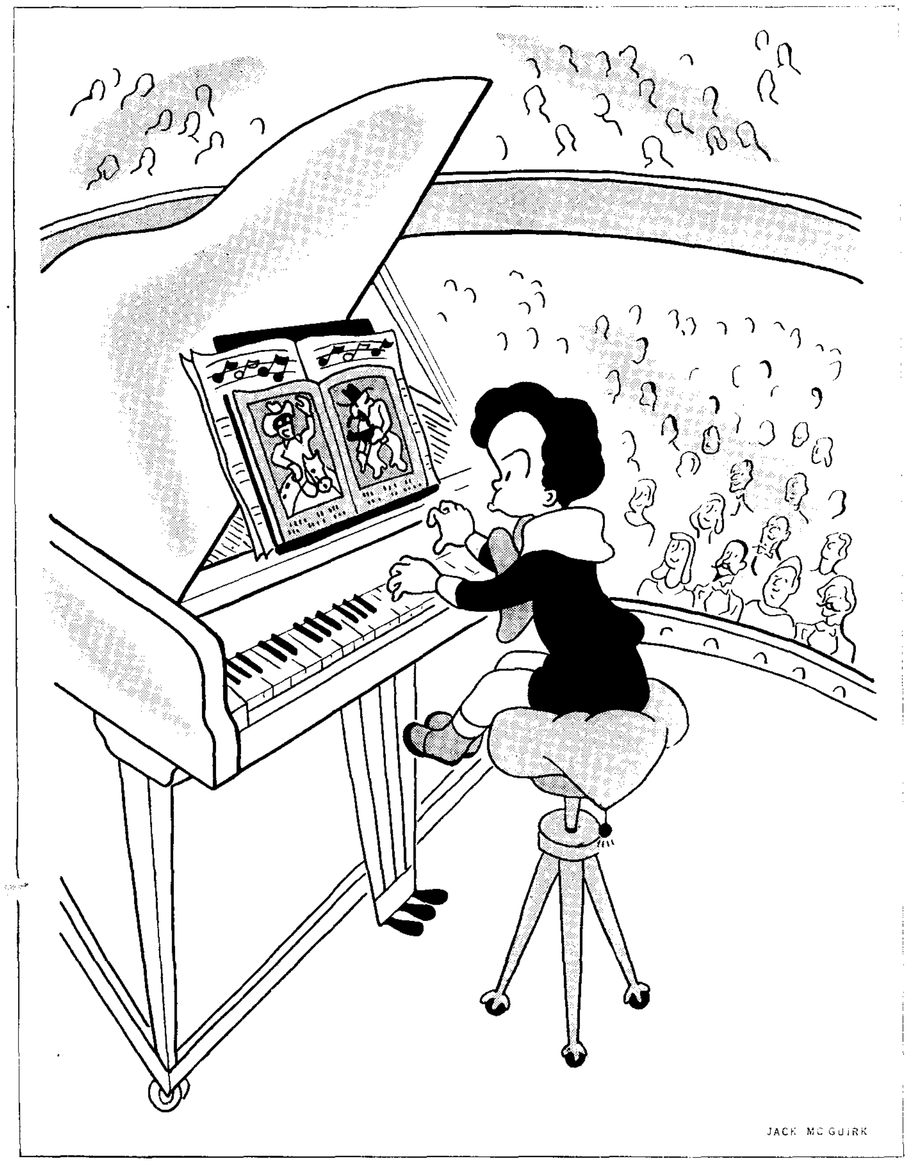
"What the hell do you think happened us?" barked the Skipper.

Another voice hailed: "Hi, Roy! Hi, Roy Gilman! Say, Roy, your wife's got a baby home waitin' for you."

"A baby! Boy, boy!" said Roy.

"No, a girl," said the voice.

"Boy, boy!" said Roy. "A baby girl!" He dropped below, poked Calamity in the ribs, saying: "What d'y' know about



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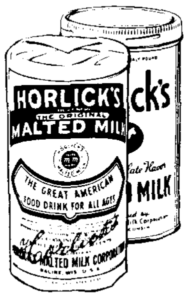
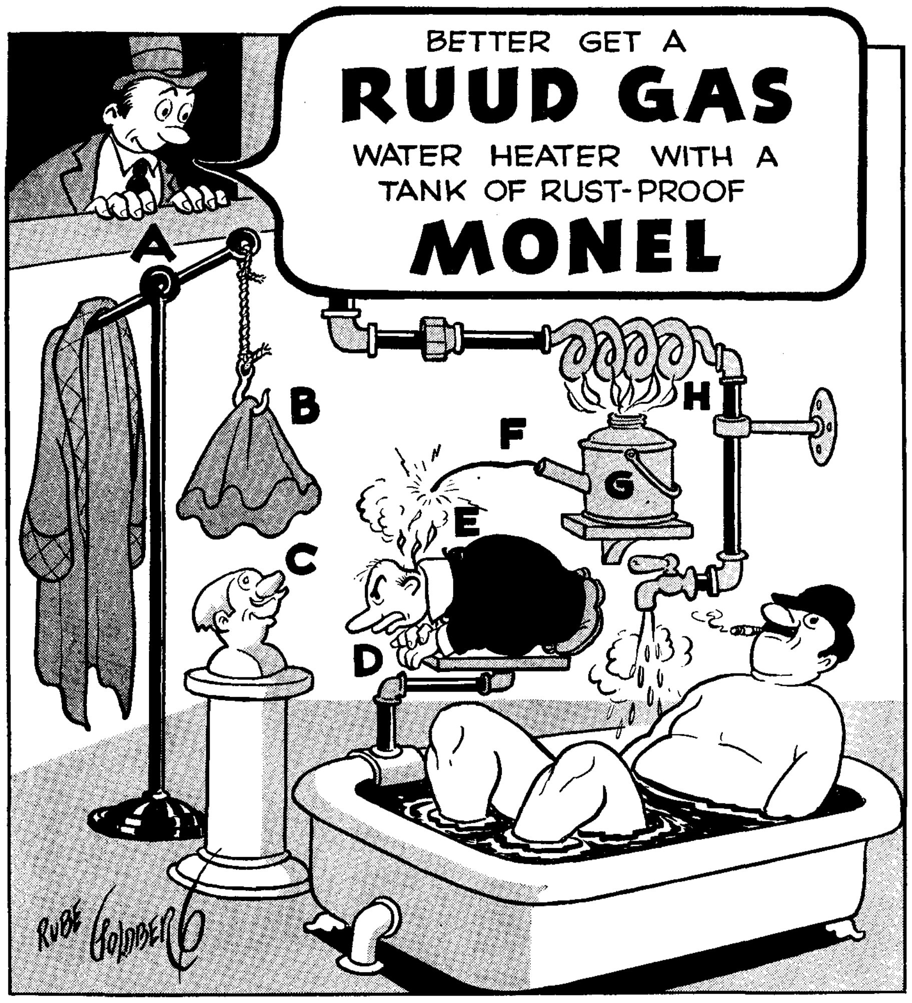


Horlick's

The Fountain of Youth



Weight of bathrobe on arm (A) lifts hood (B) from marble bust (C)—Lovesick midget (D) discovers bust is image of hated rival and gets hot under celluloid collar (E) which takes fire and lights fuse (F), igniting fuel in container (G). Flames heat water in pipe (H) and warm bath is ready.

Have you a "funny" way of heating water in your house? Are you clinging to some old-fashioned contraption that needs constant attention and nursing? Then why go another day without finding out how little it costs to have *Monel-protected Ruud Hot Water.*

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Monel-protected means CLEAN hot water—with no trace of rust discoloration. The solid Monel tank in the Ruud Automatic Gas Water Heater is 100 per cent rust proof—guaranteed against leaks or failure due to rust or corrosion for 20 years.

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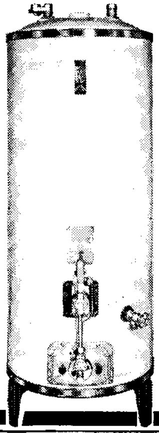

that?—a baby girl waitin' me home!"

"Girls are more expense than boys," said Calamity.

"Don't mind him, Roy," said Hector. "It was him who said we'd all be lost."

"Well, we was most lost, wasn't we?"

"When? Where? To loo'ard with that foolish talk!" said Hector. "What you going to name the baby, Roy?"

"Mm-m," said Roy. "She's got two aunts on her mother's side and one on my side and they'll prob'ly want to have something to say about the name."

"Aunts sometimes do," said Hector, "but if I was you I'd heave the aunts overboard, and name her the way you damn' please."

DISMASTED vessels arriving in Gloucester harbor were no strange sight, but a vessel arriving after being reported lost and she looking like something a cyclone tossed up on the beach—that was a news item. Ship reporters and cameramen were waiting for the vessel when she tied up to her wharf. "It's too late to hoist our fish out today, so whoever wants to can hurry along home," said the Skipper.

Roy was the first of the crew to leap ashore. "What happened?" said the nearest newspaperman to Roy.

"Happened where?"

"Where? Why, out to sea?"

"Oh! I got no time for that. I got a baby waiting me home," said Roy, and went scuttling up the wharf, caroling:

"Coming home, com-ing home,
I am com-ing home."

Hector was next ashore. "The Skipper is who you want," said Hector when they seized on him. He pointed a thumb over his shoulder.

They seized on the Skipper. "Did you know your schooner was given up for lost, Captain?" was the first question hurled at him.

"Was she?" said the Skipper.

"She was. You must've had a terribly tough time!"

"Who? Me? No more than anybody else aboard."

"But what happened, Capt'n? What happened?"

"Why," said the Skipper, "the vessel was dismasted off Sable Island No'theast Bar and we put her under jury rig."

"And after that, Capt'n? After that?"

The Skipper meantime was trying to make his way up the wharf to the owner's office. He stopped to say: "Why, then we put her on her way to Gloucester—when the wind would allow."

"But you must have met with some terrible weather, Captain. There have been scores of wrecks along the Atlantic Coast in the last few weeks, Captain."

"There gen'rally is a few wrecks, ain't there, this time o' year?" said the Skipper, resuming his way up the wharf.

"And you must've had a terrible time of it out to sea in your wrecked vessel."

"She wasn't wrecked," said the Skipper, "only dismasted."

"But it must've been terrible out there. It always is out there in winter, isn't it?"

"There's times acourse when it's what a man might call rough," admitted the Skipper. By then he was gazing around like a drowning man, looking for somebody to heave him a life line. But he saw no likely-looking somebody standing by, so he said: "D'y' mind, boys, if I hurry along up the wharf? I got to see the owner, and then get along home."

"Oh! You married, Captain?"

"I'm married."

"How long?"

"Thirty years!"

"Thirty years married? Then your wife must have spent many an anxious night when you're out to sea."

"Maybe so," said the Skipper. Just then the owner came out of his office. He had been a fishing master himself in his day. He smiled at the Skipper. "Hi! Capt'n John! How'd it happen?"

"I had my mind on makin' a market passage and so I didn't heave her to there one time when maybe I oughta."

The owner nodded understandingly. "And pretty rough after that, hah?"

"Rough enough," said the Skipper. "What about the vessel goin' up on the ways for an overhauling?"

"We'll start hoistin' out in the morning, and then she'll go up on the railway."

"Fine. Fine. And now what about the market? We got fifty thousand o' halibut and thirty thousand of mixed fish, mostly cod. Any kind of a market?"

"Mm—not what it might be."

The Skipper was peeved: "No market? Hell! I'll go along home, I guess."

"Oh, Captain!" It was one of the newspapermen. "Your cook was telling what a frightful experience he had. He's not married, he said, and that gave me an idea. How d'y' think your wife was feeling while you were going through that frightful experience?"

The Skipper's patience had its limits. "How do I think my wife was feeling? How the hell d'y' think I was feeling? Ha!" said the Skipper, and hurried up the wharf.

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BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

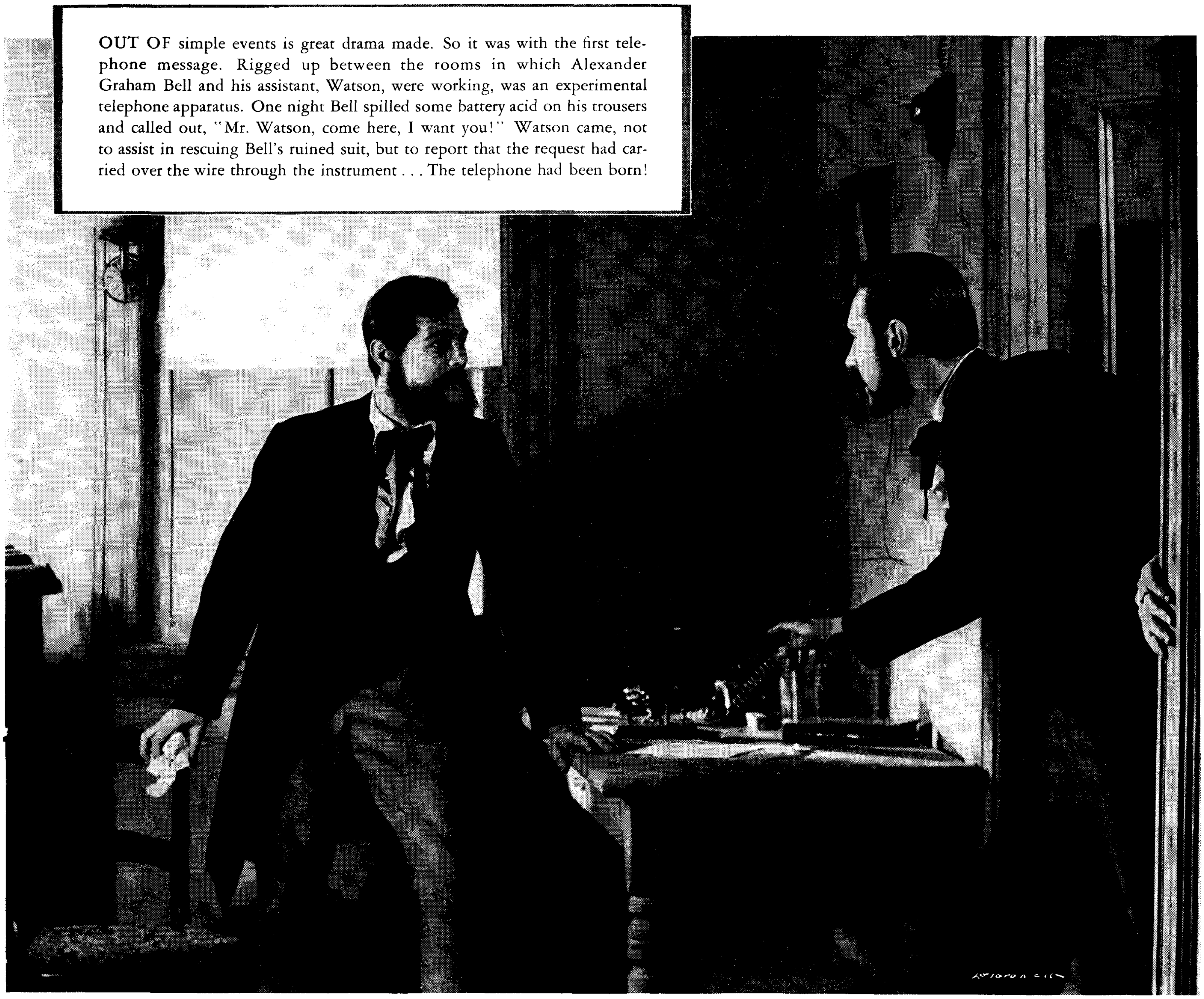
The strange and fascinating story of a girl whose past was a mystery —to herself, but not to those who feared to tell—

The Secret of the Marshbanks

A NEW NOVEL BY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

OUT OF simple events is great drama made. So it was with the first telephone message. Rigged up between the rooms in which Alexander Graham Bell and his assistant, Watson, were working, was an experimental telephone apparatus. One night Bell spilled some battery acid on his trousers and called out, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you!" Watson came, not to assist in rescuing Bell's ruined suit, but to report that the request had carried over the wire through the instrument . . . The telephone had been born!



A schoolteacher's pay check
PUT A WORLD ON SPEAKING TERMS

A YEAR'S salary of a young schoolteacher may seem small, measured against the importance of a great invention. Yet it permitted Alexander Graham Bell to continue the experiments which resulted in the invention of the telephone.

In 1875, when Bell was lecturing at Boston University, President William F. Warren persuaded the trustees to advance the young teacher-inventor his salary for a year in order to help him continue his experiments. Less than a year later, Bell made his great discovery of the secret of the telephone.

"Without this aid," the inventor declared later in his memoirs, "I would not have been able to get along at all."

A Year's Salary May Solve a Serious Problem for Your Family

YOUR salary continued for a year would not solve your family's whole problem of future support if they should ever have to go along without you. But it *would* take care of the important problem of readjustment, which every family has to face when suddenly deprived of the active support of husband and father.

With a John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan you can provide an income for one or more years, payable in equal monthly amounts or on a graduated scale. A comparatively small amount of money, it can do a world of good, because it comes at the right time. It is protection which almost every man can afford for his family.

Our unique booklet entitled — "Two Lives," shows how such a plan was designed for a typical American family. It takes but four minutes to read. Write to Department C-4 for your copy.

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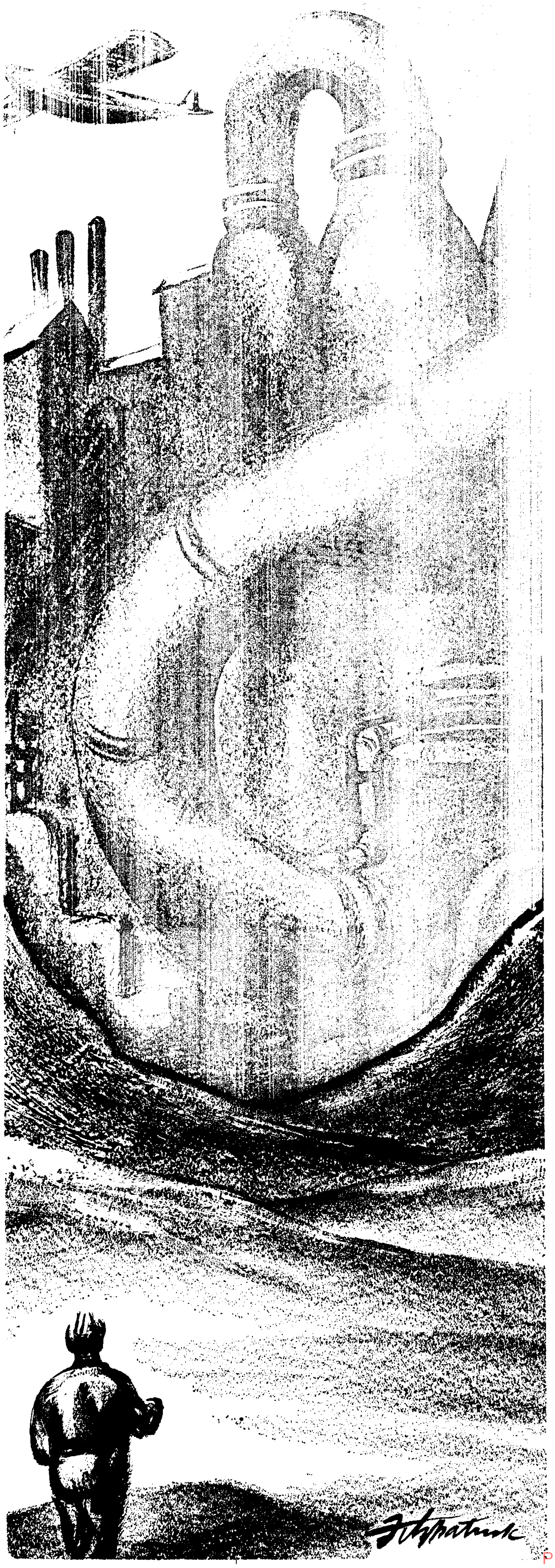

Let's Drop Defeatism

WE MOVE that the national soft pedal now be pressed down hard and held down for the next ten years or so on the kind of defeatist talk Americans have been hearing in such overpowering volume for the last ten years or so.

You know the line of talk we refer to. It's the line that goes this way: Our last frontier is gone . . . the country is overpopulated . . . our industrial plant is overbuilt . . . we're going to have 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 unemployed forever and ever . . . we've passed our national youth and are now in national middle if not old age . . . so we've got to suppress the adventurous yens any of us may still be feeling, put away our childish dreams and adopt a lot of economic makeshifts and penny-stretching devices already in use in the older economies of Europe.

We think this talk is the bunk. We know that, even if there is some fragmentary truth in it, it does the nation no good to have it endlessly batted around from intellectual to editorial writer to politician and back to intellectual again for further polishing.

It never did anybody any good to keep telling himself he was growing older day by day, even though he was, or to keep watching his arteries, his symptoms and the calendar. You're as old as you feel. So, we believe, is any country.

The last-frontier talk has been peddled around this country off and on since the early 1890's, when our last land frontier actually did push out to the Pacific Ocean.

Lord Bryce gave the last-frontier idea its most artistic and most succinct expression in a single paragraph in the 1910 edition of his great book, The American Commonwealth:

> So America . . . sees the time approach when all the best land . . . will have been occupied, and when the land now under cultivation will have been so far exhausted as to yield scantier crops, even to more expensive culture. Although transportation may also have become cheaper the price of food will rise; farms will be less easily obtained, and will need more capital to work them with profit; the struggle for existence will become more severe. And while the outlet which the West now provides for the overflow of the great cities will have become less available, the cities will have grown immensely more populous; pauperism now confined to six or seven of the greatest may be more widely spread; and even if wages do not sink, work may be less abundant. In fact the chronic ills and problems of old societies and crowded countries, such as we see them today in Europe, will have reappeared. . . . It may be a time of trial for democratic institutions.

But ever since Bryce wrote that last-frontier paragraph, Fate has been thumbing the nose at it.

The fact is that we have been finding new frontiers to conquer all this time, have conquered some of them, are working on others and are finding still others without a letup in speed or variety.

On the frontiers of medicine in the last few years, research pioneers have forged such "magic bullets" as sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine for the mowing down in mass of assorted bacteria.

On the frontier of the air, we have achieved transatlantic and transpacific passenger planes; speeds that seemed only theoretical ten years ago (and that will most likely be commonplace ten years hence); an ever nearer approach to the vertical-rising and vertical-landing plane; innumerable safety and directional gadgets . . . and our airmen are still only pioneering.

In synthetic organic chemistry, the new frontiers multiply and broaden out almost beyond imagining. A man could devote his working lifetime, for example, to plastics and resins alone, and instead of conquering that frontier he'd most likely stake out only a few claims on it while discovering the existence of a dozen other frontiers that he'd never live to explore.

In fields that don't sound so exciting as the above-mentioned—automobiles, oil, rubber, textiles, coal, iron, steel, electricity, for just a few examples—new frontiers of the greatest interest, excitement, beauty and dollars-and-cents value are continually opening up before workers.

Get a real peek at any of these frontiers, and they become as exciting to you as the yarns blown back east from the Oregon Trail or the gold gulches of '49 ever could have been to your ancestors.

Nor are we merely playing on that word "frontier." These industrial and scientific frontiers are where the opportunities, the money and the increased national wealth are to be found today, just as the land frontier was where those things were to be found as long as we had a land frontier.

True, we still have the 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 unemployed—though an estimated 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 of these are unemployable anyway, a permanent charge on our society. We have various other dropped stitches and burnt holes in our economic and social fabric.

But to say that we've grown too decrepit as a people to be able to hook these new sources of wealth and well-being into our setup in due course is to say that the evidence of all our national past is worthless. We always did hook the advancing frontier into the national mechanism and make it produce for the national enrichment. It's at least a 50-50 bet that we can and will go on doing the same thing.

To crack one so old that it should sound new and be inspiring, America is the land of opportunity. Also the land of wealth, change, adventure, romance and perfectly swell people, by and large.

Let's bundle up the defeatist economists and sociologists in their wheel chairs and trundle them over into a dark corner where they can be happy mumbling their prophecies of doom to one another. The rest of us have heard enough out of them to last us for ten years, at least.

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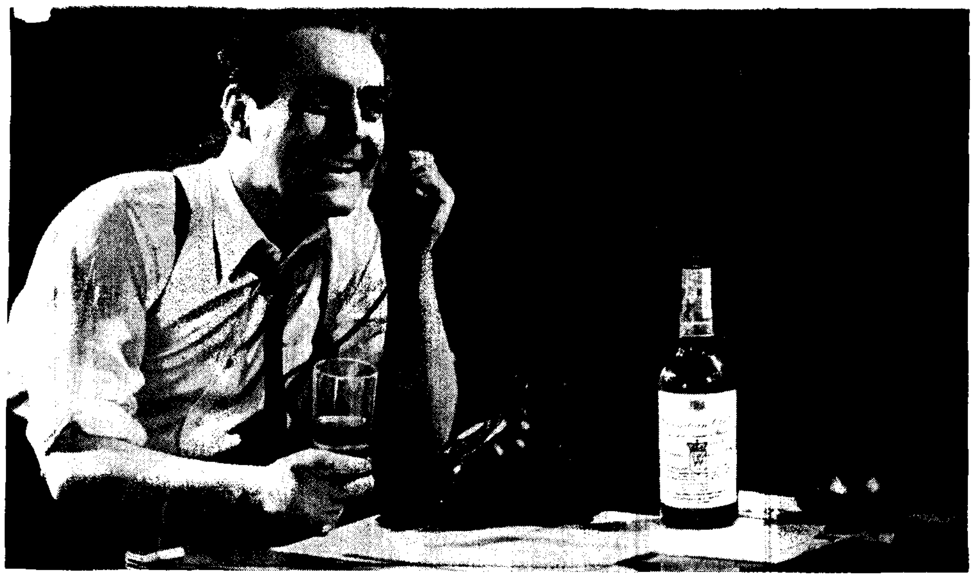
U.S.A.

LETTER FROM THE WAR Z[illegible]E

1. "*Fires, floods, and famine* are my daily meat, so maybe I'm what you could call tough," reads a much-postmarked letter from a newsreel cameraman. "But what I've witnessed over here lately makes the chills run up and down my spine! You've seen the more palatable parts of the newsreels I took of the fall of Warsaw. Maybe you wondered how they were gotten out of the country. They were concealed inside a native loaf of bread, flat, round and the size of a cart-wheel! Even so, I had a narrow escape from a hungry border guard!



2. "S*o when I hit* Bucharest I felt like celebrating! I wanted something special, and I found it—your Canadian Club. Then I called up the Boss to tell him I was sending him the newsreel scoop of the century! He was so tickled he forgot it was costing him ten dollars a minute! He even called me back a week later in Rome, when he'd seen the shots, sent on ahead by overseas plane.

3. "T*his cost him* only eight dollars a minute, but he took five minutes to tell me they really *were* the newsreel scoop of the age! He signed off with, 'You've earned yourself a drink. Go have one on me!' Which I did, of Canadian Club! That whisky certainly *does* get around. I have yet to visit a country that doesn't have it!"

CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE

Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky

WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bourbon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U. S. A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

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OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman ... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.

PEGGY
SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING. THAT MEANS CAMEL, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

PEGGY McMANUS (*above*) has won numerous cups for "all-'round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles her 16-gauge automatic shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-'round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF ...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST — people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U.S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels — an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested *(see left)*. Thus Camels give extra smoking...a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack *(left)*. All of which adds up the total for Camels as: more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack.

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Camels — *the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*